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AND AFTER

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Founded by JAMES KNOWLES.

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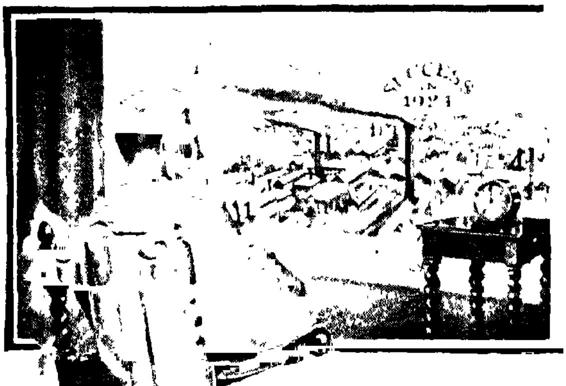
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LAMSON

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER



No DLXIII—January 1924

'QUO VADIMUS?'

'Of all idealists Jesus Christ was the most pre-eminent. . . . The school of idealism is the very antithesis of the school of self-interest. The motive of self-interest not only is, but must be and ought to be, the only mainspring of human conduct.'

In this recent utterance of a politician there lies a direct challenge to the religion which is still nominally, if not actually, the religion of Europe. We owe something to the candour of the speaker. He has here made explicit what for long has been implicit in business, political and international affairs. It has come to be tacitly assumed that Christian principles of morality do not apply to such questions as these, and their intrusion is resented as mere sentimental idealism. It was not always so. In spite of the many anomalies of the Middle Ages, it was generally recognised then that 'the whole compass of human interest was the province of religion.' But during the last two centuries we can trace a gradual process whereby human life has come to be divided into the sacred and the secular. This has culminated in the paradox that while Christianity is still recognised, at least

theoretically, as a fitting rule for individual conduct, it has little or no claim to authority in business or politics. In this domain expediency, not principle, counts.

> To suggest that an individual is not a Christian [says a recent writer on economics] is libellous. To preach in public that Christianity is absurd is legally blasphemous. To state that the social ethics of the New Testament are obligatory on men in the business affairs which occupy nine-tenths of their thoughts, or on the industrial organisation which gives society its character, is to preach revolution. To suggest that they apply to the relations of States may be held to be seditious.

This is not to be denied. The wholesale disregard of Christian principles which characterises our economic, industrial and international activities would be apparent to any thoughtful person who walked for a short hour about the world's markets, or listened in our council chambers to-day. Behind all that is said and done he would find the spirit of restless and unbridled competition; and through the shifting stage-play that we call our social life the demon of self-interest is calling the tune. For the note resounds every time he walks abroad or looks into the columns of his newspaper.

Perhaps nowhere more clearly than here is the spirit of the age reflected. While the influence of the newspaper on public opinion is more absolute and far-reaching than it has ever been since the Press first became a power to be reckoned with, evidence of the competition of one paper with another for an ever increasing circulation is seldom absent from the pages of the cheaper Press. Much must be sacrificed to this. And since about 70 per cent. of its sale is dependent upon the goodwill of a frankly uneducated public, the newspaper must cater for that public. Nowhere is this quick compliance of supply with demand more manifest than in the domain of sport. Betting, a diversion which, under the guise of sportsmanship, has become an occupation so absorbing as to override all other interests, is fed and fattened by the Press. If newspapers were considerate enough and courageous enough to devote less space to racing 'tips' and racing results the man in the street, whose 'sportsmanship' is composed of a touching fidelity to his 'finals,' might be saved much heart-burning and a substantial proportion of his pay. Nor is racing news the only or most noxious 'draw' by which the newspaper strives to augment its sales and increase its popularity. There is always the appetite for sensation to be seized upon, satisfied and surfeited. Indeed, the word 'sensational' has become such a journalistic shibboleth that hardly a day passes when some item of news is not served up in the companionship of this meaningless but objectionable catchpenny adjective. Football results, trials, political speeches and revelations are all 'sensational.' If they

are not already so they most certainly will be by the time that the reporter has done with them. And behind the rotten matter and often faulty phraseology of these sensational columns one watches the ogre of self-interest at work, with both eyes on the balance-sheet. This taste for 'cheapness' is the more to be regretted since there are so many journals, both in town and country, whose excellent standards of journalism and adherence to the highest traditions of the Press constitute the best protest against this sort of newspaper. In Art the market is controlled by the same uncompromising director. Art for art's sake is an ideal for which scant room can be found in a world where the value of most works of art is assessed by their saleable qualities only, and we have witnessed the same influence at work in the steady but persistent 'commercialising' of music and the drama.

That self-interest *is*, if not the only, at any rate the chief, motive of human action in these and other departments, is obvious. This we are so far from denying that we can find in it the causes of most of our troubles to-day. It is only with the *must* and *ought to be* that we disagree. No one has ever suggested that the Christian ideal has ever been even remotely realised. But the deliberate rejection of these ideals in favour of a definite policy of self-interest is a Julian apostasy which, if persisted in, would quickly lead the world back to paganism, and that at a time when we stand in greater need of Christianity than ever. For the more complex our civilisation becomes, so much greater is the dependence of individual upon individual, of class upon class, of nation upon nation; so much greater is the danger of a deliberate policy of self-interest; so much the more need we have of co-operation, goodwill, self-sacrifice and the moral principle on which they are based.

The unabashed apotheosis of self-interest, and the consequent dethronement of a religion whose fundamental tenets directly oppose it, is partly a reaction from the emotional stress of the war and partly the logical outcome of the accumulation of wealth in the hands of a class who understand no use for it but the selfish and personal. The materialistic tendencies of to-day are in part the aftermath of the great upheaval of 1914—1918. Have they not been the recognised legacy of every war in modern history? Under the *sturm und drang* of war ideals of altruism and sacrifice were revived. The immortal, compelling truth of '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*' came home again to a nation which had allowed its patriotism to slumber for the want of a great awakening. Reaction was inevitable. The millennium which was to dawn as soon as Armageddon was over is further off than ever. Jerusalem has not yet been builded on England's green and pleasant land, nor have we succeeded yet in reconstructing an island fit for heroes

to live in. The cynic who sees the promises of peace failing, one by one, in a melancholy succession is to be excused for branding the whole business of war as the worst kind of madness, and for asking of what use were the sacrifices in the light of the world as it is to-day. The very word 'patriotism' has come to be distrusted by the proletariat as a propagandist invention of the war profiteer and the capitalist. War, like any great adventure, is productive of fine enthusiasms; and we are living on the rebound.

But post-war reaction is not wholly responsible for the welter of materialism in which the country seems to be involved. Some of the evil undoubtedly lies in the emergence of a self-indulgent plutocracy. It would be well if our would-be economic reformers would concern themselves less with the distribution of wealth than with its disbursement. 'Nobody should be rich,' wrote Goethe, 'but those who understand it.' Unfortunately, these are not many. The sight of uncontrolled wealth confronts us whichever way we turn. The financial straits into which our hospitals have been thrown are but one result of the sudden affluence of a class of people who have no conception of the use of money. It is significant of the times that appeals for help are abortive unless such appeals are bolstered up with the promise of material advantage to the giver. 'Win a fortune and help the hospitals,' runs the poster. But the days have been, and must be again, when such help was not dependent upon the chances of winning anything but the gratitude of suffering humanity. 'Get rich quickly' is the theme; it does not much matter how. The scramble for securing money with a minimum of labour is an evil spectacle, nor has the ostentatious display of wealth which still characterises a certain section of the community grown less brazen or less barbarous than when Midas perpetrated his classic vulgarity. 'Truly,' said someone, 'you can tell what God thinks of money by the kind of people He gives it to.' We need have no cause to be ashamed of the Napoleonic taunt that we are a nation of shopkeepers. The trouble only begins when we become a nation of shop owners.

But these are accidental causes. There is another and a deeper. The world is suffering from the result of a long process in the history of science whereby a purely mechanical theory of the universe has been evolved. This process saw its culmination in Darwin's theory of evolution which seemed at first sight to reduce the whole of life to a fierce struggle for existence where physical force and a mechanical adaptation to environment were the only means of survival. It was the development of the power of reason that brought man to the top; and reason in itself was no more than a sharper weapon in the struggle than tooth and claw. It was therefore assumed by many as once for all decided

that rational self-assertiveness could be the only principle at work in the social development of mankind. Some rejoiced and others lamented that religion, and especially the Christian religion, had received its *coup de grâce*. But Darwin himself was very cautious in adding philosophical or religious corollaries to his own purely biological conclusions. He viewed with alarm the assumptions whereby his theories were carried over into the social sphere, and wrote to a too ardent disciple, 'Your boldness sometimes makes me tremble.' His fears would have been fully realised had he lived till 1914. It was Nietzsche who carried this philosophy of pure materialism to its logical conclusion in a scheme of ethics based on the survival of the fittest. Christianity was a 'slave religion'; Christian morality was a disease to be ruthlessly stamped out. This philosophy bore its fruit in the 'frightfulness' of the late war.

Ever since the persecution of Galileo the Churches have committed themselves to a losing battle, time after time, in attempting to combat the findings of science in her own territory. For pure science must abstract from her purview all moral principles; she is simply not concerned with them. But against the false assumptions of science to carry her conclusions into the field of religion or morality the Church must wage unceasing warfare; and this not merely for her own sake, but for the sake of humanity. It has not always been recognised that the laws that govern the evolution of species do not necessarily apply to the consequent social development of mankind. Indeed, the author of *Social Evolution* recognises a disintegrating and destructive principle in the mere self-assertiveness of the individual or of the nation, and finds that religion (and particularly the Christian religion) has always been the integrating and progressive principle in human life. Competition and selection are still laws of progress. The battle must go to the strongest; the fittest must survive. But in the social evolution of mankind new elements of strength have emerged, and a new definition of the 'fittest' has become necessary. It has been said that 'man is incurably religious'; and it is a fact that there has been no race without religious beliefs of some sort, however primitive, while the sanctions of religion have always been necessary to the development of human society. Even the Taboo exercised some sort of restraint upon the destructive power of self-interest, and gave a sanction and reinforcement to those altruistic instincts which make for goodwill and cooperation. Christianity in particular has always made an irresistible appeal to 'those fundamental spiritual instincts of man to which it supremely corresponds.' There is a Christ within us that responds instinctively to the Christ without. We may argue to our complete intellectual satisfaction that self-

interest 'is, ought to be, and must be,' the mainspring of human action, and yet there is that within us which recognises and aspires to higher values than these and compels us, in spite of our own apparent interests, and sometimes even in spite of our reason, to value an act of self-sacrifice more highly than an astute stroke of business. With the rational Greeks, we may call the Cross 'foolishness,' and yet we instinctively recognise it as an act of Divine folly, and the positive results which it produced upon the world have proved that here, at any rate, 'the foolishness of God was wiser than men.' The Church, in commending the message of religion, has been content to trust too much to the obsolete weapon of external authority. She has not taken the trouble to present the religion of Christ in a form intelligible at the present day. She has not been at pains to free the living faith from the grave-clothes of pre-Copernican theology and mediæval superstition, or from the fetters of obsolete formulæ. She has too often failed to realise that her old armoury of an infallible book or an infallible Church is obsolete and must be scrapped. The 'Take it or leave it' attitude has been tried and has failed. For the spirit of the age—for good or ill—is to challenge all axioms, however firmly established, to make experience the only criterion. The question is not 'Is it orthodox?' but 'Is it alive?' It is largely because the Church refuses to recognise this change of attitude that she is out of touch with human interests and fails to capture those who would be her most valuable allies, and without whom she cannot present a solid front to the materialism of to-day. There is plenty of the spirit of adventure and self-sacrifice alive in the world. But it remains outside the ranks of organised religion, because the Churches' presentation of Christ and His message is one that neither satisfies the needs nor kindles the enthusiasm of thoughtful men and women.

A review of the building up of Western civilisation shows that other considerations than those of rational self-interest have continually been present and have been responsible for most of its social and political developments in the past. It was the Christian religion that kept the lamp of civilisation alight in the Dark Ages, that was responsible for the ideals of chivalry, the emancipation of women, the spread of education, the abolition of slavery, the establishment of hospitals, and for almost every kind of social reform. It may be objected that all these would have come about in any case as self-interest became more enlightened; but was it not definite Christian ideals of service rather than enlightened self-interest that inspired a Wilberforce or a Shaftesbury or a Howard? Their battles were fought on purely moral issues, and so quickened the pulse of public opinion that their reforms were carried out in the very teeth of vested interests.

Indeed, some saw in them merely an inconvenient dislocation of trade and economics.

It has been said that the 'Reformation liberated into the practical life of the people affected by it that immense body of altruistic feeling which has been, from the beginning, the distinctive social product of religion, the willingness to sacrifice individual welfare in favour of others.' It was that 'deepening and softening' influence exercised upon the nation that has made the ruling classes increasingly ready to alleviate the injustices and disabilities of the masses, though it was often against material interest to do so. This readiness to make concessions has surely been the reason why the inevitable social development has proceeded in this country along regular and constitutional lines. In France, where the influence of the Reformation was less widely felt, it needed the bloody upheaval of the Revolution. More recently, in the case of Russia, the forces that underlie social evolution found an equally volcanic escape in the Bolshevist *débâcle.*

It is directly from this inherited Christian atmosphere that we derive our ideals of sportsmanship, love of fair play, high sense of duty, generosity to a fallen foe, sensitiveness to the wrongs and injustices of others. It is largely to this spirit that we owe our success as a colonising Power. We cannot deny that there have been occasions when our own country took part in the mad race for the 'glittering prizes' of the rich places of the earth; but, on the whole, moral principles of responsibility to the inferior races, and not merely the desire to exploit them to our own material advantage, have characterised British government all over the world. It was owing to our generous treatment of the Boers after the South African war, condemned at the time as a piece of ill-judged idealism, that we could rely on their loyalty in the greater war. Our commercial success, too, is not so much due to any natural business acumen as to our reputation for honesty, our (once) sound and conscientious workmanship, and to the fact that an Englishman's word is still accepted as his bond, into whatever country his business takes him. Christ's words, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you,' have received a remarkable fulfilment in the history of nations. It is a fact proved by experience that, when a nation puts moral principles in the forefront of her policy, 'all these things'—prestige, national well-being, and even material progress —inevitably follow. Lecky, speaking of the prosperity of nations, has said:

Its foundation is laid in pure domestic life, in commercial integrity, in a high standard of moral worth and of public spirit, in simple habits, in courage, uprightness, and a certain soundness and moderation of judgment

which springs quite as much from character as from intellect. If you would form a wise judgment of the future of a nation, observe carefully whether these qualities are increasing or decaying. Observe especially what qualities count for most in public life. Is character becoming of greater or less importance? Are the men who obtain the highest posts in the nation men of whom, in private life and irrespective of party, competent judges speak with genuine respect? Are they of sincere convictions, consistent lives, indisputable integrity? . . . It is by observing this moral current that you can best cast the horoscope of a nation.

When Christ boldly applied to Himself the Old Testament quotation, 'The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner,' He was projecting a truth which applies no less faithfully to State than it does to Church. The verdict of history has shown that it is on the foundation of Christian principles rather than of expediency that a nation builds up its life most securely. And the converse is true of nations as well as of individuals: that 'on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.' The havoc of the war, the present *impasse*, the failure of diplomacy based on expediency, the breakdown of our economic system, are a measure of the nations' rejection of Christ.

But there are grounds for hope in the future. The nobler instincts are not yet atrophied, and there is hope while there remain seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of self-interest. National reconstruction on a spiritual basis is still possible, and in recent times the remarkable utterance made by some of the leaders of the Empire shows that Christian ideals are still at work. In a declaration made soon after the war the Prime Ministers of four of the self-governing Dominions wrote:

Neither science, education, diplomacy nor commercial prosperity, when allied with a belief in a material force as the ultimate power, are real foundations for the ordered development of the world's life. These things are, in themselves, simply the tools of the spirit that handles them. The hope of a life of peace depends upon something deeper and more fundamental, viz., on the spirit of goodwill, and that spirit of goodwill itself rests on spiritual forces. . . . The hope of a brotherhood of humanity reposes on the deeper spiritual fact of the Fatherhood of God. . . . Seeking for the ultimate foundation on which to reconstruct an ordered life for all men, we shall find it only in that Fatherhood and in the Divine purpose for the world which is central to the message of Christianity.

This recognition in high places of religious principles is re-echoed in the mandatory clauses of the Versailles Treaty (rare oasis in a particularly arid desert!), which pledge the signatories to a guarantee that there shall be applied to the people of those colonies and territories which are not able to stand by themselves in the strenuous conditions of modern life 'the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples

form a sacred trust to civilisation.' Or again, 'The mandatory Powers will derive no benefit from such trusteeship.'

In the struggle for the highest spiritual and social interests of humanity there are two influences at work without whose co-operation the ideal of turning old worlds into new will never be realised. The one is the influence of women, the other education. In present-day education there are too many purely utilitarian tendencies at work. This, if ever, is the day of specialism and the specialist. Specialism in what? In knowledge that will make for commercial success. The presence of everything in the curriculum which has not that as its ultimate aim and end is resented by the parent who has a watchful, but really improvident, eye on the future. 'I want my son to be a richer man than his father,' he says. 'I want him to learn business methods now. Religion, poetry, music, the classics, citizenship? Yes, a smattering; but Religion and Art, in all their manifestations, are only a luxury and do not ensure an income.' And so another and another are trained to take their place in the scramble for prosperity; while education, too long confused with instruction, is left outside the door. The rigid formalism and barren processes of the old systems of education have already begun to disappear. But as long as self-advancement is postulated as the be-all and the end-all of school training, so long will the country be kept waiting for a cultured and spiritualised generation. Culture, 'the acquainting of ourselves with all the best that has been known or said,' is a word for which a wholly businesslike and hustling world has little use; indeed, it has hardly yet shaken off the barbarous significance with which it was invested during the war. If, indeed, the hope of reconstruction lies with the children, what infinite possibilities are ours! What, for example, might not be accomplished if a tithe of the vast sums that the country expends on its buildings, its armies, its aeroplanes, its elections, its pensions and its doles were devoted to the cause of real education; if the whole business of training the men and women of the future were put into the hands of an army of idealist and enthusiastic teachers who would spiritualise education, awaken the love of truth and beauty, teach citizenship, the value of co-operation, the virtue of tolerance, the spirit of real democracy?

Almost as large a responsibility rests upon the women as upon the teachers. There is a Divine economy in the difference of the sexes. The self-sacrificing instincts, more prominent in the woman, should exercise a counter-influence upon the natural self-assertiveness of the male. She has always been the accepted mediator of religion to man. To-day her emancipation is complete. Her influence has spread beyond the home. She has taken her place in the business world on an equal footing with

man. Her vote and presence in Parliament give her a practical voice in the destiny of the nation. But as a result of her changed position there are disturbing signs that she has lost something of that essential womanliness which is at once her glory and her power.

> Oh, wasteful woman! . . .
> How spoilt the bread and spilt the wine
> Which else had made brutes men and men divine!

If she can but preserve the ideals of her sex unscathed, it lies in her power to exert her refining influence in the world within far wider boundaries than ever before.

HUGH CHESTERMAN.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

I THE NEED OF THE AGE

'We want a new code of ethics that will affirm that social responsibility and unselfishness are the basis of a civilised society.' (MR. G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR, in 'A Platform for Statesmen,' *The Nineteenth Century and After*, December 1923, p. 803.)

THE throes of a General Election do not conduce to calm reflections which are to see the light of publicity with the dawn of the New Year. Hegel is reported to have pursued his philosophy at Jena even while the battle, which was to decide the fate of Prussia for the next seven years, was raging outside the town. The novels of Jane Austen would never suggest that while she was writing the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars were in process of recasting the continent of Europe. But it is given to few to free themselves so completely from the conditions of the life about them; and it is doubtful if such detachment is altogether estimable. To-day, at any rate, in conditions of close intercourse and rapid communication, the good European observes the international scene, and in the troublous times of post-war perplexity the good citizen is concerned for the welfare of his country.

At an early stage of the electioneering campaign we were told that the election merited no heat at all. As a prophecy of the attitude of the majority of citizens, this statement seems to have proved true. Reports from the provinces, especially from the north of England, showed that the electorate was weighing the issue seriously in the scales; but the excited headlines of the Press reflected only the excited oratory of politicians. It is a common gibe against the professional politicians that they treat the politics of their country as a game. This judgment is perhaps too cynical. It comes from those who are professedly disinterested, whom Samuel Butler would have described unkindly as 'professional truth-tellers.' It comes from those who are content to fasten on the evil by-product and to ignore the solid principle of good. The flippant fireworks of political speakers may well suggest that they are aspiring to the *rôle* of Nero, who played the

fiddle while his city sank in flames. But these are the traditional tactics of party leaders who declaim at the bar of a swollen electorate; and allowances are due to advocates who plead their cause before miscellaneous audiences who are largely untrained to logical thinking, but quick to respond to a ready wit which can score a pretty point against a public opponent. For it is the case that in the conditions of 'democratic' rule political battles are largely won by talking, and the politician who can talk to the best effect and commend himself the most happily to the palate of a popular audience finds his battle already half won. Nor does it follow that the flippant orator or the skilful debater is not sincere. His points upon the superficial plane of public oratory at the hustings may match precisely his personal convictions. It may not be the highest form of sincerity, for that is inseparable from the love of truth, and sets devotion to the truth above loyalty to a party. Sincerity, in the plenary sense of the word, is a quality which would almost inevitably produce a politician, not less than a churchman, of the kind which has commonly been called 'cross-bench.' Or, at all events, to such a politician the party label would be of general, but not of invariable, application. We seem to observe that this more loose adherence to the party is a mark of the post-war revival of the party system. If this be the case it is full of good promise. Still it may be that a good party man marks a step towards the difficult accomplishment of being a good man; and loyalty to a party gives the colour of sincerity to methods of controversy and a style of advertisement which may contribute to a temporary triumph, but can hardly find a place in the more enduring categories of truth.

To scan the speeches of political protagonists is to realise that an election campaign is a great debate. The first impression of the listener or the reader is perhaps that the debate is conducted primarily for the benefit of the debaters; that the issue, which according to their profession carries the fate of the body politic, is but a device for the amusement and the profit of politicians. The alternation of rhetorical challenge and ironical retort, flung across the country from one chosen centre to another, leaves the elector, who has not already made his choice, no wiser than he was before, and helps him but little to determine the economic effect of a tariff. The confusion of some many-cornered controversy suggests to him that in the political arena, even if the combatants do not use the abusive names which adorned the correspondence of Milton and Salmasius, personalities are allowed to seem more important than policies. The red-hot shots of the oratory now known by the generic name of 'Limehouse,' which darken counsel in the shadows cast by their flares of invective, cause him to reflect with a melancholy wonder upon the depths

to which a politician will descend when he aspires to the lofty heights of statesmanship.

Yet there is a second impression. For with all this testimony to the flippancy, the folly and the malignity of political controversy, we have to admit that there is everywhere an under current of serious conviction, of positive belief, of driving desire for the national welfare. None can be supposed to foresee his country's ruin in his party's triumph. Political leaders and lesser candidates for the constituencies have persuaded themselves of the unrivalled merits of their parties' policies, and wrestle for their victory. In the process of publicity and private canvassing the undecided elector reaches some kind of conclusion. Of course, the minds of some electors are made up from the outset. They are as good party men as their political leaders. Or their business interests have always stood to gain by the policy of one particular party, and their outlook is naturally limited by the prospect of profit or loss. Some conscientious citizens see the situation afresh, and think it out in the light of new conditions. Others again hardly think it out at all, but are swayed by the manner, appearance or promises of candidates ; others by the memory of previous promises which they have interpreted too literally and therefore perceive to be unfulfilled ; others by prejudice or passion which issues in personal violence. The campaign opens in expectation, passes through the familiar stages of argument and controversy, and goes down to the less eventful but more decisive issue of Election Day. Something of the same process will be found in the minds of whole masses of enfranchised citizens who read and listen and ruminate, and wait for the judgment to form in their minds. Like the prophet on the mountain, the elector hears the wind, and feels the earthquake, and sees the fire. Finally he hears, or persuades himself that he hears, in the policy which promises to prove the most profitable or the least dangerous, the still, small voice of inspiration ; and he casts his vote accordingly. So that even in current electioneering the judgment of Walter Bagehot is in some sense verified that ' discussion is the great solvent of custom.'

Such is a picture, not, I hope, too much of a caricature, of current electioneering in the conditions of widely enfranchised citizenship. I make no pretence of profound penetration into the psychology of electors, for that is not the theme. It is another gospel which the election compels one to preach. That is, first, the failure of politics, as they issue in social and economic expedients, to solve the real problem of national welfare, and, secondly, the need of new vision and new inspiration from the life of the Spirit, which will change the hearts of men. That the General Election which prompted my writing has now passed into

history in no wise invalidates a thesis which appeals to the centuries and will hold while the world stands. The picture which I have drawn may be good, or it may be bad. But the situation which it seeks to present must be admitted to be bad. Perhaps the system of parties, as we know it, will of itself produce nothing better; and gibing and denunciation and plausible promises of the good time which will follow a party's triumph at the polls are the inevitable tools of the trade of materialism. That the system of representation is sound or faulty is not the issue. That the candidates who are returned as members of Parliament do or do not fairly sustain the cause in which their constituents return them is not the question which goes to the root of the matter. The theory of the Abbé Sieyès in the French Revolution carried the system to a perfection beyond the possibilities of practice:

> The genuine national will proceeds from debate, not from election, and is ascertained by a refined intellectual operation, not by coarse and obvious arithmetic. The object is to learn not what the country thinks, but what it would think if it was present at the discussion carried on by men whom it trusted. Therefore there is no imperative mandate, and the deputy governs the constituent.[1]

Such 'mitigation of democracy' would no doubt provide a useful restraint upon popular demand and a valuable correction of popular misunderstanding. Indeed, the debates in Parliament may be thought, by comparison with the speeches produced by the feverish excitement of electioneering, to go some way to fulfilling the Abbé's doctrine. But the member of Parliament does not govern the constituent; and on the fundamental issue the Abbé's doctrine is foreign to current constitutional practice, by which the constituency demands the loyalty of the member and the Cabinet appropriates his power. The democratic doctrinaire would not concede to debate by a few the authority which proceeds from election by many, for, on the democratic hypothesis, the larger the electorate the more surely must its choice be right. There are some among us who would even submit to a referendum of the people the solution of problems which a comparatively few experts alone can be expected fully to understand. The democratic postulate is expressed in the aphorism '*Vox populi, vox Dei.*' In other words, the majority is always right. This fallacy has only to be stated in order to be repudiated.[2] Lord Birkenhead, at an earlier stage of his career, set himself to show with his customary force and clarity that the voice of the people is not to be identified with the voice of God. If it were, then the exchange of a narrow majority for one party to-day for a narrow majority for another party next year would signify a change

[1] Lord Acton, *Lectures on the French Revolution*, p. 161.
[2] *Cf.* Selden's *Table Talk* on Councils.

in Divine judgment, for which we could account only by a trifling change of party policy or a fickle change of popular whim. We cannot identify God, or absolute right, with the results of an election in which men cast their votes in chaos, or choose a party policy which promises personal profit.

We are back again at the previous point, namely, that the methods of election, of representation, of political decision, do not really touch the issue of national welfare. If they are not wholly irrelevant, they are wholly subordinate. They represent the system through which the spirit expresses itself. But our anxiety lies deeper, and is concerned rather for the spirit itself, which guides the choice of the electorate and the course of parliamentary debate. We cannot identify God with the triumph of a political party unless we have been able first to identify the determining policy of the party with the will of God. It is only in rare and extreme circumstances that the consciences of men will yield so categorical a conviction. But it is another matter to determine policy by reference to what we believe to be the cause of God in the national life and in the life of nations. Such a course may be personal and indirect, or it may be national and direct. The adoption of a new fiscal policy demands a knowledge of economic science and an experience of the actual course of trade. As a policy it must be judged by experts in both kinds, and it must be judged both in theory and in observed experiment. The issue is not primarily religious. Yet neither expert nor elector can rightly apply himself to such a question without some reference, and some sense of responsibility, to a power which perhaps he would hesitate to define. In contrast with this example we may set every measure which aims at the abolition of obvious injustice and feel that it carries a direct religious sanction, and ought to claim the concerted support of all men of goodwill.

The issue which faces us is this : Do we treat our national and international politics as opportunities for material gain—national politics for personal advantage ; international politics for national aggrandisement ? Or do we believe them to be the instruments by which we can strengthen the cause of righteousness and make the world better ? Are we concerned primarily for the kingdom of God, or for the reign of material prosperity ? Of course, these ends are not necessarily incompatible. But they spring from different motives, and it is the motive which lies at the root of righteousness. Grant, if we could, that the system is sound, that the methods of election, representation and political decision are the best that the wit of man can devise, that the results respectively of election and debate are true verdicts of intelligent voters and unwearying statesmen : let all this be granted, and still the course of electioneering tells a disappointing

tale, and the fruits of debate are barren. It is the note of modern history, of which Lord Acton said on a famous occasion that:

> Beginning with the strongest religious movement and the most refined despotism ever known, it has led to the superiority of politics over divinity in the life of nations, and terminates in the equal claim of every man to be unhindered by man in the fulfilment of duty to God—a doctrine laden with storm and havoc, which is the secret essence of the Rights of Man, and the indestructible soul of Revolution.[3]

The States of modern Europe are not theocracies. The separation of ecclesiastical life from temporal interests, except so far as Church and State survive in a happy working union in this realm, has tended to make the Christian religion either individualistic or sectarian, and in either case detached. This is not to advocate a return to the international sovereignty which Rome exercised in the Middle Ages, or even to contend that if every candidate for Parliament were an enthusiastic churchman the course of political life would be revolutionised (although we could hardly doubt that it would be improved). For in our ecclesiastical life we are familiar with the party system, and are not entirely free from the party spirit. When, however, a writer in this Review[4] demands a new code of ethics for the cure of present political discontents I should rather contend for a new trial of an older solvent than any of the developed devices of ecclesiastical history. We do cry for a new trial of Christianity, which the civilised world has never really tried. We speak of our Christian civilisation. In a great measure we are proud, and justly proud, of our national Christianity. As a nation we have inherited our religion, and are far better than we should have been without it. We have produced what the Dean of St. Paul's has so finely described as 'the lay religion of the English gentleman.' Even those who no longer profess and call themselves Christians cannot escape the influence of Christianity, and must perforce direct their lives in a large measure according to its principles. But we have never given it a full trial. So there are some among us who realise that there is something wrong, and wish to set it right, and ask for a new code of ethics. But what is the guarantee that men will accept the code and live up to it? What is the incentive to swear allegiance to a code? What is the inspiration to keep the oath? If the standard be high, it will be lowered in practice. If the standard be moderate or low, it will fail to effect the promised improvement. In any event, to ask for a code is to ask for something other than the religion of Christ. It may be the Mosaic Commandments, or the whole system of Judaism, or the social creed of the English public schools, which is honourable, but shyly negative. But Christ gave us a new command-

[3] *Lectures on Modern History*, p. 10.

[4] *Nineteenth Century and After*, December 1923, p. 803.

ment; and Christianity superseded Judaism when the Founder in His own person substituted love for law, making love the highest law; and Christ's religion in the modern world stands for active righteousness and is the negation of negativism. For the core of Christ's religion is not a code, but a power of life, which carries the incentive and the inspiration, which no other system can produce, to those who live with Him and open their hearts to welcome His ever-present and abiding Spirit. He speaks to us from the other world, not merely the future or the life beyond the grave, for we are not thinking of death, but of life; He speaks to us from the other world, the unseen world, which is present here and now, and is the guiding light of Christian life and the assurance of the versatility of Christ's religion in all the conditions of political change and the cycles of social fashion. This is the truth which we acknowledge when we say the prayer which Christ Himself has taught us, 'Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.'

There are those who are convinced Christians who yet would pinch the truth of Christianity within one or another of the separated spheres of the other world and this world. To the one class Christ's religion is a thing apart, not to be mentioned in the sordid scenes of the earth. It carries a beatific vision of a blissful future, brightens individual lives with the hope of heaven, but must not be contaminated with the gross and shocking world. And so materialistic civilisation moves on, unilluminated by a light which fails to radiate beyond the individual and justifiably contemptuous of a religion which claims so much and seems to effect so little.

To the second class of the Christians whom we are considering Christianity carries a complete polity to be realised, if need be, by legislation or by force. The modern emphasis of eschatology, which attributes in greater or lesser degree to the Lord Himself the belief in the nearness of the end, has facilitated this application of His religion. The Lord Himself figures in the *rôle* of Messiah, as a social reformer or a conquering politician; and the kingdom of God, which He came to establish, these modern disciples, who borrow all too literally from some of His Jewish contemporaries, would set up by methods which might seem historically appropriate, but are thoroughly unchristian. In this version of Christianity materialistic civilisation perceives a danger and a power, and girds itself, not unnaturally, to resist the predatory designs of those who profess to find in the Gospel of Christ the statute book of the Socialist millennium.

But Christ's religion is larger than its all too common versions. It proclaims the truth of an unseen world, the world wherein Christ abides, here and now and near us, nay, actually within us.

From this centre of personal devotion to Him who is our Master the Christian sees the universe under the *de jure* sovereignty of God. For in the Incarnation of God in Christ God identified Himself with men, and showed to men the way of life, the way by which men can grow like God. The Logos lived as a man among the sons of men; and He who was one with the Godhead was one with the race. The Christian, then, must proclaim that the Church of Christ in history is the continuation of this work of God in Christ. He sees as in a figure, at least he feels, assuredly he knows, the universal movements of the Spirit, who plants in all the world, wherever men give Him entry, the seeds of holiness and virtue, of comfort and courage, of wisdom and strength, of candour and self-control, of long-suffering and loveliness. And then he must realise the potentiality of all Christians for making *de facto* that sovereignty of God which is now so partially acknowledged and so ill defined. He holds that there is nothing in the world which lies outside the concern of Christ's religion, and he must be interested in the ways of all the world. He is not 'of' the world in the evil sense in which the Johannine writings use the word *kosmos*. But he is 'in' the world, and his Master is there beside him, in the world of men and women, of sport and politics, of love and literature, of plays and dancing, of toil and unemployment. For we live in the world of sight, and taste, and touch, and smell; and asceticism will never solve our problem. Material things are the indispensable expression of the things that are spiritual, but they must never be allowed to be their master. The Christian knows all this. He is not hard, or unsympathetic, or intolerant, or cruel; but his irrepressible instinct is to bring into all the world the secret of self-respecting happiness, the inspiration of every noble effort, the relief of suffering and the renewal of delights which else must die. For he knows that the presence of the Spirit from the unseen world would transfer the emphasis from material things to spiritual life, and would transfigure the world of time and place. None can pretend to measure the full results of so great a revolution. The ills of society would pass; selfishness would disappear; the sorrow, and pain, and hunger which follow in its train would find relief, and the kingdom of God would come to reality in the world of men.

The opinion is widely spread that the preaching of politics in the pulpits of the national Church is a misuse of a place and opportunity which ought rightly to be used in helping congregations in the daily fight with sin. The contention is sound, and as a rule the Church is stronger while it is dissociated from the controversies of political parties. The work of the Church is to create the right atmosphere, to turn the hearts of men, to bring the light of the unseen world into the darkness of the world of

human life, to carry the presence of Jesus Christ into the sorry scenes of human desolation, and to show that the love which is expressed in sacrifice willingly accepted is the way to the splendid heights of smiling day. The craze of the world for materialistic wealth is a false emphasis. This is not to say that anybody can live without money, or that men and women should be expected to work for inadequate pay, or that rich folk should be deprived of their riches. Christianity is rightly intolerant of all injustice, whether it take the form of sweating in one direction or of confiscation in the other. But we have to insist upon the distinction between the subordination of all purposes to the acquisition of material wealth and the use of material wealth to a larger purpose. For illustration we may cite the fact that the Church itself is not ashamed to proclaim its need of money. For although the world will not for long respect a ministry which is perpetually pleading its poverty and clamouring for support, in the conditions of modern civilisation, organised religion cannot be maintained without endowments, and cannot be extended without additions to them. The Church needs brains and character, and the money to pay for them. But the need is felt in a larger cause, and is proclaimed in order to serve the ends of righteousness and truth. For the work of the Church is to bring into the life of society the conviction that the end and aim of all endeavour is the universal sovereignty of God, expressed in the reign of the Spirit of Christ in the hearts of men ; to establish in all the circumstances of domestic difference, of national distress and of international exasperation, the practical expression of the high justice of Christian charity; and to carry into the troubled scenes of personal life the unfailing inspiration of Him who is our Master and our ever-loving Brother, who came not 'into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.'

J. WORSLEY BODEN.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

II. THE LABOUR PARTY

HAD the Labour Party been a politicians' machine to the degree to which the older political parties have, in the course of generations, become so; had it depended for its mobilisation on an enormous hoard produced by traffic in honours, on the backing of organised financial and industrial capitalist interests, or on the election manifestoes of statesmen who, still panting from the interchange of energetic (and well-deserved) denunciations of incompetence and dishonesty, could, at the vision of a chance of regaining office, rush into a mutual embrace and, for the period of a flashlight photograph, smirk resolutely with interlocked hands on public platforms; if it could have been crippled by the unscrupulous boycotting and mendacity of a syndicated Press, if it had failed in the test of Parliament, it would probably have dropped half a million votes on its 1922 poll and a third of its representation. As it is it has increased its poll (as I write) by 256,000 votes, not counting those given to independent candidates, some at least of whom are not its opponents, ana its representation by fifty members, an augmentation of 35 per cent. These details appear on the surface and speak for themselves. There lies below them still stronger cause for congratulation among the membership of the party. What is the explanation and what the significance of this remarkable manifestation?

Much of the explanation was indicated in advance in an article which I contributed to the last August number of this Review—in brief, that the Labour Party is an organic and growing tissue of men and women who join it because they reflect, because they have certain chronic needs and experiences which have convinced them in the course of the last thirty years that the present industrial organisation of society needs to be changed, because they have appreciated the critical analysis of its defects and because they are satisfied that the constructive programme which their organisation has framed, working downwards from the intellectual standpoint and upwards from the experience of organised wage-workers in their struggle for subsistence and

freedom, alone offers any practical promise of giving effect to their reasonable human demands.

When Mr. Baldwin, like Saul on his way to Damascus, experienced a sudden illumination, namely that unemployment was the most pressing national problem of the moment, and, like that other Saint, not only was stricken with blindness, but fell to the ground (after a similar interval, it may be hoped, to resume activity as a convert to the faith he was proceeding to persecute), the supporters of the Labour Party recognised that it had been vouchsafed to him to discover what to them had been obvious for more than a generation. It was an acute crisis of unemployment forty years ago that started the Socialist movement in this country, and it is the analysis of the causes of unemployment and the demonstration (recently emphasised by Lord Milner, as it had been by many thinkers of nimbler intelligence) of the characteristic vice of the capitalist industrial system to produce such crises that has continually and perhaps most effectually recruited the Socialist school of thought in England, converted the trade unions to that movement and created the political Labour Party. This recognition might, therefore, be counted to Mr. Baldwin, in the ranks of the Labour Party, for righteousness, and it will always remain to his credit that he was the first Prime Minister to pledge himself to attempt as his primary task a solution of that recurrent problem.

The naïve amateurishness of the proposals for solving it which, under whatever influences, he hastily decided to offer, need not here be criticised. Labour candidates, knowing that among their own adherents their fallacy and futility needed no argument, spent little breath against them in election meetings, except in replies to Protection-bitten hecklers. The electorate has disposed of them. But in so far as the problem of unemployment was a prominent topic in the election (which Mr. Baldwin did not succeed in convincing his party so fully as he had convinced himself that it should be) he had struck on the issue about which the Labour Party had the most distinct convictions, to which it alone had given prolonged and directly interested consideration, and on which it knew that it had a programme and meant business with it—a programme the emergency details of which were urged on the Liberal Government by Mr. Webb as early as 1914, when there was expectation of unemployment during the war.

Any party, in fact, that might go to the country on the issue of unemployment would, as Mr. Baldwin did, challenge the Labour Party on its strongest ground, that in which the rank and file of its supporters are and have all their lives been most keenly interested, and on which they have worked out their ideas, whilst other parties have neglected the problem or taken their counsel about it solely

from the side of organised capitalist employers and the financial authorities who support them. I am far from suggesting that the capitalist employers' party, the bankers, and all the intermediate chorus of somethings in the City and of the classes parasitic on property have nothing to say worth listening to on the subject of unemployment; they are competent expert witnesses from the employers' point of view, and I shall touch on one aspect of their arguments presently. Just here I am merely noting the broadest factors that influenced voting in this election. The Labour Party and those for whose interests it stands saw clearly that even if Mr. Baldwin (apart from his party) was sympathetic about unemployment his programme was worse than futile, whilst of the Liberals the leaders as well as the rank and file of both factions had hardened their hearts and declared themselves actively hostile to anything that the party that had given most attention to the subject might propose or desire. Labour was to be kept out of power at all costs. Mr. Churchill promised that even if Mr. Baldwin could not be displaced Mr. MacDonald should no longer lead the Opposition. This attitude naturally consolidated and reinforced the will of the Labour Party and brought it new adherents.

But the party itself was very far from accusing individualist capitalism in England of being directly responsible for the prevalence of unemployment during the last two or three years. The party and its supporters clearly recognise that Mr. Lloyd George's Peace, Mr. Bonar Law's Tranquillity, and Mr. Baldwin's Simplicity are ruining Europe, and with it the British markets. Labour Party audiences, therefore, showed greater interest in criticisms of foreign policy than they did in Mr. Baldwin's prescriptions. They knew what the Press boycott has sedulously concealed from the middle-class readers of penny papers: that the Labour Party criticism of foreign policy and its practical programme for dealing with it has been continuous and consistent. What the Labour Party has said on this subject in Parliament is scantily enough reported in but a few papers, but readers at any rate of the *Herald* have been kept fairly aware of it. What it has done and said outside Parliament has hardly reached the consciousness of the readers of other penny papers at all. So much is this the case that when a Dominion statesman, General Smuts, galled possibly by remorse for the pretext which he had given to Mr. Lloyd George at Versailles for including in our claim for reparations provision for war pensions, contrary to the understanding on which the Armistice had been made, unburdened his soul in denunciation of what Great Britain had tolerated in the post-war proceedings of France and of the ghastly spectacle now presented by Europe as a result of apostasy from the ideals of

those who fought in the war, when he repeated the identical censures which the Labour Party has been passing for years on those conditions and called, as the Labour Party had done, for a new world conference, to include all the principal nations, to revise the Versailles Treaty and attempt a new basis of settlement, his pronouncement was loudly applauded as an astonishingly courageous and illuminating new departure by Liberal publicists who had ignored or belittled the identical urgings of Labour politicians. The Labour Party knew what the attitude of its leaders had been, and this, too, was a factor of strength and confidence in its electoral temper.

The adherence of the Labour Party to its policy of a levy on capital for the redemption of debt was criticised by many who are in sympathy with other parts of its programme as 'a mistake in tactics.' This consistency, which has the undivided support of the party, has, of course, drawn heavy attacks from the opposing political parties on economic and practical grounds as conceived by them. Detailed criticism of those attacks would lie outside the scope of this article, but the significance of the proposal and its importance as a consolidating item for the party may be here briefly indicated. The value of capital holdings in this country, of which those exceeding 5000*l.* would be amenable to the proposed debt levy, had increased between the beginning of the war and 1921 by about 5,400,000,000*l.* (nearly 50 per cent. on their pre-war total). According to the income tax returns, the number of persons in receipt of incomes exceeding 5000*l.* a year had increased during the same period from upwards of 15,000 to upwards of 24,000 (a good deal more than 50 per cent.). The real incomes of the wage-earning and salaried classes are (to put the case at its weakest) not now higher, on the average, than they were before the war. In a great proportion of cases, to say nothing of the unemployed, they are substantially lower. Apart, then, altogether from any consideration of the expediency of relieving taxation by the extinction of debt interest, there occurred during the period of the war and of the peace negotiations an enormous displacement of the balance of property and income as between the property-owning and the wage-earning classes. This accounts for the conspicuous continuance of profuse social expenditure on luxuries in a period of acute industrial poverty. Knowledge or appreciation of these statistical facts seems, unfortunately, I think, to be extremely restricted among the comfortable classes; the criticisms and discussions on fiscal topics which are admitted to publication by the Press habitually and sedulously ignore it. Were it generally recognised, I believe it would affect the judgment of many conservatively disposed citizens in regard to the demand for a capital levy to reduce the

National Debt, as it does unquestionably affect those who know it and make the demand. It commends itself to Labour Party audiences and recruits the party on the broad general ground that, whereas the mass of the nation (including all classes, but in enormous predominance those who earned their living by work) paid for the war by the sacrifice of their lives or their health, and this human loss and tax remains unredeemable, property ought for its part to be called upon to redeem the war debt, which is not wealth, but a permanent claim for taxation upon that same working part of the nation which has already paid its share in its own kind of the war cost. This argument, even if the balance of the two classes of wealth, Labour and Property, were approximately what it was before the war, is one which appeals, very naturally, to the mass of plain-thinking people, and on this broad ground the demand for a capital levy in redemption of war debt is steadily making way among all classes outside those who fear they would be directly touched by it in their pockets. This would be so if the pre-war balance had been maintained. It is far more strongly the case when it is realised that, through profits made in the war, not, indeed, entirely at the expense of our own countrymen, but principally so, if also at that of all other nations with whom our manufacturers and traders did profitable business during the war, the property-owning classes in this country have been enriched about 50 per cent. When this consideration has been referred to, I have heard interrupters suggest that the propertied classes also gave their lives and their health. So they did; but such interruptions illustrate inability on the part of those who make them to realise that whereas to the common people human lives are indeed commensurable, and the loss of a rich man's son as grievous as, but no more so than, that of a poor man's, the value of property is not commensurable with that of lives, and even if a property owner's son were, as seems often to be assumed, as much more valuable than a poor man's as his fortune is the greater, the fact that a property owner has lost his son in the war is absolutely irrelevant to the question whether his property as well as human life should not be levied on to meet the war expenses.

On these broad human grounds, then, this item of the Labour Party's programme typifies to its supporters a sound and just principle, which they resolutely declare and support; that is to say that, the human tax of the war having been borne by the nation's humanity its funded financial burden should be borne by its funded property, and much the more so seeing that property by exploiting humanity's agony increased itself during the war by something like two-thirds the total amount of our war debt.

While I cannot discuss the surface problems involved in the

project of a debt levy, I think it both only fair to the more serious and thoughtful of its opponents and relevant to the broadest considerations effectual in this election to refer to the argument that a levy would aggravate unemployment. Mr. Asquith is reported to have made (let us hope, misreading his brief) the stupefying pronouncement that it would 'increase it one hundredfold' (loud cheers !). The favourite argument, briefly, was that a capital levy would destroy the basis of credit, since bankers would no longer be able to feed employers with working capital. The individual fortunes of employers being reduced, each one would have fewer securities to pledge with his bankers as security for cash accommodation, and, further, if the amount of the National Debt were reduced by 3,000 millions, the amount of security possessed by the nation and available for such purposes would be reduced and the financing of industry crippled to that extent. Arguments such as this, confessing as they do, if sound, the impotence of our credit system, simply play into the hands of the Socialist Party on the side of their financial criticisms of the capitalist system. For bankers to argue they cannot finance industry without a national debt of 6,500,000,000*l.* when it was financed before the war on a national debt of 650,000,000*l.* is either an insult to the intelligence of the electors or a challenge to the State to take the administration of credit out of such ineffectual hands. It is also felt as an insult to the intelligence when electors are told that unless employers have property of their own to hypothecate industry cannot be financed, whilst at the same time the Government is pluming itself on having embarked on a policy of financing or guaranteeing schemes of productive investment for the sake of giving employment. If the State can afford to do this with a national debt of 6,500,000,000*l.* it can still better afford to do it with a debt of half that amount. In all this argument about credit the fact is made significantly conspicuous that the conduct of industry in this country is now dependent on banks, and on the concerted views of the directorates of a very few organised banks, and the Labour Party is not slow to draw the moral that if industry can be financed by an organised banking monopoly it can equally well be financed by organised State banking.

The Labour Party's Research and Information Department has taken a good deal of trouble to ascertain the degree in which a capital levy might possibly disturb the supply of working capital. It is clear from the facts available that this is greatly exaggerated in the representations that have been made by financial writers recently in the Press. A great deal of nonsense is also talked about deflation, which after all is an incident peculiarly in the power of a Government to counteract. One of the first things that the

Labour Party, should it come into office, would do in pursuance of the policy of a levy would doubtless be to set up a qualified and impartial committee to call this bluff, with the requisite powers to elicit any relevant information, and to make recommendations for the neutralisation of any danger of dislocation of industry through financial disturbance.

When Mr. Baldwin announced a dissolution, the Labour Party's election agency account was at best barely solvent. The strain of unemployment and the cost of the rearguard actions fought by the unions against reductions of wages during the last three years had starved the central funds, while in the constituencies many local party organisations which had fought the last election had disappeared, and most of those still in being were living from hand to mouth on the proceeds of whist drives, raffles and sweepstakes. In only 237 constituencies, of which nearly two-thirds already had sitting members, had candidates been selected for this election. The party agency could not therefore immediately get under way; it neither had the money to guarantee the expenses of contests nor in many cases the local organisation to arrange for meetings or distribute election literature. The divisional groups sprang up to deal with the situation with extraordinary spirit and vigour, having nothing approaching a parallel in either of the other parties, the constituencies of which expect to have their members provided for them either at the candidate's own expense or at that of the accumulated proceeds of political simony. The National Union of Railwaymen floated the ship with a donation of 10,000*l.*, and within a fortnight 200 additional candidates had been found and provided for. Both the central and local organisation had their way paid by pennies and shillings and pounds contributed out of weekly wages, with a few generous donations from individuals who could afford them, or candidates who could risk an election deposit. Voluntary aid for the distribution of addresses and literature and for the hasty arrangement of meetings flowed in everywhere. The remittance from Moscow promised in the anti-Labour Press has not even yet (as I write) reached Eccleston Square.

The hold which the party obtained in 1922 on many constituencies was proved by this election to have been strengthened. Of the seats they had to defend they lost both fewer and a smaller proportion than they did twelve months ago—only sixteen altogether—and of these thirteen in constituencies in which Liberal professors of Free Trade combined with Protectionists to keep out Free Trade Labour or *vice versâ*. The Liberal Party, which, on the most favourable terrain for which it could have possibly hoped, has in this election made its final rally against its progressive and inevitable decay, has done itself great damage by

these coalitions. It is astonishing that Liberal wire-pullers should understand so little the fundamental temperament of their countrymen as to suppose that, when their party has professed to go to the country on the issue of Free Trade against Protection, manifestoes by the local Liberal Parties, such as that which I have before me from Aberavon, calling on all good Liberals to vote against the Labour Free Trader, should not incense and disgust them.

Notwithstanding the defeats of Labour by such combinations, the party improved its general hold on constituencies of their character. It will win more of them next election, and will steadily gain ground in all the industrial constituencies. It has gained greatly in London and the suburbs, and has seats to gain next time. It has advanced in eastern, and even in southern, agricultural constituencies, and is almost solid in the mining districts, in which, both in Wales and the north and north-east, the old religious spirit of the Free Churches has transferred itself from Liberal to Labour politics, which seem to the simple-minded to be more Christian in aims and inspiration. Lord Birkenhead's Rectorial address profoundly disgusted them. This transference from Free Church Liberalism has not yet achieved itself in the west, where, as in Cornwall, the Liberals have gained seats ; and in Oxfordshire and other Western and Southern Midlands the Liberals have increased their polls. Constituencies there, as yet barely touched by the Labour movement, were more afraid of Protectionism than they were confident in the ability of the Labour Party to further their interest. The Labour Party intended to organise a campaign of information and Labour propaganda in agricultural districts during the coming spring, making a special effort to raise the funds for this purpose ; and whenever this can be done they will certainly effect a progressive accession of strength in the countryside. The experience of the present election and the knowledge that the party already has of the conditions to be dealt with in districts not yet reached by the Labour movement lead to a judgment that at the next election the party can count on winning another substantial increase of seats, say, at least forty to fifty, and that whether they will be able to win more depends principally upon the period for which another election can be postponed.

Having regard to the deafening and indiscriminate drum-fire directed against the Labour Party by the bulk of the Press, and to the continuous misrepresentation and suppression to which its policy has been subjected during the past twelve months, it may appear surprising that the party should have gained the votes and seats that it has. The reason why this Press campaign has proved ineffectual is the credit that the Labour members in Parlia-

ment have gained for themselves by their work during the past year and the discredit that both Conservatives and Liberals have gained for themselves on the same stage in their dealings with questions affecting Labour. The most conspicuous illustration of this sort of object-lesson was the action of the Government in putting on the Whips against the Labour Party's amendment against disqualification for old age pension on the score of thrifty savings, and the recreancy of the considerable number of Liberals who abstained from voting (though some Liberals voted) for that amendment, thereby allowing its defeat by a narrow majority. The Labour voters also discerned the significance of the Liberal Party's desire to crowd out the Workmen's Compensation Act at the end of last session by devoting its closing days to preliminary electioneering speeches against the Government, the Act being saved through the determination of the Labour Party that it should not be burked. The voters have had, moreover, sufficient parliamentary intelligence filtered through to them to be able to appreciate the attitude of the Labour Party both on foreign and domestic politics in contrast with that of the Government and the Liberals; and in matters immediately touching their own interests, especially in regard to both civilian and war pensions, that difference in attitude has come very closely home to them. They have appreciated the able leadership of Mr. MacDonald, they have admired and respected the parliamentary record of their representatives, and they have confidence in the parliamentary party; their human nature has sympathised with the indignation which produced some of those 'scenes' of which the vulgar Press has loved to make much, ignoring the insolence and offensiveness of provocative Tory members. The Labour constituencies, in short, are proud of their party. They stick to it, and it grows, because it is their party, because they have made it, because its policy is democratically evolved from below. Every divisional organisation can have any proposal which it agrees to discussed by the whole party and, if it finds acceptance after open debate, embodied in the party's political programme. The anti-Labour Press is fond of repeating that the party is wire-pulled by a handful of Socialists who do not represent the opinions or aims of the trade union rank and file. This is precisely the reverse of the truth. Why cannot Conservatives acquaint themselves with the facts?

Connected with this pride in the party and with the religious feeling pervading it is the absolute good fellowship, good humour and comradeship prevailing among the members and between them and their candidates and representatives. This atmosphere makes the party very much more congenial to work with to any intelligent man or woman of democratic temperament than

either of the two others, which organise spasmodically at election time a theatrical pretence of solidarity between classes which, except perhaps in the communities of Free Church Liberalism, any man or woman of a different class from the workers often feels to be deplorably lacking in moral and social basis.

The ignorance of the Conservative Party and of many Liberals of the purposes and programme of the Labour Party remains astonishing. The 'Bolshevist' bogey, however (which I criticised in my former article), was not much in evidence in this last election; and only in one constituency did I hear of the Mothers' Meeting at which the Primrose Dames enlightened the women voters as to the design of the Labour Party to introduce the nationalisation of women. The bogey of the Workers' International was substituted, with the pretence that the party was under the orders of a small German junta. Any intelligent Conservative knows the silliness of such lies. Why do they tolerate the discredit which their employment brings to their party? The wage-earners are not deceived, and every exposure simply adds to the prestige of the Labour Party as the only honest one in the nation.

Of the Labour constituencies the Scottish are notoriously the most fervid; the Welsh run them close, but the Welsh are not quite so fierce, or perhaps they have more racial comity of temperament and manner. In the Scottish and Welsh constituencies the bossing is more determined, and the confrontation of the pit village with the mine-owner's mansion is more conspicuous. The anti-Labour Press from time to time announces the pending cleavage between these 'advanced' sections and the British industrials and intellectuals, and represents Mr. MacDonald as desperately struggling to preserve the unity of his flock. Hope tells a flattering tale. Every local contingent of the party, in fact, is satisfied with and proud of the solidarity of the whole, which has been maintained without any sacrifice of the principles established by party conferences and with hardly any dissension even as to tactics. The constant progress and consolidation of the party throughout the country on those political lines on which it took thirty years to set the Socialist movement in action in this country have greatly reinforced the patience and confidence of the majority in that policy. Not long ago there were continual nibbling suggestions on the part of the more progressive Liberals that the Labour Party should help them in elections and they reciprocate. This election has finally justified the refusal of the Labour Party to entertain any notion of such coalition; the Liberals have run candidates and supported Tories to keep out the Labour men, and the Labour Party has run candidates both to keep the Liberal Party from reducing its distance from the

coveted position of being the Parliamentary Opposition and to mark their appreciation of the declarations of hostility made against them by the leaders of both the Liberal sections.

So much for the aspect of the electoral position and prospects of the Labour Party as indicated in the recent election. With regard to their political and parliamentary prospects nothing more can as yet be said than the Press has volunteered to prophesy. Whether the Labour Party shall take office or not will depend upon which part of their election position the Liberal Party will prefer to forget, their promise to attempt a new departure in foreign politics, to deal with unemployment and housing and to re-establish democratic finance, or their vow to defend the nation against a Labour Government.

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

III. SOME VIEWS OF A NON-VOTER

A FRIEND of mine, a perfervid Liberal, on the evening of December 7, said to an omnibus conductor: 'Have you heard anything new about the election?' 'Why, no, sir; it's all dyin' down, and aren't we all fed up with the noise of the last few days?' My friend was certainly fed up; he told me so an hour or so later. His party was being defeated again by Labour, though Mr. Lloyd George had shown in false metaphors a most attractive revival of his 'teens, and had been the only Charlie Chaplin of the electoral harlequinade. Besides, as the Wee Frees and the National Liberals had tried to enjoy the devious delights of a feigned reconciliation, every Liberal had expected a triumph in the polling booths. Their quarrel had acted as a system of tariffs against votes. Surely their reconciliation, though feigned, would get rid of this hated obstruction, and once more the free trade of Liberal support would flow into the old party. A spate of it would overwhelm both Labour and the Conservatives!

On these matters the omnibus conductor had a few words to say. Stooping towards my friend he whispered in a tone of polite ridicule: 'But it's a bit hard on Asquith and Lloyd George, now, isn't it, sir? They've been let down by their three London mornin' papers, so gentlemen tell me. One paper won't speak of Asquith, and another won't speak of Lloyd George, and a third has angered half of its old readers by crying "Hats off to Lloyd George!"—all of a sudden, too, sir, as though Asquith had made up his mind to die in Scotland and wanted to make sure of some one to take his place.'

The omnibus conductor straightened his back and yawned. 'Lord, sir,' he added, always in the same tone of polite ridicule, 'the newspapers in these days are just killin' the power of words. I never believed 'em when I was in the trenches, and they get worse and worse. They wish to make more muddle than Parli'ment, and they *do!* They wish to kill Labour by refusing to print what Labour thinks and says, but they *don't!* And in

this, sir, Conservatives are as bad as Liberals. When I was wanted for the trenches I was a darling, sir. Nothin' was too good for me. Now that I vote Labour I'm a danger to my country, sir, unfit to drive a 'bus with Liberals in it, and Conservative babies in arms. There's a lot of difference somehow between war and peace, sir. A great lot. Yet some nice things do take place in elections. A Conservative lady in furs came to my missus the other afternoon, took baby from the cradle, and stood at the door for a Press photographer to snapshot. A very kind lady, sir, for baby hadn't been washed since mornin'. Yet my missus voted Labour, and so did I. We *are* Labour, you see, sir, and gratitood to a lady can't change this fact, somehow.'

These views on the political harlequinade, the bawling and ridiculous carnival, were interrupted now and then by the conductor's work, but my friend related them in a sequence, and then went on to abuse *me* because I had failed to drop a vote into a ballot box. Twenty-five per cent. of the electors preferred to be non-voters, and when the bulk of these spectator millions do begin to vote a great surprise will fall on two of the three parties. Vast numbers of those who did vote, after much hesitation, were very uneasy in their conscience, because they had no real confidence in any of the confident parties, and because voters, like juries, have no right to form a verdict before they have arrived at confident opinions.

In times of danger like the present, when an old type of society has culminated in European disaster, and when a new type is passing through perilous birth throes, the enormous jury which is called upon to pass three different verdicts on the same tragedy should feel as juries do at murder trials. Their responsibility is unfitted for a carnival of camouflage or a bawling scrimmage among barristers and witnesses. Even if every million of electors appointed fifty delegates to represent it at a final polling in the House of Commons, even then the responsibility of choosing a Government qualified to meet the needs of to-day—not only at home, but abroad also—would be a lottery to reasoning minds, because no political leader at present known in Europe seems to have certain qualities of intellect and of heart which are essential to healing statesmanship. No statesmanship of dominant merit has appeared anywhere. Politics of dominant demerits have assumed different and rival forms everywhere; and the most active of the present political leaders were all equally active, and equally self-confident, in pre-war days, when their combined mismanagement, bewilderingly varied in its phases, prepared Europe for 1914.

Their tragedy, no doubt, is a marvellous achievement. When contrasted with tragedies which writers of unique genius have

composed, as in *King Lear*, it enables us to be sure that ordinary politicians can defeat the greatest playwrights when great drama is added to the day-by-day 'human' comedy. And what earlier type of society culminated in horrors and in heroisms that rivalled those that Europe has experienced since 1914? Further, if tragedies of every sort have lessons as abiding as those of the twelve Commandments, the present state of Europe shows that even inferior politicians, with their electoral harlequinades, will teach the coming generations. We can place them among the real futurists.

For this reason, let us imagine, they keep their fronts of brass well polished and tell the world that they alone, after a lifetime of patient and intrepid experience, know how to mismanage the affairs of nations in ways really enjoyable to the habitual waywardness of mankind. 'Trust us yet once more,' they cry, 'and we will prove to you in a few weeks or months that every new sort of political party is a crime against good citizenship, and that our veteran enterprise alone has power to evolve chaos into order and harmony. There shall be homes quite fit for heroes to live in; radiant peace and the League of Some Nations will form an everlasting partnership; the Rhine will flow as a genuine Pactolus, and its golden waters will pay off every one of the war debts which now cripple the Entente Powers. There is no end to the quite simple miracles that we, who are thorough experts in the fine arts of party statesmanship, can perform by different and rival methods.'

Though these promises, and many others as glorious, have a prodigal over-confidence similar to that which steered our country unprepared into a long-threatened war, yet fourteen millions of British electors have proved three times since 1918 that they do not yet wish to scrap their veteran leaders. They are willing only to toss them into office and out of office, becoming tired in three years of three Prime Ministers and three variations of compromise governed by an increasing fear of what France will do next. Yet a General Election without the old stars of the political drama would not seem like a General Election. It would be new, and newness, more often than not, seems to be raw, and even dangerous. Old politicians are customs, and customs either send reason to sleep or keep it half awake and uneasily near to nightmare. If only they would retire of their own accord, these outworn adepts of political strife! They will find in Joseph Addison a charming quotation, which their electors should read, remember, and quote, reviving that art of heckling which Mr. Asquith now regards as dead:

> Ensigns that pierced the foe's remotest lines,
> The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Labour has certainly pierced an increasing number of lines, but no hardy veteran has resigned, either with or without tears. Indeed, the stalwarts of political longevity are eager to prolong their reign as infallible remedies for all social ills, whether British or foreign. As soon as it became known that the new election had ended in a stalemate, Liberal Tadpoles and Tapers began to devise tactics by means of which their own old leaders should enjoy to the full a compensation for their defeat by forming a vigorous but neutral Government, charming enough to win enough support from both Labour and the Conservatives. As Liberalism had won seats only from electors whom Mr. Lloyd George had forgotten to visit, the consolation prize of the Foreign Office should be given to the Wizard of Wales, whose popularity in Paris is comforting to M. Poincaré. Mr. Masterman would do well at the Board of Trade. Through ten or twelve years he had shown rare patience as a mild spectator of political strife, and he would wait with equal patience for the revival of European industries. If boredom came to him from time to time, he would write chatty and charming articles for his eager electorate. Liberalism alone had undoubted big men for every official position. And Mr. Asquith would be Prime Minister, of course, because he would throw a spell over the suspicions of Mr. MacDonald, and if these non-theatrical leaders agreed upon a neutral policy the miseries of a coalition would be evaded by a compromise of camouflage. In this way a complete half-year of office would be assured to Liberalism, just long enough for Labour voters everywhere to rebel against their own too complacent leaders.

No person above the age of thirty should be at all annoyed, or even surprised, by the manœuvres of veteran politicians. Old political parties regard their party strife as a very necessary sham fight; and if any statesman wearies of intrigue and make-believe, and describes politics as 'a stinking profession,' quoting from Beaconsfield, he is regarded by his fellows as an actor who is disloyal to the historic etiquette of his own theatre. A routine of make-believe is easy when only two parties compete for office, and when neither of them gives itself up to a novelty that becomes a ruling passion. As soon as a ruling passion arises, like Home Rule in Gladstone, the party is at once disrupted by the decisive action of sincerity against a fondled routine of aged customs. Hence many Conservatives hate Mr. Baldwin because he revived all at once a sincere belief in the virtues of Dame Tariffina; and many Liberals hate him also because results of the war have cooled their hereditary fervour for free imports uncontrolled. Further, Free Traders who think candidly, now that the election is over, are ill at ease because free imports have not prevented the growth of unemployment, and have left the prices of many

household things troublesomely too high. Yes, and the voting shows that continued free imports without a capital levy are less attractive to the electorate than free imports plus a compulsory reduction of war debts. But the heaviest aggregate poll is won by Tariffs minus the Capital Levy.

In plainer words, the election is decisive in one matter only—that Liberalism is no longer needed in our country. It lags superfluous on the political stage. One part of its electorate belongs to Labour, and the other part to the Conservatives. It manœuvres for renewed support partly because its inherited customs are as a second human nature and partly because its hermits of convention detest the humiliation of defeat. From the first its Radical compromises were a strategical appeal to Labour, and Conservatives also, in answer to this outflanking policy, were obliged, in self-defence, to angle for Labour votes in Radical waters. Thus inevitably the two old historic parties, while developing their campaigns, awakened Labour into self-expression and evolved a third party, which in course of time might displace them both. The independent growth of this new party began in 1900, when Labour polled 118,003 votes and won nine seats. Six years later the votes polled for Labour rose to 448,808, and fifty-four seats were gained. In January 1910 fourteen of these seats were lost, though the total polling was heavier, 532,807 votes. Twelve months afterward, in December 1910, the aggregate voting shrank to 381,024, while the members elected increased to forty-two. Labour was still enthralled in a disjointed way by the rival strategies of its parents, the two historic parties.

Then for eight years there was no General Election. The two old parties learnt nothing much from the war, while Labour, after a spell of almost hysterical jubilation, acquired a liking for co-ordinated action in its political movements. Even in 1918, when Mr. Lloyd George captured the country with a glorious farce of bubble promises and aims, Labour won sixty-one seats and polled 1,754,133 votes. Only a person here and there noted these significant figures. Indeed, the Lloyd Georgians imagined that Labour accepted with filial pride a coalition, an epitome of its parentage. Happy and over-confident, Mr. Lloyd George began a period of dictatorship, passing from one Supreme Council meeting to another, always with complete success and always with ill results. Threats of Direct Action from Labour troubled him somewhat; they seemed to come from genuine feeling, and how could he win the peace if genuine feeling became active in England as well as in France, in Russia, in Italy, and even somehow in conquered Germany? Turkey, of course, had no excuse for genuine feeling, as only Christians have a right to show political emotion when very much distressed; but Greece should attend

to Turkey: then the Near East would be submissive. Has there ever been such ridiculous comedy in a time of tragedy? The Lloyd Georgians, with abundant help from the defeated Greeks and the conquering Turks, passed into the General Election of 1922, when Labour won 142 seats and polled 4,247,800 votes. This year it has added more than 100,000 votes to its aggregate poll, and its 193 M.P.'s form a united party. Its adherence to unpopular beliefs has acted as a cement so binding that even an electoral boycott by the whole newspaper Press, apart from the dying *Daily Herald*, has failed to arrest its advance. Outraged movements prosper, and petted ones decline.

But, like the other parties, Labour has a confidence which is ridiculous, because the condition of Europe is too sick for a rapid recovery. To prepare prescriptions for its complicated malady seems very much more like unbounded 'cheek' than anything else. Indeed, if the three political parties had set before the electorate a detailed and true diagnosis of the European breakdown, the election would not have been a bawling scrimmage.

And this brings us to the main point. In times of grave crisis it is as difficult for people to behave wisely as it is for them to walk easily, naturally, in a hospital ward. Visitors to hospitals try to muffle their footfalls, look ill at ease, and speak in nervous whispers. So in times of political danger there is a great school of thought which regards humour as levity, and ridicule as cruel and harmful. It believes in right feelings and high thoughts. The members of this school forget, in their fervour, that preaching has never an enduring effect on the business of life. For this reason the beauty of Christ's teaching has had tragical vicissitudes through 1923 years. It is the expression of just ridicule, not the shaping of high thoughts into noble speech, that electorates need when they look at the drama of politics and watch the habitual over-confidence of professional politicians.

Beaconsfield was keenly alive to this fact. In his political novels he relieved serious thinking with his Tadpoles and Tapers, and in open contests with opponents his most dangerous weapons were quotable phrases of penetrating ridicule. Since 1918 dozens of political movements in Europe have been comically perilous, yet no campaign of ridicule has been set in movement, except in party cartoons by David Low, who is certainly inimitable. It was Low's ridicule that pricked and exploded the political fame of Mr. Lloyd George, always with an amusing courtesy that could not be forgotten. In Low's cartoons the versatile actor became the Charlie Chaplin of politics, delightfully clever, a jolly amusement for odd half-hours of leisure.

With equal humour, the ridicule of Low has done much to bring about the fall of Mr. Baldwin, partly by showing that

politicians are reckless when they allow the words 'plain,' 'honest,' and 'ordinary' to be attached to their minds and policies. Does the present day need statesmen who are ordinary? Surely it needs commanding ability, genius? And when people begin to advertise the 'honesty' of their chosen leader they use a word that electors distrust, and that should be kept for the obituary notices given to dead statesmen even by political foes, for sham fighting in politics is too common and too conspicuous for its honesty to be advertised, just as hard bargaining is too frequent in business to justify prayer-meetings in city offices. If Mr. Baldwin had been described as clubbable, the chosen word would have been correct, and Low's difficulties would have been greatly increased.

It is a pity that Low, a master of political ridicule, should be attached to any particular side. As a candid spectator of all parties he would be invaluable to the whole electorate, and soon his telling ridicule would have influence abroad. He sees truly and thinks surely, and his draughtsmanship with pen and ink is surprisingly vivid, varied, searching and alembicated. Would that democracy, in its own best interests, would have a non-party newspaper financed by the State in which the most competent cartoonists and journalists would show up by means of ridicule all the weak points in the political drama! They should be pledged to act as impartially as a jury and to make their verdicts effectively plain.

That ridicule is creeping into political life is proved by two facts: the failure of Mr. Lloyd George in the most recent of his spectacular comedies and the humiliation of the double-minded Press trust. No political candidate dared to take his policy from that trust. Hence the Continent has learnt that quotations from selected British newspapers should not be read abroad as examples of British public opinion. Ridiculous as the election was in a great many of its aspects, it has yet been useful, showing that many papers controlled by one man have no control over the voter when their policy invites banter and mockery.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

THE LAND PROBLEM

Enclosure and Re-enclosure

In the development of English agriculture, enclosure has had a predominant influence. The foundation of our present land system is usually dated from the Norman Conquest. It is not necessary to discuss to what extent feudalism, as the term is generally understood, was grafted upon the system already established by the Saxons or derived from the Romans, or whether the organised village community, as we find it when it first comes within the scope of recorded history, was a natural growth or an artificial product. While it appears certain that at the time of the Domesday Survey the whole surface of the country was apportioned by the King's decree, so that, in law, there was 'no land without a lord,' it is, nevertheless, highly probable that the change in many districts was one rather of form than substance, and that the actual conditions of life in the villages continued with little apparent alteration.

Under the manorial system the lord usually had a certain part of his demesne land in his exclusive occupation—in other words, it was enclosed—and the process of enclosure went on continually as individuals acquired, by various methods, full rights of user.

Under the manorial system all the land that was suitable, or could be made available, was gradually brought into some sort of economic use. A manor was a tract of land, varying in size, over which the lord had jurisdiction, and in the utilisation of which he had a dominant interest. In the Domesday Survey there are records of 9250 manors, but most lords held more than one manor, and many held a large number. Many more manors were created subsequently, but the formation of new manors practically ceased at the end of the thirteenth century. The manor commonly comprised, in addition to the demesne land adjacent to the manor house, which was in the exclusive occupation of the lord (corresponding to what would now be termed the home farm) and a few small parcels or holdings of land allocated to individuals, the great common field or fields, the common pastures, and large tracts of surrounding waste or forest. Although the population for many

centuries increased very slowly—war, famine, pestilence and general insecurity of life keeping an effective check on its extension—there was a natural tendency to enlarge the area of utilisable land, and gradually the waste was reclaimed. At the end of the seventeenth century the extent of the waste land in England and Wales was estimated at 10,000,000 acres, but this must have been an understatement, and it is probably more nearly the truth to say that not more than one-half of the land of the country was at that time in agricultural use. A century later Arthur Young estimated that there were 600,000 acres waste in Northumberland alone. In Yorkshire 275,000 acres were waste. Three-quarters of Westmorland was unutilised. Within thirty miles of London there were 200,000 acres of waste land. Sedgemoor was a fen; the Mendip Hills were uncultivated.

The earlier form of enclosure was mainly the reclamation of land from a state of natural waste into a state of utility, or indeed, in some cases, the restoration to use of land long left derelict from earlier cultivation.

In the thirteenth century there is evidence of the activity of lords of the manor in this direction, the Statute of Merton (1235) being passed to secure that the rights of tenants of the manor were respected when commonable wastes were enclosed. Enclosure of the waste falls into a different category from enclosure of common fields, meadows and pasture, although the form in each case is similar. As Dr. Gilbert Slater puts it, ' there is a perfect legal similarity between *Acts for extending cultivation* and Acts . . . for enclosing all the open and common arable and other lands of a parish or parishes, which may be termed *Acts for extinguishing village communities.*' The records of enclosure are very incomplete, and it is not until the early part of the eighteenth century that we begin to have any measure of the progress of the movement. From 1727 to 1845 the number of Acts enclosing commonable wastes or pastures was 1385, the total area enclosed being about 1,750,000 acres. During the same period 2691 Acts were passed for the enclosure of common arable and other lands of the parish, the total area so enclosed being 4,250,000 acres. The General Enclosure Act of 1845 abolished the method of enclosure by private Bill and set up an Enclosure Commission (now merged in the Ministry of Agriculture), under whose supervision all subsequent enclosures have been carried out. Since 1845 enclosures affecting 647,000 acres have been approved.

It will be observed that the records account altogether for the enclosure of about 7,000,000 acres during the past 200 years. There is no doubt, however, that a very considerable area was enclosed during the eighteenth century, as well as previously, without parliamentary sanction and without record. This was

possible by agreement of the lord with all the parties interested, by purchase of their rights or otherwise, without taking into account proceedings designated by one writer as 'force or fraud,' which were undoubtedly adopted in some cases, particularly when rights of common were of little value or where those entitled to them were ignorant or indifferent.

The total area of England and Wales (excluding water) is about 37,000,000 acres, and the present agricultural area is 26,000,000 acres. The land utilised for agriculture has shrunk by some 2,000,000 acres during the past thirty years, but there is no reason to suppose that at any time the area suitable for agricultural use exceeded 28,000,000 acres. It appears, therefore, that about three-fourths of the agricultural land in England and Wales was enclosed, *i.e.*, was in exclusive ownership, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and that substantially the whole of the remainder was enclosed by the middle of the nineteenth century. The modern enclosure movement, around which so much controversy has arisen, was, in fact, concentrated within a period of about sixty years. From 1760 to 1815 nearly 3000 Enclosure Acts were passed. The effects of this movement were deeply marked on the countryside, and are plainly visible to this day. It is for this reason that the subject of enclosure is still of interest not only to the student of economic history, but to all who are concerned in the progress and prosperity of agriculture and the well-being of the rural districts.

Modern British farming dates from the eighteenth century. Its foundations were laid by five men—Jethro Tull, whose *Horse-hoeing Husbandry* was published in 1733; Townshend, who retired from political life in 1730, and, devoting himself to agriculture, adopted and developed the theories of Jethro Tull; Robert Bakewell, who came into occupation of his farm in 1760, and enunciated and practised the principles of stock breeding; Coke of Norfolk, who came into his estate in 1776, and by example and precept spread the gospel of agricultural progress; and Sir Humphry Davy, who in 1803 delivered his first course of lectures on agricultural chemistry. It was an age of progress. Industrial England—as we know it—was in the making. A spirit of inquiry, of energy, and of enterprise permeated national life and aroused even the agricultural community, which still lingered in mediæval torpor. With the progress of industrialism and the extension of trade and commerce population rapidly increased. At the end of the seventeenth century the population of England and Wales was estimated at 5,500,000. In 1801, when the first census was taken, it had increased to nearly 9,000,000, and twenty years later to 12,000,000.[1]

[1] The present population (1921) is 38,000,000.

It was this expansion of the home market which gave the greatest stimulus to agricultural improvement. With an almost stationary population and with little chance of finding the means of transport for a surplus crop, there had been no incentive to increased production. The people were at the mercy of the seasons. If the harvest was good there was plenty ; if it was bad there was scarcity or even famine. There was a small and fluctuating foreign trade in corn both inwards and outwards. During the whole of the eighteenth century about 18,000,000 quarters of wheat were exported and about 11,000,000 quarters imported. But when the inventions of Watt, Hargreaves, Arkwright and others set the wheels of industrialism revolving, when the centre of commercial life shifted from the south to the north, and when great manufacturing towns collected the population into vast aggregations of consumers demanding food, the necessity for increased supplies from the land became insistent and imperative.

Confronted with these conditions, the demand for the enclosure of the commons appeared amply justified on economic and national grounds. It was incontestable that the output from commonable land, whether arable or pasture, was generally small, and that improvement either in the cultivation of the soil or in the character of the live stock was impracticable under the common field system. The system took varying forms, but the principle was that owners of rights of common, *i.e.*, the tenants of the manor, each had a number of strips in the arable common field, which was open and unfenced. The strips of each tenant were scattered in different parts of the field, though in some cases a number of strips might, in process of time, have been laid together by exchange or otherwise. But the cultivation of the whole of the arable land was fixed under customary and obligatory rule by the commoners, and no change could be made except by general consent, or in some cases by a three-fourths majority. The system of cultivation varied, but the following is a fairly typical example in the Midlands at the end of the eighteenth century :

> One part of the field is annually fallowed, a moiety of which is folded with sheep and sown with wheat ; another moiety is dunged and sown with barley in the succeeding spring. The part which produces wheat is broken up and sown with oats, and the part which produces barley is at the same time generally sown with peas or beans, and then comes in routine to be again fallowed the third year.

This system, which is described in a Report on Huntingdonshire in 1793, gave the following rotation : (1) wheat, (2) oats, (3) fallow, (4) barley, (5) peas or beans, (6) fallow. In Cambridgeshire a fourfold course was adopted in some parishes : (1) wheat,

(2) barley, (3) pulse or oats, (4) fallow ; and in others a two-field course of alternate crop and fallow was the rule. In Buckinghamshire a three-field course was followed, but it was reported that in some parishes 'the occupiers have exploded entirely the old usage of two crops and a fallow, and now have a crop every year.'

The disadvantages of common field husbandry are concisely summarised in a Report on Wiltshire in 1794. The writer catalogues them as follows :

1. Obligation to plough and crop all soils alike.
2. Impossibility of improving sheep.
3. Difficulty of raising food for winter keep.
4. Expense and trouble of excessive number of horses to cultivate dispersed detached lands.

It has already been remarked that many enclosures have been made during the past seventy years, and there remain even to this day one or two survivals of the old common field. One of the last to be enclosed, the award relating to which was confirmed by the Board of Agriculture as recently as September 1918, was at Elmstone Hardwick, in Gloucestershire, and it may be interesting to note the form in which the system survived in the twentieth century. The following description is taken from the Annual Report of the Board of Agriculture for 1913 [2] :

> These common lands, having a total area of 628 acres, are divided into fifteen fields of varying size. Each field is divided into strips, which are in separate ownerships, although, in some cases, one or more adjoining strips are in the same ownership. The land is owned in conjunction with homesteads outside the common fields, and the strips are occupied by the tenants of the farms to which they are attached. Most of the land is arable, but in some cases the strips, owing to their inaccessibility, or the inconvenience and expense of cultivating them, have been allowed to become rough pasture. The whole of the fields are open to a right of common of pasture—appurtenant to the farms of which the strips form part—from harvest until the first of November in each year. The disadvantages of these conditions—surviving as they have done from the period when the manorial system of agriculture prevailed throughout the country—are, from the farming point of view, apparent. The distance between the various small parts of the same holding involves much waste of time and labour ; effective drainage of the land is impossible, and the existence of the practice of turning out stock for several weeks, with a right to range the whole of the fields, practically prevents the cultivation of any root or other crop which is not cleared off the land when the corn crops are harvested.

The barrier which such a system interposed to improvements in farming and to increased production from the land was evident. It is easy to understand the eagerness to sweep away the system of those inspired by the visions of economic progress aroused by the teaching and demonstrations of Coke. The restraint imposed

[2] Cd. 7333.

on the active-minded, who wished to apply the new principles, by having to keep pace with the slowest and most backward of their neighbours, was irksome and irritating. The enthusiasm for the improvement of farming was widespread. George III. loved to be known as 'Farmer George,' and even became an agricultural writer, borrowing the name of his shepherd as a *nom de plume*. Great landlords, like the Duke of Bedford, led the van of progress, and politicians were infected with the zeal for food production. Burke experimented with carrots ; Lord Althorp, even in Downing Street, discussed the Wiseton herd ; Fox was concerned about the weather for his turnips. Agriculture was for a time, as we should say, 'booming.' Miss Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish Bulls* was in demand—under a misapprehension—by inquiring stock-breeders. An archdeacon who, finding a crop of turnips in the churchyard, severely remarked to the rector, 'This must not occur again,' was assured that 'it would be barley next year,' thus proving, at least, his appreciation of crop rotation.

One of the many difficulties of dealing shortly with this tangled subject is that it is impossible to make general statements which are not subject to many qualifications. But so far as generalisation is possible it may be said that the enclosure of the common fields—*i.e.*, of the arable land—was not only necessary, but indeed inevitable, and that on the whole the hardship to individuals which, in many cases, accompanied it could not have been avoided. In the main the class which suffered most were the small farmers who owned only a few strips in the common field. When their corresponding allotment of a bit of land was made, the cost of fencing and the share of the allotment expenses fell on them with excessive severity. Many of them were unable to find the money, or were tempted to sell their land to the lord of the manor or other large owner. The result in too many instances was the disappearance of the yeoman, which was disastrous in its after-effects. So far as the labourers were concerned, the laying out, fencing, draining, etc., of the newly enclosed land, provided a considerable amount of employment at the time, and, as a rule, the improved farming which followed involved a permanent increase in the demand for labour on the land.

The enclosure of the arable land did not invariably increase production, for in some cases it was largely or wholly converted into pasture. Indeed, tithe-owners not infrequently objected to enclosure on the ground that by increasing the pasture, and decreasing the arable area, the quantity of corn, and consequently the amount of the tithe, was diminished.

An illustration is given in a tract published in 1786 entitled *Thoughts on Inclosure by a Country Farmer*. He refers to the enclosure of a parish, apparently in the Midlands, some forty

years previously. Before enclosure it contained eighty-two houses, of which twenty were small farmsteads, and forty-two were cottages with common rights. There were 1800 acres of common field arable, 200 acres of rich common cow pasture, and 200 acres of meadow, commonable after hay harvest. About 260 cows, 100 horses, and 1200 sheep were kept. As the result of enclosure the twenty farms were consolidated into four, the whole area was devoted to grazing, sixty cottages were demolished, and the total labour required was four herdsmen. This writer estimated the value of the gross produce of the land at 4101*l.* before enclosure and 2660*l.* afterwards. The rents, however, were increased from 1137*l.* to 1801*l.*

It is not possible, on any public grounds, to justify the conversion of common arable fields into pasture. It was this practice, consequent on the growth of the wool trade, which led to so much popular indignation in Tudor times. Then large tracts of cultivated land were converted into sheep runs. There was, however, one marked difference between the enclosure movement of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and that of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the earlier period not only public opinion, as expressed in the pulpit by preachers, who championed the cause of the poor and denounced the greed and selfishness of the powerful in terms which would scandalise a modern congregation, and in a multitude of vehement pamphlets, but monarch and Parliament, intervened to stop enclosures or mitigate their effects. Charles I. actually annulled the enclosures of two years in certain Midland counties. Many Acts of Parliament were passed during the sixteenth century forbidding the conversion of arable land to pasture, ordering newly laid pasture to be restored to arable cultivation, requiring derelict houses to be rebuilt, and otherwise forcibly interfering with those who, for private gain, were held to be acting against the public interest.

The later enclosure movement was subject to no similar check. It is true that in form there was protection for all interests, and the parliamentary procedure was devised with the intention that no scheme of enclosure could be carried through without the sanction of an independent Committee of the House of Commons. Now and again these safeguards were more or less effective, and occasionally some honest and conscientious member would bestir himself in the interests of justice. But too often the supervision of Parliament was perfunctory, if not illusory, and it was not until the Enclosure Commission (later merged in the Board of Agriculture) was appointed that effective measures were taken for the protection of the 'lesser folk,' though these measures were necessarily circumscribed by the narrow limits of the law.

The conversion of arable land into pasture was, however, not

characteristic of the later period of enclosure. The increased demand for corn, arising not only from the causes already mentioned, but also from the effect on food supplies of the Napoleonic wars, stimulated the extension of corn-growing, and there was no incentive to increase grass land at the expense of arable. The enclosure of the grass commons was, in its result, the tragedy of the movement in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Thousands of poor people were deprived of a right of pasturage which for generations had been regarded as belonging to them and their forbears. Adjacent to every grass common were cottages, the inhabitants of which had from time immemorial used the pasturage for the maintenance of cows, geese, donkeys, etc. The right was recognised as attached to the cottage and not to the occupier personally, but it was regarded, as on the countryside ancient institutions are apt to be, as sacred and inviolable. But the majesty of the law, with its subtle interpretation of obscure phraseology and its meticulous precision where rights of property were concerned, declared that the occupier, as such, had no right of common unless he either owned the cottage or could establish in law a prescriptive right attached to the occupation. To the cottagers this seemed an arbitrary decree, unjust and unreasonable, an edict of harsh authority devised for their undoing. If the cottager were, in fact, legally entitled to a right of common, it was difficult to establish it. He had to make his claim in due form by a specified date. Illiterate and slow-thinking, he was not likely to understand the fate that threatened him unless he was befriended by some more intelligent and better educated person. Even if he succeeded in establishing his claim the compensation awarded to him afforded little satisfaction. It was very significant that Arthur Young, who was at first the most ruthless advocate of enclosure, became remorseful when he realised later the full effects of the movement he had so fervently supported. At the end of the eighteenth century he made an examination of the Acts recently passed, and declared: 'By nineteen out of twenty Inclosure Bills the poor are injured, and some are grossly injured.' He quoted a Commissioner, who had acted in several enclosure cases, as lamenting that he had been accessory to the injuring of 2000 poor people, at the rate of twenty families per parish. 'The poor in these parishes,' observed Arthur Young, 'may say, and with truth, "Parliament may be tender of property; all I know is that I had a cow, and an Act of Parliament has taken it from me."' He pleaded insistently for provisions in the General Enclosure Act of 1801 to meet the difficulties of the poor. 'To pass Acts,' he wrote, 'beneficial to every other class in the State, and hurtful to the lowest class only, when the smallest alteration would prevent it, is a conduct against

which reason, justice, and humanity equally plead.' He proposed a scheme for setting up half a million families with allotments and cottages, 'for,' as he remarked, 'a man will love his country better even for a pig.'

Memories in the rural districts are very tenacious, and the story of the severance of the peasant from the land by the enclosures is not forgotten. The decadence of the agricultural labourer is dated from that period, and attributed to that movement. It was by no means the only cause. The Speenhamland system, the old Poor Law, the harsh repression of the desperate efforts of the labourers to call attention to their grievances, the denial of the right of combination, all have left their scars on the villages.

The times were out of joint. Parliament, notwithstanding the presence of a few men of courage and conviction, was unrepresentative and corrupt. Even honest and well-meaning men had their fears excited, and their judgment warped, first by the French Revolution and then by the menace of Napoleon. It was thus not only in the rural districts that there was a lack of sympathy and statesmanship in dealing with social problems. The bitterness with which, to this day, the agricultural labourer regards enclosure, is really the fruit of many evils which his forefathers endured, but among which the 'theft of the commons,' as he regards it, stands out as the most sinister event within the range of his limited knowledge of history.

It is easy to argue that the enclosure movement was essential to the progress and prosperity of the nation, that it was a necessary and, indeed, inevitable process of economic development, and that it served in the long run the best interests of the people. All this is true. But these benefits were bought at a great price. The solidarity of the villages was shattered; the peasants, who were an integral part of the agricultural community and had their humble stake in the land, which was as valuable to them as his estate to the largest landowner, were severed from the soil, and thereafter regarded themselves as mere appendages to agriculture and not a constituent element of it. Nothing is more significant than the attempts which are now made to convince the agricultural labourers that they have a common interest with farmers and landowners in the prosperity of agriculture. The interest of the labourer as a vital factor in the cultivation of the soil should be self-evident to him without argument. Any land system rests on an insecure basis unless in some way or another all those who are engaged in agriculture can, each in his degree, feel a direct interest in its fortunes, unless, in other words, it is possible to restore the solidarity of the agricultural community which the enclosure movement destroyed.

Much has been attempted, and something has been effected,

in recent years to repair the injury to the countryside through the dissociation of the labourer from the land. Some of the latter Enclosure Acts provided allotments, although in too many instances they were inadequate in quantity and inconvenient in situation. Early in the last century a few landowners, more far-sighted than the majority of their contemporaries, set an example, which was gradually followed by others, in the provision of allotments and cottage gardens, and, at long last, the State took up the task of restoring, in some measure, to the present generation of agricultural labourers that access to the land of which Parliament, in its unwisdom, deprived their forefathers.

The problem of the countryside remains unsolved. It is not, as is often alleged, that the State is indifferent. The annals of agriculture during the past forty years are punctuated by official inquiries, by Acts of Parliament, and by administrative measures, all devised to redress the grievances and ameliorate the conditions of agriculturists. Yet the recurrent ruin of agriculture has almost become a byword. Every bad season, such as 1879, and every slump in prices, such as occurred in 1893, is proclaimed a crisis, as indeed it is. Such crises in agricultural affairs are in the inevitable order of things and occur periodically in every age and in every country. The misfortune is that attention is concentrated on the crisis, palliatives are spasmodically adopted, and the real problem of the future of British agriculture is not comprehensively considered.

The pioneers of agricultural progress did not take short views. Fluctuations in farming, ' crises ' in agriculture, were familiar in the eighteenth century as in the nineteenth and twentieth. The troubles of individual agriculturists were no less, the vicissitudes of the seasons afflicted the husbandman as they always have done and always will do, prices from one year to another oscillated violently, while farm live stock were ravaged incessantly by disease. But those who considered the future of agriculture looked over and beyond these incidental circumstances. They had a vision of a better system to meet the new conditions of national life, and they set themselves resolutely, and even ruthlessly, to carry out the changes which they believed to be necessary. British agriculture needs to-day men with the vision, the determination and the persistence of Coke, of Bakewell, and of Arthur Young.

It is to be noted that the agricultural revolution of the eighteenth century was, in the minds of those who gave it impetus, a natural development of the existing system. They were in intention evolutionary, not revolutionary. According to their lights, they were inspired by an ideal which they sincerely and steadfastly believed to be for the advantage of the whole community.

Many who actively co-operated were, of course, actuated solely, or mainly, by self-interest, and all concerned failed lamentably to consider the social cost of economic progress. But the object in view was to develop the old agricultural system, which had ceased to be sufficient or suitable, into one which would be adapted to the altered requirements of the nation.

The agricultural problem of the twentieth century is different from that which presented itself in the eighteenth century. Then the only object was to increase the output of the agricultural land of the country, so as to provide for the maintenance of a greater, and a growing, population. This was then, and for some time afterwards, a possible, as well as a desirable, end to accomplish. To that end all means were held to be justified, and any sacrifice involved was regarded as inevitable. The Juggernaut of economic progress took no heed of its victims.

There are many belated devotees of a worn-out creed who regard the agricultural problem of to-day as identical with that which presented itself to Arthur Young. They have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. Few probably believe that the land which supported 12,000,000 a century ago can equally support 38,000,000 now, but they see nothing in the conditions of the country to-day to alter their view that the agricultural problem is of precisely the same order, and that the system under which the maximum amount of produce can be obtained is that which is best, regardless of any other considerations.

Nevertheless there are signs of an awakening consciousness that the economic angle is not the only one from which this problem can, or should be, viewed.

The following sentences, though admittedly torn from their context, contain glimpses of this truth :

> The waste of good land on games or game is inconsistent with patriotism. There will be plenty of room for game or golf in moderation, but too much game, or golf links carved out of fat land, make an inroad on the production of foodstuffs which can no longer be defended. . . .
>
> We entertain no doubt that landowners, farmers and agricultural labourers alike realise the greatness of the trust reposed in them, that they will rejoice at the recognition of the fundamental importance of agriculture to the national life, and that they will do all, and more than all, that their country demands of them. . . .
>
> An owner or occupier of land must hold it with a full sense of his responsibility and duty to use it for the security and welfare of the nation, and in case of flagrant abuse the intervention of the King's officers is justified.[3]

These sentences embody a conception of agricultural land as a 'trust' and lead up to a proposal for the establishment of administrative machinery to ensure that the trust is fulfilled and

[3] Report of the Agricultural Policy Committee, 1918 (Cd. 9078).

that the trustees—*i.e.*, landowners and farmers—can be called to account for failure to make use of the land owned or occupied by them.

This proposal was made on economic grounds, to secure the maximum output of foodstuffs. It was linked up with a proposal for giving subsidies to those who grew corn, but it applied to all land, whether arable or grass, and, indeed, extended to woodland. Its social implications, therefore, were wider than the immediate economic purpose, and the principle on which it is based is one of far-reaching significance.

The Agricultural Policy Committee made another suggestion in which they came near to attaining the boldness of the agricultural reformers of the eighteenth century. In an appendix to their report they say:

It was suggested to us by Mr. R. E. Prothero, M.P. [now Lord Ernle], Sir H. Trustram Eve, and by Lord Milner, that the time had come for a rearrangement of some of our villages to meet present needs, a form of re-enclosure, in fact, which would have as its primary object an amelioration of the circumstances of the cottager and labourer. The following is an outline of the plan submitted to us:

If a wish for reconstruction exists in any village, application should be made to the Board [now the Ministry] of Agriculture either by the parish council on the instruction of the parish meeting or by the Agricultural Committee of the county, on the requisition of a certain proportion of the inhabitants of the parish. The Board of Agriculture should appoint a valuer to make a thorough report on the parish, showing how it might be improved on business lines in respect of small occupying ownerships, gardens, allotments, small holdings, cottages, cow commons, horse commons and recreation grounds. The instructions to the valuer should be such as to leave him complete latitude in making proposals with regard to the land in the vicinity of the village or its dependent hamlets, but should make it clear that it was no part of his duty to deal with farms in the distant parts of the parish. The valuer's report should be sent to the Board of Agriculture, who should communicate it to the parish council or Agricultural Committee, and it should be open to the inspection of all inhabitants and other persons interested. The Board of Agriculture should, through an inspector, hold a local inquiry to deal with objections to the valuer's report, and the inspector should then draw up a final scheme for the approval of the Board, setting forth in detail the changes to be effected, and scheduling the land to be acquired, the value of which would, in the case of dispute, have to be determined by the usual method where land is compulsorily taken for public purposes. The Agricultural Committee of the county should be responsible for carrying out the scheme, and the parish council for its subsequent administration, subject to the supervision of the Committee. An alternative plan would be to allow the creation of a public utility society to carry out the scheme.

It was suggested that the expenses of carrying out such schemes should be defrayed by the Exchequer, and that loans for the acquisition and adaptation of land should be advanced from public funds.

Although this proposal had regard to economic development, it was recognised that it would tend to promote the establishment of the community life, which was so disastrously dissipated, in many cases, by enclosure. 'Combination,' it was remarked, 'for the purpose of conducting the business of reconstruction, would appear to give rise to a community of interest.' Nor was the need for the provision of a centre of community life entirely overlooked, though its importance was not adequately emphasised. It was suggested that a village reconstruction scheme should be self-supporting 'except as regards public improvements such as the erection of village clubs.' This scheme of rural reconstruction, having as its primary object an amelioration of the conditions of cottagers and labourers, would, if adopted, not necessarily in every detail, but in its main outlines, do something to redress the wrong done to that class by the enclosures a century or more ago. In those days they were disregarded and dispossessed; they were held in little regard. The unwisdom of neglecting them, of ignoring their interests, is writ large in history. It might have been thought that when a way was pointed out by men of knowledge and vision immediate action would have been taken at least to explore it.

This scheme was published five years ago. There has been in the interval unceasing discussion of the difficulties of farmers and landowners. It is true that all the discussion has led to nothing but abortive action. But no Minister of the Crown has given any indication that 'the amelioration of the conditions of cottagers and labourers' has engaged his attention, or that he has seriously considered any scheme having that object.

A Government desirous only of tranquillity was not very likely to take up a scheme of village reconstruction. It declined even to adopt the modest suggestions which were made for promoting and assisting the establishment of village clubs by loans for the erection of village halls. The reconstruction of villages would be an undertaking analogous to that of enclosure, and would meet with the hostility of those who were disturbed by it. The classes disturbed would not be—as in the case of enclosure—helpless and inarticulate, and their opposition would be much more formidable. Those who believed in enclosure had the courage of their convictions. They did not shrink from facing and consummating what was, in effect, a revolution. This generation appears to be more timid. It fears to do more than tinker with a problem it will not face. Now and again a bold spirit may chalk up 'Reform' and run away. But in the main those who attempt to prescribe for rural ills are content to palter with palliatives which can have no significant effect on the future of rural England.

It may be that the present land system is doomed. If it were to be judged by what some of its most prominent representatives say of its results, it would not be worth saving. There is no real ground for taking this pessimistic view. It has weathered many storms, survived many 'crises,' and proved itself suited, in its general principles, to the physical and economic conditions of this country. But it will only endure if it can be adapted to the needs of this day and generation. In a small overcrowded island agriculture is, and must be, a social factor, as much as an economic factor, in national life. The comfort, convenience and prosperity of the 'cottagers and labourers'—who after all must form the basis of any agricultural system—are of primary importance. 'Re-enclosure' of the villages will promote this object, and it should be undertaken without further delay.

HENRY REW.

WALKS WITH THACKERAY—I

COME with me, reader, to the Little Cloister leading into the ancient Chapel of the Charterhouse, whose walls bear memorials of bygone Carthusians of credit and renown in many walks of life. In the far left-hand corner, called by those who know it best the *Punch* corner, are three tablets close together, apart from all the others. Each has a quaint inscription in abbreviated Latin, recording that 'This monument was placed here by Carthusians to a Carthusian.' The names upon them are Gulielmus Makepeace Thackeray, Johannes Leech, and Henricus Silver.

Henry Silver is not known to fame as the other two are, but he was a schoolfellow of theirs at Charterhouse, was their comrade for years on the staff of *Punch*, and one of their inner circle of personal friends. The Silvers were an old Suffolk family of Quaker descent, intimately connected with my own forbears, and Henry in particular was a valued guide of my boyhood and youth.

Let us take train from Aldersgate, almost next door to Charterhouse, to High Street, Kensington, and walk on westward as far as Earl's Terrace, where, turning to the left, we come into that beautiful, unspoilt, and never levelled bit of English woodland called Edwardes Square, after the patronymic of the Lords Kensington. Just about the middle of the garden, among the weeping willows and poplars, we find a large round object on a stout stone post or pedestal, having painted on it the words 'Presented to the residents by F. Wakefield, 1855.' It is a Russian 13-inch shell, brought from Sebastopol by my father, Colonel Felix Wakefield, Commandant of the Army Works Corps, who was the last British officer to leave the Crimea. We lived at No. 38, near the middle of the west side of the Square, next door to the house inhabited by Leigh Hunt during the happiest part of his troubled career. My father returned to Russia after the peace, at the instance of Prince Woronzow, the Imperial Chancellor, who engaged his services to design the system known as the Dnieper Canal Navigation. He afterwards went to Turkey, and made the first survey of the Smyrna and Aidin Railway, which eventually grew, under German influence, into the notorious Smyrna and Baghdad Railway. During his absence I was sent

away to a private school, and the family was somewhat scattered, but 38, Edwardes Square always remained our home, and we were all there together in 1860, which was a very memorable year for me.

At No. 38 we always kept up the genial, old-fashioned custom of a four o'clock dinner-party on Sunday for six or eight relations or intimate friends, and Henry Silver was an unfailing guest. At that time John Leech had settled with his wife and children at No. 3, The Terrace, in the High Street, and Henry Silver lived in rooms over a shop a few doors east of him, while Thackeray had a temporary abode at the north-east corner of Kensington Square, not two hundred yards off, to be near his handsome new house, then being built on Palace Green. At our Sunday dinner-parties the talk always turned on the *Punch* of the week, and thence to Thackeray and the *Cornhill* magazine. One Sunday, as I showed an eager interest in this new adventure of Thackeray's, Henry Silver proposed that I should meet him next morning and be introduced to Thackeray, who would tell me all about it himself. Silver added, ' He likes young company, and will very likely ask you to walk into Town with him. Thus it happened that we two joined Thackeray at Palace Green, and, not without a tremor, I was duly presented to him. On hearing my name he made the curiously common mistake of asking whether I was ' anything to the Vicar,' and I reminded him that the Vicar of Wakefield's name was Primrose. He replied, ' Of course it was, but who was this other vicar named Wakefield who made such a stir in his day by attacking the bishops ? ' I said, ' I think you mean my great-uncle, Gilbert Wakefield, Vicar of Kingston.' ' Yes,' said Thackeray, ' that's the man. Well, what happened to him ? Was he not the great reformer of the Church of England ? ' I said, ' He was the most fearless and effective assailant of the abuses of the Church in his day, and the most hated by those who throve on them. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment under the statute *De Scandalum Magnatum*, because in one of his writings he denounced the Bishop of Llandaff as " an absentee and a pluralist," which he certainly was ; but his parishioners of Kingston joined with those of Richmond, where his brother was vicar, and paid the two thousand pounds fine, and on his release from prison the two parishes gave him a splendid welcome.' Thackeray said, ' Gilbert Wakefield was a noble fellow,' and looking kindly at me, ' You may well be proud to have the same blood in your veins, and I hope you will always stand up for the right, as he did.' We then went over the new house, which was almost finished, and was in the hands of the decorators, Thackeray showing the greatest delight in dwelling on its comforts and conveniences. By this time Henry Silver had slipped away, and Thackeray asked me whether I would walk with him as far as

Hyde Park Corner. I gladly consented, and we strolled off in that direction.

In those days there stood, just by the entrance to Kensington Gardens, the picturesque barrack built by Oliver Cromwell as an outpost against any approach of the Cavaliers by the Great West Road. It was demolished many years ago, all but one little portico, which still remains attached to a modern building, for no apparent purpose whatsoever. The barrack was always occupied during Queen Victoria's reign by the 11th Hussars, Prince Albert's own regiment, and as we passed the sentries made a brave show in their fur busbies, flying jackets, and cherry-coloured overalls, with their short carbines slung in the hollow of the left arm. I well knew from Thackeray's books that he had no love for the military or for anything to do with soldiers or soldiering, and I was not surprised when he burst forth with 'Look at those ridiculous objects, with their flashy German uniforms! I have no patience with such vulgarity!' I was bold enough to remind him that the 11th Hussars had covered themselves with glory at the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. 'Glory, indeed!' he exclaimed. 'Why, it was a stupid blunder, for which Lord Lucan ought to have been cashiered. Some people say it was worse than a blunder: it was a crime, for I have been told Lord Lucan did it deliberately to get his brother-in-law, Cardigan, into trouble, as he had a grudge against him over some family matters. But I hope that story is not true.' I said, 'I should hope not, indeed, but still Cardigan and his men did a magnificent piece of work.' 'They did,' replied Thackeray, 'but it was not their German uniforms that made them do it. It was their British pluck.' I tried to change the subject, for I saw that Thackeray was somewhat put out, but as we neared the Knightsbridge Barracks we came upon numbers of long, lanky Lifeguardsmen in their skin-tight scarlet jackets and long, black, red-striped trousers, smartly strapped under their spurs, sitting on benches twiddling their canes, and talking to nursemaids. That was more than Thackeray could stand, and he broke out again, 'Idle fellows, making fools of those poor girls, and most likely leading them to their ruin! What a farce it is, this Household Brigade!' We were now close to Hyde Park Corner, and Thackeray asked me what I was doing, and where I was going, at that moment. I told him I had been at King's College School for two years, and was just going up to college after the vacation. I said I had rooms with my brother near the College, and only went home to Edwardes Square for the week-end. Thackeray asked me what sort of school King's College School was. He said he had heard it was a very rough place, almost as bad as St. Paul's, which at that time had a very bad reputation for ragging. I told him it was not quite so bad as that,

but, though a boy who chose to work could get a splendid education there, the boys were utterly neglected when out of class, and the Stone Playground, as it was called, was certainly a bear-garden. He talked about his experiences at Charterhouse, but said he hoped that such bullying as went on there in his own time would not be allowed anywhere in these later days. I said there was plenty of bullying at King's College School at play-hours, and I told him an amusing story of how I had thrashed a big hulking fellow whom I caught tormenting a puny-looking youngster of Jewish appearance, who turned out to be a son of Baron Rothschild. Thackeray laughed heartily, and asked me whether the young millionaire was duly grateful to his deliverer. I said I thought he was, for we became great friends, and he often invited me to Gunnersbury, where we used to help ourselves to the choicest pineapples in the hothouses, much to the indignation of the head gardener. I said Leopold—that was his name—also took me once to his father's great house at Knightsbridge, and showed me the dining-room with the table laid out for some special banquet, all the plate on the table being of solid gold. 'How did it look?' asked Thackeray. 'Horrid, I should say.' 'You're quite right,' I replied, 'heavy and commonplace compared with a fine display of silver and glass.' Here Thackeray hailed a hansom to take him to the *Cornhill*, and at parting gave me a warm handshake and said, 'Next Monday, then, we shall meet again at Palace Green.'

What I noticed more than anything else about Thackeray during this our first walk and talk was that he seemed to be always in pain. I never heard him utter a word of complaint, nor did he groan or cry out, but he always had the saddest look on his face, even when it was animated and smiling, and sometimes, when talking most brightly, he would stop short and close his eyes and screw up his features as if suppressing a spasm of agony. It was this betrayal of ceaseless suffering, contrasting with his almost playful kindliness and cordiality to me, that filled me with sorrow for him as I watched him drive away in the whirl of Piccadilly.

At that next meeting, when Thackeray had again taken me over the new house and dwelt on the spaciousness of the principal rooms, I ventured to remark that such a house would hold a good deal of company, as if wondering what Thackeray's purpose was in building on such a scale. He evidently took in my meaning at once, and he replied, 'Well, I owe the house to the *Cornhill*, and I intend to devote it to the *Cornhill*. I have an idea of gathering round me here all the celebrities, and most particularly the rising talent in literature and journalism. That is a thing which is almost entirely wanting in London just now, especially for dinners and supper-parties, such as were common enough twenty or thirty years ago.' He spoke of Abraham Hayward, Monckton

Milnes, and other shining lights of that brilliant period, and said it would be the greatest happiness of his life if he could revive the jovial literary life of those days. Even as he uttered those words so full of hope and high spirits there came over his genial features the shadow of suffering and sadness, which seemed always to be impending there.

Soon after starting on our walk towards Town Thackeray asked me what I was reading, and whether I had any settled habits as to books. I said I generally kept two books going at once, one light and easy, a novel or something of that sort, and the other more serious. I told him I was then absorbed by Harrison Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard*, with its wonderful illustrations by Cruikshank. Thackeray said, 'That's a fine sort of book for you to read! Why, Ainsworth ought to be hanged for writing it, and Cruikshank ought to be shot for illustrating it. It is nothing but a glorification of crime and villainy, and I believe it has made more criminals than any other book of our time. It is all the worse for being so well written, and for the extraordinary power of the pictures. I call that the lowest degradation of genius and art. Those fellows ought both to be ashamed of themselves.' I contended that the state of society in the book was so different from our own, and the scenes and time were so remote, that it could not do much harm; and I reminded Thackeray that in the end the hero and all the other bad people were duly strung up at Tyburn, whilst all the good people were happily married, or otherwise rewarded. Thackeray laughed, and agreed that it was so, and we then went on to talk of Ainsworth and Cruikshank as author and illustrator. I said there were never two more exactly suited to one another. Upon this Thackeray became quite enthusiastic about both of them. He said that *The Tower of London* was his favourite amongst Ainsworth's books, and that Cruikshank's etching of Mauger, the executioner, sharpening his axe, was the most extraordinary piece of work in its way that he had ever seen. He told me that Cruikshank was an old friend of his, and that they had worked cordially together many years before, he having written several papers for Cruikshank's *Table Book*, and having employed Cruikshank to illustrate his *Legends of the Rhine*. They had parted company, however, when Cruikshank took up his temperance craze, which Thackeray thought had entirely spoilt his career as an artist. He referred almost angrily to *The Triumph of Bacchus*, a sort of coloured broadsheet, then in all the print-shop windows, in which Cruikshank had depicted in lurid tones the drinking customs of the British people on all sorts of occasions, such as christenings, birthdays, weddings, funerals, and even executions. *The Triumph of Bacchus* consisted of a number of small pictures or groups, divided from one another rather clumsily

by draperies or curtains, each group representing a party of men and women drinking together, most of them in various stages of drunkenness. All of these small pictures were intentionally repulsive, and many of them were decidedly coarse, and the whole production was totally unworthy of Cruikshank's genius. It was inspired, not by any artistic association, but solely by fanatical teetotalism, which by that time had unfortunately carried Cruikshank away from his true calling, into all sorts of ill-judged extravagances. Thackeray was greatly interested to learn that I also knew Cruikshank personally, he being an old friend of my father's, and that I often went to tea with the family at Hampstead; and he was amused when I showed him 'a present' which Cruikshank had once given me, and which is still among my proudest possessions. It consisted merely of his marvellous signature, written in bold characters right across a half-sheet of note-paper, over the words 'To his brother-teetotaller Edward Wakefield.' 'But surely you are not a teetotaller?' asked Thackeray, eyeing me quizzically. 'I was when that was written,' I replied, 'but I am now allowed to have a glass of good old '32 port after dinner on Sunday.' 'Stick to that,' he said, 'and it will never do you any harm, even if it grows to a bottle when you arrive at years of maturity.'

He then asked me what other book I was reading at the time, and I told him it was Kinglake's *Eothen*, with which I assumed he was familiar. 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'of course I know the book well enough, but I don't think it is a very happy performance. It won't compare with *Vathek*, for example.' I failed to see the point of that criticism, because Beckford's *Vathek* was a highly imaginary story of Oriental romance, almost in the style of the *Arabian Nights*, whereas *Eothen* consisted of familiar letters descriptive of Kinglake's own travels and observations in Greece, Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt, in the early 'forties. I guessed that Thackeray had confused *Eothen* with some quite different book, but I did not presume to correct him. I quickly changed the subject by referring to Kinglake's *History of the War in the Crimea*, which was then the subject of extremely bitter controversy. Thackeray seemed to dislike Kinglake's style, and said he was utterly wrong in many of his facts and judgments of character and motives, but he was undoubtedly right in declaring that there ought never to have been any war in the Crimea, as far as the British were concerned at all events. We were drawn into it by the stupidity and vanity of our statesmen, solely to gratify the ambition and further the political designs of the French emperor. Thackeray knew his France exceedingly well, and he ridiculed the notion of an impostor like Napoleon III. being able to impose permanently on the French people a new Bonaparte dynasty,

based on such fantastic dreams as his *Idées Napoléoniennes*, and manipulated by his unspeakable entourage of sordid intriguers, most of whom ought to be in gaol rather than at the Tuileries or the Quai d'Orsay. I never heard Thackeray let himself go more warmly than he did on this subject. Just before we parted, following some allusion to my father's services in the Crimea, he asked me very earnestly, looking me full in the face, what I intended to be after I had done with school and college. I replied that my family had some influence at the War Office, and that we hoped I might get a commission in the Royal Artillery. A sort of spasm passed over his face when I said that, and pressing my hand firmly, he exclaimed, 'Don't—don't do anything of the sort. Don't waste your brains and your opportunities in such a barren calling. You can surely find something better to do with your life than that? What do you care for the gold lace and the trumpery finery of the Royal Artillery?' Then, relaxing the severity of his voice and manner, and smiling in his own kindly way, he added, while warmly pressing my hand, 'Promise me you will think it over, and if you like, tell your father and your friends what I have said to you about it.' His words made a great impression upon me, and may have had a good deal to do with the subsequent course of my life.

EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

(*To be continued.*)

1924

THE WAND OF PROSPERO

THE Peerage is the shorthand of History. When any name reaches the Peerage it stays there for ever as part of our life, whether the title endures for twenty-four hours, as in the case of the first and only Lord Leighton, or for 400 years and more, as in the case of the mighty dukedom of Norfolk.

Three generations of public life and distinguished literary attainments have raised the name of Lytton very high. The literary work of the first Lord Lytton seems far away from us; and indeed it is, if we contemplate the social and political changes which separate his time from ours. If we are considering, on the other hand, the art by which he conveys to us his ideas and narrative, it may well serve as a model of excellence. There are reservations, of course.

It is astonishing, for instance, to read the novel of *Harold*, and to note the changes of style. Where Lytton is dealing with circumstances familiar to him—the life of courts, the sayings of important people, and movements of large policies—his prose is easy and flowing. Elsewhere he conscientiously gives us the sources of his information and supplies an adequate glossary. All this is interesting; but we feel in doubt as to whether we are really reading a novel, or have, by some mistake, put back the clock and returned to school. As for the countless characters variously labelled masculine or feminine, who flit through the pages, we can feel no interest in people who require so much explaining.

What, then, is the secret of Lytton's power? It is, surely, his divination. We forget much verbiage—all, in fact—when we read: 'Thou fearest this man, and why?' To which the crafty Duke William replies: 'Because in the breast of Harold beats the heart of England.' We want to read about that, and we forget our impatience with uninteresting technicalities as the narrative sweeps on to the crowning tragedy of Hastings.

If we want to realise what is perfection in historical narrative we should read Mr. Bailey's *The Fool*. In spite of a repellent title, in spite of dealing with a period of history generally described as dull —King Stephen and onwards—in spite of the vast length of the story (fifty years)—in spite of the innumerable characters in the

book, you know them all personally and are never tired of meeting them: you cannot find a dull page. The distinguished author must needs be a well-read man (probably as well-read as Lytton himself); but he does not think it necessary to pelt us with his authorities, or to use forgotten jargon, and then to translate the jargon into modern English.

Accepting, as a point of view, the conjecture that Lytton's divination was the secret of his success, we have seen how, in history, it triumphs over a faulty presentation of his narrative. In *Eugene Aram* it triumphs over a narrative that is uninteresting, not to say idiotic; and *Eugene Aram* has become part of the English language—no less.

We all know the story. In reading it after many years we note that if the hero had only been a man of ordinary commonsense there would have been no story. For instance, he wanted 'to bury himself'; and so he chose the country. As librarian to a powerful and learned noble he would really have been buried; but he refused the appointment in a long speech. In the country a scholar of gloomy appearance and haughty manners naturally became the subject of malevolent gossip to the whole countryside. The villain, who would never have dreamed of seeking his victim in 'the perfumed chambers of the great,' ran him to earth easily in the country. But then, what would become of the story? We could not have enough of Corporal Bunting (a forbear of Mr. Farnol's 'corporal'?); if only Lord Lytton would have allowed him to talk English with sufficient lapses—perhaps as many as Stevenson allowed to John Silver.

'For the art of writing a man must cultivate himself. The art of being reviewed consists in cultivating the acquaintance of reviewers'; which is very neat, and quite in place in *Kenelm Chillingly*.

The hero inquired of his mother, at an early age, 'Are you not sometimes overpowered by the sense of your own identity?' A boy like this attracts: 'there must be something in him'—even if he is only a phrase-maker. Lytton turns the young phrase-maker into a first-rate boxer; and on the boxer he superimposes the philanthropist. This is hardly credible: though, given a good constitution, one can afford to be versatile. To quote Corporal Bunting: 'So far as virtue is concerned, there is a deal in constitution; but as for knowledge of the world, one gets it oneself.' The hero is blessed with 'people' who do the right things and do not embarrass him; which is a great deal. Nevertheless he arrives nowhere in particular, and the story is perhaps a study in 'vital scepticism'; which is, after all, very much what might have been anticipated.

Much of Lytton's 'lengthiness'—so often made a cause of

reproach—comes from a change of fashion. Mr. Bailey (if he will forgive me for quoting him again) seizes your attention on the first page and holds it till the last page. He tells you that it is the year 1140 ; and if you are taken aback at the first sight of that fell date, you very soon discover your mistake.

Lord Lytton starts *Harold* in the year 1052, and proceeds to take his ease in the circumstances and personages of the time. He forgets, alas ! that the author's ease is the reader's misery ; and you hardly come to grips with the story till after the 323rd page, excluding footnotes.

Our grandfathers, however, insisted on ' lengthiness ' : witness G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth, not to mention the terrible Wizard of the North. Since we are considering ' lengthiness,' let us at the same time consider ' artificiality ' and ' false sentiment.' Sentiment has probably remained very much the same throughout the ages. Its expression varies. Take the case of a young lady who should transfer her affections. In Lytton's time the gentlemen concerned behaved with emphasis. They used invective and exclamations. They turned deadly pale, and ground their teeth, or clenched their fists : they talked of blood. The same interview fifty years later would be conducted in a more conversational manner. Take the scene in the billiard room when Leonard Jerome calmly informs Matthew Austin that he has secured the young affections of Matthew's betrothed. Nothing could be ' better form ' as we understand ' form ' ; but Mr. Frere, the irascible squire, lets Austin know, bluntly enough, that ' in his young days ' (which would be Lytton's period) supplanted lovers behaved differently. The scenes which impress us as artificial and falsely sentimental were, in all likelihood, correct representations of contemporary emotion ; which does not, however, make them easy reading.

Brought up as boys of his generation generally were, on *St. Winifred's* and *Eric*, the writer has heard grown men who were boys at Marlborough under Farrar maintain that at that epoch and at that school boys did talk exactly like that. We cannot be too often reminded that the magisterial ' nobody ever talked like that ' is a false guide. The writer well recollects the late Lord Acton stoutly maintaining that no such person as Henleigh Grandcourt could ever have existed. Ever courteous, especially to the young and insignificant, Lord Acton allowed the writer to instance a living man who might have sat for the portrait, but maintained his ' negative.'

If the writer's opinion is worth anything he would venture to point out that it is much easier to copy than to invent. This applies especially to authors like Lytton, who liked making money, and who wrote much and rapidly. In writing of his own time, or

of times not far remote, he is probably correct—both as to current sentiments and the method of their expression. In writing of bygone centuries, it is clear that he has been vastly studious; but in spite of his learning and his elaborate staging he is only partially successful. Take Stevenson's *Black Arrow* by way of contrast. This gives us the England of the fifteenth century convincingly, and provides us, incidentally, with a credible and masterly portrait of King Richard III. Shakespeare's *Richard III.* is unintelligible rascality—'gross, sprawling melodrama,' as Stevenson himself said. Or take Mr. Bailey's *Highwayman* or *The Gentleman Adventurer*, both of the same period (William III.—Queen Anne), or, still further back, *The Sea Captain*, which is Elizabethan. How the story rushes on! How the people live! Yet there is very little staging, and next to no disquisition. It is not accumulation of detail that makes the artist: it is selection of detail.

We open *Ernest Maltravers* and read as follows:

To
THE GREAT GERMAN PEOPLE
A race of Thinkers and of Critics
A foreign but familiar audience
Profound in judgment, candid in reproof
Generous in Appreciation
THIS BOOK
Is dedicated
By an English Author.

We rub our eyes. Nevertheless *stat factum*. The assurance of a young man, or a man of any age, who can take a whole people under his patronage is remarkable. It is presented to us—good-naturedly enough—in *Endymion*. Lord Beaconsfield introduces to us Mr. Bertie Tremaine and his brother Mr. Tremaine Bertie. Both are bent on success in public life and certain of securing it. 'You will find your habit of social familiarity embarrassing when I send you as Ambassador to Vienna or St. Petersburg,' says one brother—the haughty one—to the other. Obviously they were Mr. Bulwer Lytton and Mr. Lytton Bulwer. The assurance of the passage just quoted struck one forty years ago as slightly overdone. On reading *Ernest Maltravers* again, and taking note of the dedication, we conclude that, as usual, Lord Beaconsfield understated his case.

This, then, is the second point to note—Lytton's assurance; which is nothing less than sublime. He succeeded very early, and his public never forsook him. He had none of the diffidence of George Eliot, who needed to be almost hounded into writing novels: and then wrote very few. On the contrary he wrote of any epoch—of any country and of any clime. He did not hesitate to sign such bewildering nonsense as *Ernest Maltravers*, dedicate it to the great

German people (feeling evidently convinced that they would feel overwhelmed by his kind condescension), and then produce a sequel called *Alice* which (with unconscious humour) is alternatively entitled *The Mysteries.*

It has been maintained in my presence that the secret of Lytton's strength—the best and most enduring part of his work—was the domestic narrative and the homely pathetic. We should respect all views. *The Caxtons* is perhaps the best known of these innocent narratives. It is quite true that in this novel the author's style is at its best. It is freed from the necessity of employing antiquated language and explaining dead incidents of dress. So the story flows easily: but then there is so very little story!

At the other end of the scale is the dramatic narrative of *Rienzi*, which it is customary to dismiss as 'tawdry' and 'fustian.' We may imagine the shade of Lytton amusedly inquiring: 'All very well, my gentlemanly critic, but how do you account for my popularity? Unless you propose to maintain that the age itself was fustian and tawdry and so content with my work, which quite suited it.'

That is exactly what it is now the fashion to say: nobody has a good word for the Victorian age. Avoiding invective, which leads nowhere, let us ask ourselves the single question: 'Would anybody have heard of Rienzi if it had not been for Lytton?' Historians and students might remember him as a lurid demagogue who drank too much and ran to fat; but you cannot make anything out of a man like that. A touch of Lytton's magic wand and Rienzi lives. It is true that the novel is very like the opera. We have an immeasurable stage crowded with uninteresting people, with Maas on horseback playing lead in glittering armour. Impressive, though unconvincing; but then we do not mind being unconvinced, either in the opera or on the stage. If we hunger after conviction we must read Mr. Rafael Sabatini, whose work is like an *intaglio* of the best period—very exquisite gems after these vast canvases.

It is just ninety years ago that Lytton published *The Last Days of Pompeii.* It was being played as an opera in a small Italian town where the writer was dwelling thirty years ago, and in Moose Jaw, with a local star as Arbaces, when he passed through that important centre fifteen years ago. We may as well note this much. It is evidence of a very widespread popularity; and we are so often told that the novel's popularity is undeserved. We are reminded that Pompeii was a small week-end resort for the young bloods of Naples, with a population of—really one forgets. All of which may be sound information. We are also informed that the destruction of Pompeii could not have taken

more than eight minutes (or is it seconds ?). The population was destroyed by the fine dust of which they used to exhibit specimens at Bertolini's Hotel after the last eruption. Two breaths of this red-hot dust, and life is extinct. Thus the famous diploma picture of the late Sir Edward Poynter must be all wrong. The sentinel is 'faithful unto death,' though tongues of flame descend from heaven. Pathologically, the sentinel would have been incapable of moving off his beat. It is the same with other arts. When Tennyson wrote

> Every moment dies a man,
> Every moment one is born,

it was remarked that in that case the population would remain stationary, which we know is not the case. Later when we were all reading

> I hope to meet my Pilot face to face
> When I have crossed the Bar,

many and fluent were the comments pointing out the precise duty and position of a pilot relative to the course of an outgoing vessel. 'One wonders,' wrote H. D. Traill, 'that the question of the Pilot's certificate was not raised.'

Criticisms of this nature may, or may not, adorn conversation, but they affect in nothing the artist's reputation, whether in poetry, painting, or romance.

We have spoken of Lytton's 'magic touch': it required nothing less to breathe vitality into *A Strange Story*, which is, literally, all about magic. Young people dismiss it as 'rot'; staider folk dismiss it with staider language. Granted that it is all nonsense—what a yarn it is! Here Lytton is at his very best. The period was Lytton's own—the externals are still familiar to many of us; the narrative moves rapidly, hardly hampered by explanation or citation. Even the most sceptical might well be moved to say: 'After all there may be something in it.' Behind the externals, familiar and even commonplace, lurks the disturbing presence, the Wicked Immortal. Why not? To be sure, if any man stumbled on a process by which bodily decay could be arrested, he would be unlikely to address the Royal Institution on the subject, even if that august body could be induced to invite him to do so. He would keep to himself a discovery so precious. So there *may* be Immortals among us; though they need not necessarily be as wicked as Margrave, or, indeed, wicked at all.

In our own lifetime we have all of us heard things denounced as 'impossible'—things which are now of everyday occurrence. When electric light was a question of candles and arcs, the writer's very learned and scientific tutor described it as a 'toy'—all very well with gas in reserve, but quite useless. 'For instance,'

he added, 'you will never be able to light a house or a theatre with it, because—and you may take this from me—you will never be able to divide the current.' A little later and an eminent Royal Engineer protested vehemently against the construction of the *Rome* and the *Carthage*, twin ships of very large tonnage—5000 tons, no less. 'I am a shareholder in this company,' he went on, 'and I intend to protest against this extravagance. It is nothing but senseless advertisement. I know—mind you, I *know*—that you will never get a vessel of 5000 tons through the Suez Canal.' Judging by the 'Sailings' in the morning Press, the company does not think it worth while to build small vessels of 5000 tons to-day.

Men of a past generation have told the writer that in their youth they had attended lectures where it was conclusively and scientifically demonstrated that no steamship could ever cross the Atlantic Ocean.

Thus, if it is only to 'interpose a little ease and let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,' let us read *A Strange Story* and *The Haunters and the Haunted.* So shall we recall the thrills of our youth; and we need not feel so very ridiculous, for Science has often recanted her most dogmatic positions.

Four volumes, each 400 pages long (each page containing 400 words), say 600,000 words altogether—such is the famous book *My Novel.* The test for all prose is, 'Will it read aloud?' Lytton's prose reads very well, if we are content to ignore the antiquated mannerisms here and there. Only 600,000 words—and all about nothing. A bookmarker is advisable, with a careful list of the people of the story, accompanied by an abstract of their mental endowments and mutual relations. Thus provided, we may travel demurely through *My Novel;* but we must not hurry *My Novel* is indeed 'a strange story,' since it was first published in the year 1843; the edition on the table in front of me is dated 1873, and the book is still read. It is sometimes made a matter of reproach and sometimes a matter of exultation that we have—or used to have—so large a 'leisured class' in England. We may exult or deprecate; but if there were no leisured class, where would the readers of *My Novel* come from?

Towards the end of the eleventh 'book' of *My Novel* we discover a story: the characters become agitated, things happen, and the fate of the characters is briefly summarised in about 10,000 well-chosen words.

Whatever we may think of the narrative, the author's industry must be admitted to be monumental. Lytton was inexhaustibly industrious; and all this time we have omitted from consideration the fact that literature was only one of his pursuits. He wrote acting plays, which are still acted, and even quoted. His political

career was distinguished, and would alone have sufficed to fill the lives of most men. He travelled extensively, and was conspicuous as a man of fashion.

The dedication of *My Novel* is graceful and touching:

To The
RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER
G.C.B., etc., etc., etc.
This Work, designed to illustrate
The Vanities of Public and Private Life
Is dedicated by the Author
Proud to unite a tribute
To Services recognised by England
With a Memorial of Brotherly Affection

(Sir H. L. Bulwer
Afterwards created Lord Dalling.)—*Par Nobile Fratrum.*

When one artist criticises another artist sympathetically he may be expected to say more than all the critics put together. Thus, when Tennyson said of his fellow-poet: 'Swinburne is a reed through which all things blow to music,' he said the last word. As an illustration take the lines:

Down the path of Death awhile by Hope deferred
Bid the second Alexander light the Third.

Saying nothing of our sick horror at the sadic howl, we may well indulge our anger at the exhibition of ignorance. But that is not the point. The man was ignorant and nasty-minded; but listen to the roll of his lines.

Lytton had no opinion of Tennyson, and expressed his views in writing with a note of personal acerbity. This provoked Tennyson to the famous personality 'The padded man that wore the stays.' This is pointless abuse, but valuable as an indication of how far even great artists may go astray when they allow their judgment to be twisted by personal emotions. In our small way we have all of us endured similar experiences—those of us, at east, who have been honoured by invitations to 'recommend books.'

'The bearing of these observations lies in the application of them.' The second Lord Lytton, writing of his father's work, wrote: 'The hand that wrote thus far has left unwritten the last scene of the tragedy. . . . In the deep where Prospero has dropped his wand are now irrevocably buried . . . etc.'

This is the last word. It sums up, in a graceful allusion, all the criticisms ever levelled at the first Lord Lytton's literary work—'the wand of Prospero.' All expression of boredom, all detraction, all impatience at being treated to disquisitions which are really neither impressive nor important—all these things are downright superfluous. 'The wand of Prospero' subdues all.

It is just possible that Lytton was fatigued in his last years. For example, when he published *The Parisians* he added a footnote: 'For the sake of the general reader, English technical words are here, as elsewhere, substituted as much as possible for French.' This is considerate; and artistically correct. Nothing makes a poorer effect than words from one language imported into sentences purported to be written in another language. Sometimes—but not really often—they are unavoidable. It is, as a rule, a fault of youth; it should be sternly checked. In this book, however, we find Lytton literally bespattering his pages with French words, not only 'technical words,' but the most everyday expressions. For instance: '*Merci!* I never smoke; *mon médecin* forbids it.' What is easier than to write: 'Thanks; my doctor will not allow it'?

Why make one character ask another if the latter can find him a *locataire* (he meant a tenant)? When a gentleman goes to his lawyer's offices it does not make things clearer if the lawyer is described as an '*avoué*' and the office as 'a *cabinet de travail.*'

A very young man airing his very little French may think it clever to represent one of his characters saying '*Garçon*' when he meant 'Waiter.' Lytton, though not among the first French scholars, was far above this sort of thing. (Perhaps it might be said without malice, many of Lytton's readers were *not* above this sort of thing; which would be an extenuating circumstance.)

The Parisians was the last of this long list of novels, and concerned with nineteenth century manners. *The Last of the Barons* is a reconstruction of the fifteenth century; and we feel more at home with the narrative—perhaps because we know less of the period. Without exhausting the subject, we may well pause here. It is half a century since Lytton died, and still his books are read. He was witty, beyond a doubt; but humorous?—hardly. His narrative style was good, though inclined to a certain stateliness, which no rising author would venture to imitate. His range of information was immense. His quotations are, no doubt, accurate; it would take a lifetime to verify them, so numerous are they. His command of melodrama is wonderful; witness the trial scene in *Paul Clifford* where the judge condemns his own son to death. When he condescends to low life his dialects may be presumed to be accurate. If we ask ourselves which of his characters live in the sense that Bumble and Oliver Twist live, the question is pertinent, and the answer may be illuminating. How is it that so many of Dickens' characters have not only survived fifty years, but have actually passed into the language? Perhaps it was the driving force of Dickens' love of his kind. Have we not here, perhaps, some explanation of the opposing feature of Lytton's work? His characters do not live:

perhaps because he did not himself live in their company—he had 'too many irons in the fire.' Perhaps because he loved to make his puppets move—though he did not much care what they did when they moved; he did not love them. A queer expression, perhaps, but one knows not how otherwise to put it. Not that he was devoid of good nature; far from it. 'He liked doing a service, and showed that he liked it,' as the late Sir Edward Hamley wrote of him. Perhaps if we seek an explanation of the survival of so much work into an epoch so much out of tune with it, we shall not do better than rest content with his own son's words:

'The wand of Prospero.'

W. F. LORD.

TALK AND TABLE TALK

By general consent much of the pleasure of life is derived from conversation. 'Wise, cultivated, genial conversation,' says Emerson, 'is the last flower of civilisation, and the best result which life has to offer us—a cup for gods which has no repentance.' The celebrated Madame Mohl once said that she would go to hell to find someone to talk with. Important as the subject admittedly is, we seldom find it seriously discussed, or any inquiry made as to what constitutes good conversation, what are its laws and rules, if it has any, what are its pitfalls, what constitutes the good talker and differentiates him from the babbler and the bore. The literature of the subject is scanty. We have various collections of table talk—Luther's, Selden's, Goethe's—and these give us examples of good talk, but without theory. Perhaps we have a sub-conscious feeling that good talk, like good manners, is hardly to be analysed or taught, that it is a natural gift, and that rules and regulations are out of place in a sphere where spontaneity is essential. There is some truth, but also some exaggeration, in this point of view. Faults of manner can be corrected, and defects of conversation can be recognised, analysed, and guarded against. Dr. Johnson was one of the greatest of talkers, and his talk was full of pith, wisdom, wit, knowledge, and suggestion. His weakness was combativeness and the desire for dialectic victory. 'We had a pleasant conversation last night,' he once said to Boswell. 'Yes, sir,' was the reply; 'you gored and tossed a good many.' Coleridge was a great talker, but his mode was pontifical, and he desired listeners and worshippers rather than friends and companions. He did not agree with the maxim of Le Rochefoucauld that the secret of good conversation is '*bien écouter et bien répondre*.' Macaulay was a great talker, but his talk too often tended to degenerate into monologue. Carlyle was a great talker, and his whimsical mode of expression, his half-humorous, half-pathetic outlook upon life, were great conversational assets. His weakness lay in a tone of petulance and an impatience of certain great subjects—science, for example, on which he was very imperfectly informed. Von Moltke was said to have been 'silent in seven languages'—not a good model for the dinner-table.

The success of conversation, like that of oratory, is a matter of personality on the one hand and of environment and opportunity on the other hand. The listener or listeners may stimulate, encourage, provoke or hinder the talker. Some community of thought and outlook, some approximation to the same level of culture, some acquiescence in standards of conduct, are usually conditions of easy and agreeable conversation. It is irksome to dispute about first principles, boresome to find that nothing can be taken for granted. Conversation addressed to a dinner-table or a smoking-room is of a different *genre* from conversation between two intimate friends. In the former the personal note should seldom be sounded. Perhaps the most favourable *milieu* for good conversation is that in which three persons take part—two to bear the brunt of the talk and a third to act as appreciative listener, or arbiter, or critic, to interject some helpful remark, to take the edge off a too keen controversy, to give the conversation a new turn. Where two persons only are concerned, much will depend upon their degree of intimacy and their community of thought and opinion. If that community is close, confessions are always acceptable, and the personal note may be struck without incurring the reproach of egotism. Dryden went too far when he affirmed that 'anything, though ever so little, which a man speaks of himself, is, in my opinion, still too much.' Pascal took a similar view, but surely his maxim that '*le moi est haïssable*' overshoots the mark. Montaigne was hardly so shrewd as usual when he affirmed that 'to talk about oneself cannot possibly be done without detriment to the person talked about.' Lovers and intimate friends would demur to these self-denying ordinances. Let it be conceded, however, that egotism is always perilous and may be offensive. It demands too large an indulgence on the part of the person addressed. 'Never argue,' was one of Disraeli's maxims; 'give only results.' Another piece of advice from the same eminent source was 'Talk to women, talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school.'

The late Provost Mahaffy, who was a brilliant talker, laid it down as a fundamental principle, 'The first and the best receipt to make a man agreeable is to make him talk about what he likes best.' Sir Walter Scott used to say that he never met anyone—casual acquaintance, chance companion by coach or chaise—with whom he could not get *en rapport* or from whom he could not learn something—part of the secret of his genius.

Flexibility, liveliness, curiosity, alertness, eagerness to know and to learn, are important elements in good conversation. The conversationalist must try to please, and he must not despise his companion or his audience. We may talk to persuade, to convince, to refute, but we must not talk to get the best of it. Confi-

dent assertion, dogmatism, exaggeration, are always displeasing. Suggestion is often better than affirmation, and in the long run more persuasive. No one likes to be overcome in argument. To conversation we might apply the well-known saying of Hesiod, 'He is a fool who does not know how much greater the half is than the whole.'

'The art of conversation,' said Disraeli, 'consists of the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathise; you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and the habit of listening. The union is rare but irresistible.' The garrulous person who wishes to monopolise the conversation is irritating, but the timid person who hesitates to express an opinion is a bore. Said a Frenchman to his dinner companion, a shy lady who failed to respond to his conversational overtures, '*Mais, Mademoiselle, risquez donc quelque chose.*' 'To take up what others say in easy comment,' says E. M. Phillips, 'to give something which will please, or inform, or stimulate in return, to lead without seeming to do so when a leader is required, to follow the chances of the moment, drifting with its temper—this is the framework of good conversation.' Mahaffy uses similar language: 'To take up what others say in easy comment, to give in return what will please, to stimulate the silent and the morose out of their vapours and surprise them into good humour, to lead while one seems to follow—this is the real aim of good conversation.'

Seneca laid it down that 'talk should be unlaboured, easy, and without anything precious or artificial.'

A pleasant voice, an absence of accent or catchwords, a simple, straightforward manner, are great assets in conversation.

Conversation requires some leisure, some setting, some favourable occasion, to give it a fair chance—a dinner, a talk round the fire, a long stroll. It must be in some degree an end in itself, not an accident or a makeshift.

The question of the most suitable topics for conversation raises large issues. So much depends upon personality and occasion. The weather is an easy, convenient, if somewhat *banal*, resource to those whose conversational powers are limited. But it is not to be hastily banned. It is a subject of universal interest to high and low, gentle and simple, and is an easy ambit in opening the campaign with a new acquaintance. But it affords little scope for a comparison of view, and its utility is soon exhausted. The events of the day, the latest news, the favourite play or novel of the hour, the latest volume of calculated indiscretions, have their place in conversation which does not rise above superficiality and the conventional level. Music and art strike a deeper note. Where there is genuine appreciation of these on both sides, con-

versation will not flag. Travel experiences are a safe and often an entertaining topic. Happily, travel has become common. Richard Cobden was of opinion that one of the things most to be desired in the modern world was that there should be as little communication as possible between Governments and as much intercourse as possible between peoples. Learned topics are hazardous, except in the company of learned men or learned women. Lord Chesterfield's advice still holds good, 'Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike it merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchman.' Learned men are suspect as conversationalists. There is a latent fear that they cannot descend to ordinary levels, or that they are self-absorbed in their own particular field of knowledge and research. The reproach is often unmerited, and the sage and the philosopher are often only too glad to unbend.

The reference to Lord Chesterfield reminds us that he says many shrewd and pithy things regarding conversation, such as the following: 'The characteristic of a well-bred man is to converse with his inferiors without insolence, and with his superiors with respect and ease'; 'You had better talk trifles elegantly with the most trifling woman than coarse, inelegant sense with the most solid man.' He goes deeper when he advises us to 'have a real reserve with almost everybody and a seeming reserve with almost nobody, for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved and very dangerous not to be so.' A still more profound maxim is the advice, 'Even when you are sure, seem rather doubtful; represent, but do not pronounce; and if you would convince others, seem open to conviction yourself.'

Politics and religion are perilous subjects in conversation, unless you are sure of your company. Yet no subjects excite a warmer interest. It is a confession of weakness if they are regarded as *tabu*. The feeling that they must be avoided in ordinary social intercourse is an admission that in general they cannot be discussed without some loss of temper. It is remarkable how few people can frankly discuss their political and religious convictions without undue reticence or overmuch assertion. The psychology of this feeling is worthy of consideration. How far does it arise from the sub-conscious recognition of the very obvious truth that, as regards many of us, we have never seriously examined the foundations of our most cherished convictions, and that it makes us uncomfortable to have a question raised regarding matters which we have been accustomed to view as self-evident and unassailable? Surely the right attitude is that envisaged by J. S. Mill: 'We must hold even our strongest convictions with an

opening left in our minds for the reception of facts which contradict them; and only when we have taken this precaution have we earned the right to act upon our convictions with complete confidence when no such contradictions appear.' How few act upon Mill's doctrine that 'whoever is anxious that a discussion should go to the bottom of a subject must rejoice to see the opposite side of the question worthily represented.' If we talk politics or religion when the occasion naturally arises, let us do so, not necessarily to persuade or to refute, but simply to find out what can be said for views which we do not hold, or even definitely repudiate.

What are the chief hindrances to the smooth and natural course of agreeable conversation? Some of these are obvious enough. Ignorance, a lack of ideas, imperfect sympathy, persistent egotism, deep-rooted prejudice, an irritable temper, poverty of expression—such things require no comment. Other hindrances are less evident. Samuel Butler says: 'If you wish to be popular, do not be too often in the right.' Then there is the person who has too meticulous a regard for strict accuracy. 'There is such a thing in society,' says Mahaffy—'Aristotle saw it long ago—as being over-scrupulous in truthfulness. Even a consummate liar, though generally vulgar and therefore offensive, is a better ingredient in a company than a scrupulously truthful man, who weighs every statement, questions every fact, and corrects every inaccuracy. In the presence of such a social scourge, I have heard a witty talker pronounce it the golden rule of conversation *to know nothing accurately*.' We all recognise the type. Conversation is not primarily for edification. The social board is not a school or a church.

Another type worthy of reprobation is the person who gives unasked advice. '*Surtout point de conseils*,' as the French put it, is no bad maxim for the conversationalist. Lord Morley once said that 'there are two kinds of foolish persons: those who give advice and those who do not take it.'

The 'funny man' is a doubtful asset in conversation. He knows what is expected of him, and generally endeavours to live up to his reputation. Nothing is more agreeable than a well-told humorous story, provided that the opportunity for it arises naturally, and that it fits the occasion. But a succession of funny stories, unrelated to each other and to the general conversation, soon palls. Wit is a precious quality, but, like other precious things, it should be dispensed sparingly. The professed *raconteur* may be the joy or the blight of his company.

Selden's *Table Talk* has long been an English classic. He was an eminent lawyer and statesman and a man of profound and various learning. We do not know much of his personal life or

of his table companions, but we have the testimony of Clarendon that he was 'the most clear discourser and had the best faculty of making hard things easy and presenting them to the understanding of any man that hath been known.' A large part of his *Table Talk* is concerned with problems of Church and State which no longer have any vital interest for us, but he drops many words of wisdom which are of permanent value. Of such are the following: 'He that speaks ill of another commonly before he is aware makes himself such a one as he speaks against, for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.' 'Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest to his feet.' 'Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.' 'He that hath a scrupulous conscience is like a horse that is not well wayed' (trained): 'he starts at every bird that flies out of the hedge.' 'Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of pain, the enjoying of something I am in great trouble for till I have it.' 'They that govern most make least noise. You see when they row in a barge they that do the drudgery work, slash, puff and sweat; but he that governs sits quietly at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir.' 'Preaching the same sermon to all sorts of people is as if a schoolmaster should read the same lesson to his several forms.' 'Aye and no never answered any question; the not distinguishing where things should be distinguished, and the not confounding where things should be confounded, is the cause of all the mistakes in the world.'

Dr. Johnson's conversations as recorded by Boswell are unique. There is nothing quite like them in literature. Boswell has been the butt of much irrelevant satire. His character was certainly open to reproach. His devotion to Venus and to Bacchus was too ardent, and often got him into trouble. His confidences in his correspondence outpaced even the candour of Pepys. But the paradox that a fool and a sot could have produced the greatest biography ever written is too gross for belief. Boswell at all events had a retentive memory, knew what to include and what to omit, and was master of an easy, lucid, and agreeable literary style. And he had a great subject. Johnson has been described, with pardonable hyperbole, as the wisest and the wittiest of Englishmen. His wit, wisdom, knowledge, dexterity in debate, aptness in retort, pathos, kindliness, with an occasional touch of ferocity, have a charm which can never fade. Garrulous as he was, he never condescended to superficiality or sank to platitude. The well-stored mind simply enfolds its riches. Ruskin says truly: 'I at once and for ever recognised in him a man entirely sincere and infallibly wise in the view and estimate he gave of the

common questions, business, and ways of the world.' Johnson's aphorisms will still bear quotation: 'Wickedness is always a short cut.' 'No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.' 'Clear your mind of cant, and never debauch the understanding.' 'Vivacity is an art, and depends greatly on habit.' 'Never speak of a man in his presence. It is always indelicate and may be offensive.' 'To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition.'

Johnson was subject to fits of hypochondria, and there was a strong vein of pathos in his talk. Boswell tells us that he used frequently to observe that there was more to be endured than enjoyed in the general condition of human life. For his part, he said, he never passed that week in his life which he would wish to repeat were an angel to make the proposal to him. He confessed that 'death is a terrible thing to face. The man who says he is not afraid of it lies.' Johnson could be rude in debate. 'Cultivate your mind, if you happen to have one'; 'I can give you reasons, but if you want intelligence, you must apply to your Creator;' 'Sir, in order to be facetious, it is not necessary to be indecent'—such rejoinders are hardly compatible with the comity of social intercourse. But they were merely the occasional growlings of a kindly bear. His victims bore no malice, and probably felt little smart. Johnson's real quality of heart is shown by his rebuke to someone who ventured to disparage Goldsmith: 'Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man.'

Goethe's *Conversations with Eckermann* stands almost alone. It is a unique case of a cultivated man who made full use of his good fortune in being thrown for years into close companionship with the most many-sided genius of his age, and who knew how to tap the fountain of wisdom and experience of life which lay open to him. Goethe was not merely a great lyric, dramatic, and elegiac poet. He was interested in nearly every field of human activity—literature, art, science, statecraft, ethics, religion. He studied physics, chemistry, botany, anthropology, crystallography, archæology, agriculture, medicine. Above all, he was a student of what he regarded as the greatest of the arts—the art of life. As was said of J. S. Mill, 'he had a wolfish hunger for knowledge.' His energy was inexhaustible, his industry without limit. '*Es ist besser*,' he said, '*das geringste Ding von der Welt zu thun, als eine halbe Stunde für gering achten.*' When Eckermann first entered into close relations with him, Goethe was in his seventy-third year. He had been an eager student from his youth. He had read, seen, reflected, suffered, travelled, much. He had taken his measure of men, books, things, life, and he was quite ready to put his conclusions and beliefs at the disposal of an appreciative and sympathetic listener, such as he found in Eckermann. Hume Brown says

truly: 'We have many similar collections' (to those of Eckermann) 'by men of the world, by men of action, and by pure thinkers, but for range, depth, and suggestiveness none of these are comparable to those of Goethe. Of all men he, perhaps, lived the fullest life of intellect, soul, and sense; there was virtually no field of human experience closed to him.' 'Goethe,' says Matthew Arnold, 'was the clearest, largest, and most helpful thinker of modern times.' He was always eager to increase his stores of information. '*Goethe will immer weiter, immer weiter, immer lernen, immer lernen,*' is the tribute of Eckermann. He liked to surround himself with congenial friends, and he tells us that hardly a day passed without a visit from some notable person. Eckermann's *Conversations* often had their *venue* at the social board, where good cheer, good fellowship, and good talk were happily combined. Perhaps the most striking characteristics of Goethe's conversation were its astonishing range, its high seriousness, its solid worth. He does not appear to have unduly dominated his company, or to have been impatient of contradiction. He liked to draw others out, and held that '*man weiss erst dass man ist wenn man sich in andern widerfindet.*' He was tolerant in criticism, of wide sympathies, and appreciative of many types of culture and attainment. He did not excel in wit or humour. He was lenient in judgment. He went so far as to say, 'I see no fault in others of which I also have not been guilty.' He had learnt, he says, 'to be modest without self-depreciation, and to be proud without presumption.' All his works, he tells us, are 'fragments of a great confession.'

Eckermann's *Conversations* have a double value: they contain a mass of critical opinions of high importance; they also throw light upon the personality and development of one of the greatest figures in literature.

Conversation as an art probably attained its apogee in the epoch of the French *salon*. Founded in the seventeenth century, the *salon* attained its highest level about the middle of the eighteenth century. Then flourished Madame du Deffaud, Madame Necker, Madame Geoffrin, and, perhaps most notable of all, Julie de l'Espinasse. Then there gathered together in various reunions a group of famous men: D'Alembert, Diderot, Fontenelle, Grimm, D'Holbach, Marmontel, Condorcet, Turgot, and many others. The object of these gatherings was an exchange of thought upon all the great questions which can occupy the mind—literature, art, philosophy, life—and the *entrée* was the possession of wit, knowledge, experience, above all *esprit*. Woman was the priestess of these shrines, but did not expect or receive a mere idle homage; rather she aspired to enter as an equal into the combats of wit. The *salon* had as its aims to purify the French language, to fertilise thought, to spread the spirit of culture

throughout the community, to pass judgment upon every new claimant to attention. It is probable that these aims were in considerable measure attained. The success and long-continued popularity of the *salon* may be variously explained. The French are great talkers. How far they owe this quality to the Celtic strain in their complex nationality may be a question. But, what is more to the point, they are good talkers. It may be admitted, without much controversy, that no nation speaks its own language so well as the French. Something may be attributed to the language itself, its admirable lucidity, its logical quality, its subtlety and capacity for expressing the finest *nuances* of meaning. But perhaps more is due to the fact that the French love and cherish their own language and assign to it a more dominant position in education than any other nation assigns to its language. The '*bien dire*' is an essential note in French education in all its grades. An essay or translation is adjudged less by its matter than by its form. But there were other factors at work at the time when the *salon* attained its highest development. In the reign of Louis XV. France was on the verge of a new epoch. The forces were already at work which were presently to explode in the French Revolution. The influence of Rousseau, Voltaire, and the Encyclopædists was potent. There was a great widening of outlook, a great liberation of thought. Gross abuses in Church and State acted as a constant goad to reflection. Politics and religion were dangerous subjects for the *salon*, but they could be introduced under various specious subterfuges. It was impossible to read Plutarch without drawing comparisons between the past and the present. Further, the *salon* owed much to the influence and inspiration of brilliant and accomplished women. They created the atmosphere and set the pace. And so the *salon* flourished; conversation was on a high plane; the ferment of new ideas pervaded these assemblies; disputation was something more than the coruscations of nimble wits.

The *salon* has never flourished on British soil. It does not appeal to the national temperament, which is apt to find it artificial and unsympathetic. But there is some loss. We admire the great writer and the eloquent orator, but we think little of precision, lucidity, and elegance in ordinary speech. We prize matter, but we do not sufficiently prize form.

J. A. LINDSAY.

THE COLOUR OF HORSES

THERE has always been a tendency in legend and general literature to associate particular colours of horses with certain characters and circumstances, and on looking into the cause of this one finds it rests upon some basis of reason. Sollysel, ''Querry to the French king,' who wrote in 1696, says that temper and disposition correspond with the colour of the horse: that some are choleric, others melancholy, others, like the bay, 'brisk and hearty'; the sorrel, for instance, 'being fretful and light, will have a disposition to leap.'

Theories of the kind have been held, in some measure, by most authorities on horses, which would seem to prove that the traditional practice of writers is not entirely arbitrary, though perhaps often unconsciously adopted.

For example, putting aside such poetic similes as 'Night driving her cole-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,' it is indisputable that the black horse has acquired in literature and art a sinister meaning. Ranging from the dread team of Pluto down to the present time, it typifies war, power (generally evil), mystery or death. The black steed of demon Nature that vanishes in a clap of thunder or plunges beneath the waves is familiar to us from many old ballads. Even where it does not portend evil or sorrow, it is significant of anonymity. When Amadis de Gaul pursued his adventures disguised as Beltenebros, he appeared in silver armour on a great black horse which he had won in single combat from Famonagomadan, the demon giant. The atmosphere of secrecy surrounding the anonymous knight, 'le Noir Fainéant,' and the Disinherited Knight at the tournament in *Ivanhoe*, is enhanced by their being mounted on black horses; Tennyson heightens the effect of the 'wild Limours' by the same means; Charlotte Brontë makes Rochester gallop about on a big black horse called 'Mesrour'; and Disraeli has a characteristic passage in *Tancred* in which he describes the two 'ferocious brothers,' Abouneked Nasif and Hamood, coming 'slowly on steeds dark as night up the winding slope of Canobia with a company of twenty men on foot armed with muskets and handjars.'

A like suggestion of mournfulness lingers in the nursery rhyme

As I was going by Charing Cross
I met a man upon a black horse;
They told me it was King Charles the First,
Oh dear! I thought my heart would burst.

To this day black horses are connected in our minds with death, being still employed at funerals, the only instance now left in England of an occasion which demands a horse of special colour.

The ancients held the black horse (properly marked, for that is an important qualification) to be of high courage, therefore desirable as a charger. The author quoted above gives his reasons for this belief. Although he himself considers it 'terrestrial, dull and often double-hearted,' he says:

The Hungarians hold it for a certain Truth, that a Man who is mounted upon a black Horse . . . is more successful in War than if he were upon a Horse of any other Colour. I believe the ground of this may be, because black Horses are very rare and scarce in these Countries, and also that they are not so well perceiv'd at a distance by the Enemy, as if they were of another Colour.

No doubt this is so, and that highwaymen, like Dick Turpin, to whom the element of surprise was essential, should be partial to black horses, is easily understood.

Less obvious is the reason for assigning dappled or flea-bitten greys to homely or elderly riders: the country vicar, the doctor, the farmer; they always have a 'trusty grey cob.' It may be remembered that Mr. Tulliver rode a grey, and Mr. Lammeter the 'steady old Speckle'; there are also the 'Grizzle' of Dr. Syntax and the 'ful good stot' of the Reeve in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, 'that was al pomely gray, and hightë Scot.' But this arises again from the theory that greys are mostly quiet to ride, and accounts for their being so often called Dobbin, which is synonymous with 'steady old horse.'

Although horses of other colours play a less prominent part in literature than the black, the grey and the white, yet some of them have distinctive attributes. Bays have been prized all the world over for their qualities of endurance, speed and especially beauty long before Virgil commended them, so that it naturally came about that in fiction they were invariably consecrated to the use of the wealthy. Before the days when the hero or heroine was seated in a fast touring car, or a luxurious limousine, they were to be seen in the fashionable barouche or the well-turned-out four-in-hand drawn by high-stepping bays, and these were usually described as 'spanking.'

That a chestnut should stand for speed is generally admitted, and is a belief dating from early days. In the account in the

Iliad of the funeral games held in honour of Patroclus, Idomeneus, watching for the competitors in the chariot race, says he sees 'a horse showing plainly in the front, a chestnut all the rest of him, but in the forehead marked with a white star round like the moon.'

In Victorian fiction of a certain type, the chestnut with one or more white stockings belongs to the dashing or adventurous character, and if a respectable person owned one, it was sure to meet with disaster. There is an instance of this in a moral tale for children about two brothers. I have forgotten the name of the author and of the book, but the steady-going elder brother was, I feel positive, called Frank, the thoughtless, giddy younger one Tom. Tom had only a fat brown pony to ride, whose name, of course, was Judy; I rather think she was broken-winded. One day when Frank was out Tom, in a fit of resentment and envy, secretly took the new mare which Frank had bought with his hard-earned savings, a beautiful chestnut named Stella, out with the hounds and, being an inexperienced rider, broke her back! Apart from the inevitability of the brothers' names and those of their mounts, it is obvious that the fat pony could never have been a chestnut any more than that the costly and unfortunate Stella could have been a brown. Indeed, it is essentially correct in nineteenth century fiction for a child's pony to be brown.

Cream-coloured horses were adopted by the Hanoverian kings for use on ceremonial occasions, and everybody knows that in nursery tales this is the chosen colour for fairies' teams, though when the fairies wish to travel incognito the ponies turn to mouse colour. Yet there is a proverb that '*le jaune de juif*' is unlucky, especially when the mane and tail are white. Why this should be so is hard to say. It is always rash to speculate on the origin of a superstition, but it would be interesting to know if it derives from the tradition that Hector drove cream colours.

The whole question of lucky colours in horses varies in different localities and in different ages; proverbs may be quoted impartially for and against. An all-black was looked upon in France as unlucky, in Spain just the contrary.

Piebalds, as seems only natural, have been specially the objects of superstition. They were highly esteemed in some countries and were supposed to confer powers of healing on their riders, but although there is a saying, 'See a piebald pony and wish,' in some places they were thought to bring very bad luck.

Duns vary in favour as lucky or unlucky. In mythology dapple-duns figure as the symbolic coursers of the sun, and in former times were commonly much appreciated, more especially by the Scandinavians. They seem to have declined in popularity

in recent times, nor are they often represented in art, though the picture by Vandyk in the National Gallery of Charles I. is a notable exception.

Roan is even more neglected in art, and is not a favourite colour in fiction. The roan that Joris rode in *How we Carried the Good News* . . . is one of the rare instances in which it is mentioned in literature. A better-known and more authentic example is the roan Barbary owned by Richard II., which Shakespeare has made the subject of the poignant conversation between the deposed king and his former groom. It is the last touch of bitterness in the lot of Richard to be told that Bolingbroke rode roan Barbary through the streets of London on Coronation Day, 'that horse that thou so often hast bestrid, that horse that I so carefully have dress'd.' Richard eagerly asks how Barbary went, and when he learns that even his favourite, that had eaten bread from his hand, seemed proud to serve the usurper, he cannot forbear breaking out into momentary reproach against the horse.

No horse of any colour has been the centre of so much romance as the white horse. Throughout mythology, tradition and art it is represented as carrying the conqueror, the queen or fairy prince in their hour of triumph. Indeed, few things in Nature have been more celebrated in legend, or more consistently employed in connection with pomp and victory.

From the earliest times it has been either an object of veneration or at least marked out for honourable use. Fabulous horses, when implying incredible speed or immortal life, have been invariably white, such as Pegasus, born of the drops of blood that fell from Medusa's head into the foam of the sea, or El Borák, the winged horse with human face that carried Mahomet to the seventh heaven. It is foretold in the *Baghnavada* that Vishnu, after his tenth incarnation, shall appear on a steed of dazzling whiteness, and in the *Rig Veda* the Aswins (twin gods of the morning) bestow on Pedu a swift white steed that makes him victorious in battle over all his enemies, 'shining, unconquerable, the destroyer of foes, the object of all praises, loud-neighing, high-spirited, acquirer of a thousand treasures, vigorous and firm in body.'

There is, indeed, in the mythology of many nations similar mention of the supernatural intervention in battle of a white horse, resulting in the complete defeat of the enemy.

Whether singled out for sacrifice or serving the priests for purposes of divination, it is evident that white horses occupied a special place in ancient religious ceremonies. In the *Mahábhárata* search is made for a 'moon-white' horse to be sacrificed to Siwa, a ceremony described by Southey in the *Curse of Kehama.*

The Romans sacrificed them to Mars, the Greeks to the sun by throwing them into the sea, and some say that in England they were passed through the fire on St. John's Eve. When the Persian host under Xerxes came to the river Strymon in Thrace, white horses were sacrificed by the Magians before crossing the water, and even in the day of Strabo the Veneti made an annual sacrifice of one white horse to Diomed.

By Cyrus white horses were held peculiarly sacred. They had been imported with great care from Nyssa, in the north of India, and ran at liberty among the immense droves of horses which accompanied his army. So highly did he value them that when a foal was drowned in a tributary of the Euphrates Cyrus spent nearly a year diverting the course of the river in order to punish it for its sacrilege. Something of their sacred character has survived to this day in the East, as it is said that Arabian breeders, although possessing horses of other colours, prefer the white or grey from religious motives.

Though Xerxes also looked on them as sacred, he did not fear to harness them to his chariot, and we are told that Tarquin the elder and Camillus made their respective entries into Rome in a triumphal car drawn by four white horses. A similar honour was accorded to Roman youths victorious in feats of swimming or horsemanship.

It may be that the special value attaching to white horses in ancient times applied to all animals of that colour, but it is certain that white horses in particular were much coveted, and considered as eminently appropriate to kings. When Dolon sought to ingratiate himself with Odysseus, he told him how to possess himself of the horses belonging to Rheso, King of the Thracians, 'the fairest horses that ever I beheld, and the greatest, whiter than snow, and for speed like the wind'; and in the will of King Athelstan express mention is made of the white horses presented to him by the Saxon Liefbrand.

It was therefore natural that these should be specified as a form of tribute. Darius exacted an annual tribute of 300 white horses from Cilicia, and as late as 1771 the King of Naples held his kingdom in fief from the see of Rome on annual payment of one white horse.

It might well be supposed that white horses would have been reserved for the exclusive use of royalty, in the same way as white sealing-wax, which Selden tells us was once the prerogative of the French king until he granted its use as a signal favour to the King of Sicily. This does not seem to have been the case, except perhaps for a short period in Roman history, but they were always acknowledged as 'proper for a King or General to appear upon in a Day of publick Joy and Triumph.' It was for this reason that

when the Black Prince brought King John of France to England, in order to show his captive special honour, he mounted him on a magnificent white charger, while he himself rode by his side on a dark palfrey, and that Joan of Arc entered Orleans on a white horse, although she habitually rode a black one in battle.

Gervase Markham says in his *Cheape and Good Husbandry*:

> If you will chuse a Horse for a Princes Seat, any Supreme Magistrate or for any great Lady of State, or woman of eminence, you shal chuse him that is of the finest shape, the best reyne, who naturally beares his head in the best place, without the helpe of the mans hand, that is of easiest and nimblest pace, gentle to get upon, bold without taking affrights, and most familiar and quiet in the company of other horses: his colour would euer bee milke white (with red fraynes or without) or else faire dapple-grey, with white maine and white tayle. . . .

The same author says elsewhere that he considers white horses to be soft and phlegmatic. Most authorities assert that it is excessively rare to find horses which are born pure white, and that they only become so in old age, so that the fact of their being quiet and tractable may be a reason in addition to their conspicuous colour for fitting them to take a prominent part in a procession. Possibly the real reason why the fine lady of the nursery rhyme rode a white horse to Banbury Cross was because it was an aged one that did not shy at the noise of the bells worn in such unusual fashion by its rider.

Tennyson alludes to white horses in the *Idylls of the King*, chiefly in connection with the images cut in the downs, and refers to those who made them as 'traitors,' 'heathen,' 'the brood by Hengist left.' So much has been written on the subject of these images, and their origin is so debatable, that it need only be said here that most authorities are at least agreed that these are commemorative of victory.

In mediæval romance, the white horse appears more expressly as the accompaniment to innocence, and as emblematic of chastity. In the legends of King Arthur's Court, and in works such as Spenser's *Faery Queene* and *Orlando Furioso*, there are many examples of this interpretation.

But the white horse has for the most part reverted to its ancient significance, and even more than an emblem of purity is it associated for us with the idea of conquest, an idea that finds expression in the description of the horsemen of the Apocalypse: 'Behold, a white horse, and he that sat thereon had a bow; and there was given to him a crown; and he came forth conquering and to conquer.'

Military leaders in history have ever been partial to riding a white charger, but this practice did not invariably bring good luck to the rider. Mardonius was mounted on one when he met his death at Platea, Richard III. rode White Surrey at Bosworth,

and the celebrated Marengo carried Napoleon at Waterloo. Under the conditions of modern warfare, such a colour is no longer suitable, and Lord Roberts' 'Volonel,' which he rode all through the Afghan campaign, is probably the last of the historical white chargers, a worthy close to a long and famous line, for was not Volonel exceptionally honoured by the Sovereign, receiving no less than four medals ?

It is not surprising, considering the value set upon white horses, that these should have become subjects of popular superstition. Towards the end of the third and the beginning of the second century B.C. there were strange myths concerning them in Russia ; Marco Polo mentions curious beliefs held by the Tartars about their vast herds of white horses, and proverbs from all over the world have not been wanting on the subject, though, like other proverbs, they contradict each other. In some places they were, and still are, considered appropriate for use at weddings ; in others there is a belief that for a bridal couple to ride behind white horses brings bad luck, and that to watch a span of them out of sight means death to the observer within the year. There was a superstition in Wales that if anyone suffering from a corn met with a man on a white horse with a girl riding pillion behind him, he could, by wishing, conveniently transfer the corn to the foot of the girl.

On the whole the balance of belief seems to incline in favour of the colour being a lucky one ; certainly the white horse was popular as a device with royal houses, Savoy, Bohemia, Hanover, being among those that adopted it, either rampant or galloping.

Whatever doubts may exist as to white horses being lucky or suitable to the battlefield, there can be few in regard to their extremely decorative properties. They serve not only to mark unmistakably the chief person concerned, but are invaluable for the display of gorgeous trappings. This pictorial effectiveness may be seen in the delightful illumination in the *Chroniques de Froissart* which shows the entry into Paris of Isabelle de Bavière and her lady, both mounted on white horses richly caparisoned. Another instance is the picture in the National Gallery of the Battle of San Romano by Niccolo Uccello, where the painter has adorned the two foremost white horses in scarlet and gold and pale blue and gold respectively.

The memory dwells also with particular satisfaction on the fresco by Pinturricchio in the Appartimento Borgia ; the small predella by Raffaelle in the Vatican ; and, most unforgettable of all, the white horse of St. George in mosaic which gleams palely out of the rich darkness of the walls of the Capella Palatina at Palermo, commemorating the Battle of Cerami.

Apart from any symbolic meaning, it is no wonder that artists

have been partial to the reproduction of a white horse, for, although (probably by reason of its thicker hide) a white horse has not that luminous quality which makes a white cow one of the most paintable objects in Nature, in sunlight it can take on reflections from its surroundings which lend it an infinite variety.

The reverse of the medal is that nothing can give such a sense of forlorn squalor as an aged white horse in shabby harness splashed with mud.

The simplicity which now attends the appearance in public of royal and eminent personages seldom gives occasion for the display of white horses in gorgeous trappings ; nor do we have in this country the beautiful teams of white oxen to be seen in Italy and France. Yet we may still meet in a country lane with the perfectly homely sight of a white horse drawing a green caravan, or a blue farm-cart with red wheels, which, although devoid of the romance of chivalry or the glamour of a triumphal procession, may, especially on a sunny day, afford a real thrill of pleasure to those who appreciate such things.

VIOLET BIDDULPH.

A VISIT TO ROSETTA

AMONG the many hundreds of tourists, American and European, who found their way to Egypt last winter, attracted by the glamour of recent discoveries, how many gave a thought to the Delta town in which the key was found that has enabled Egyptologists to study the mysterious language of hieroglyphics and to become acquainted with the history of Tut-Ankh-Amen, of his father-in-law, the great heretic Akhnaton, and of other rulers of this ancient country ?

When in 1798 the French invaded Egypt under Napoleon, General Bonaparte, the town of Rachîd or Rosetta, as it is called by the Europeans, was occupied by French troops immediately after Alexandria had been taken, and the old fort, which had been rebuilt by Sultan Qâit-bây at the end of the fifteenth century, was transformed into French defence works and called Fort St. Julien. It was there that a French engineer, Captain Boussard, discovered the trilingual inscription which made it possible for Champollion, three years later, to master the graphic system of the ancient Egyptians. According to Professor Wallis Budge, this inscription, repeated three times—(1) in Greek, (2) in the decadent Egyptian writing called *demotic*, and (3) in ancient hieroglyphics, engraved on a slab of black basalt—recorded a decree promulgated under Ptolemy V., Epiphanes, by the priests of Memphis, ordering that certain honours should be paid to the King's statues in the temples of Egypt. It was by noting that the groups of signs surrounded by an oval frame, or cartouche, stood for names of kings, and must in this case be read ' Ptolemy,' that the French scholar succeeded in discovering the hidden alphabet that he was seeking, thus opening the door to the great Egyptologists who came after him. The ' Rosetta stone,' as it is called, is now in the British Museum, where it was transferred after the Treaty of Alexandria.

No facilities are offered to travellers who might wish to visit the little town whose name has thus been immortalised, in spite of its interesting historical associations, delightful summer climate, and extraordinary picturesqueness. The railway journey is tedious and inconvenient, and there is no hotel that one would dare to recommend to the modern tourist.

My own long-standing desire to visit Rosetta only came to be fulfilled through the goodness of a British judge of the Native Courts, who, having an opportunity of going there on duty, and being entitled to utilise the 'rest-house' provided for inspectors, kindly invited me to accompany him and his wife and to spend two days in exploring the town; those two days will keep a very pleasant place in my memory.

Though Rosetta is only a dozen miles from Alexandria as the crow flies, the slow crawling of the train makes the journey seem endless. The permanent way being somewhat out of repair, it is thought necessary to allow for the fact, and some of the trains start before the tabulated time. My host fortunately happened to be aware of this detail, though it was not announced or posted up anywhere, and our expedition was marred by no such disaster as would have been the missing of a train. Ours actually started from Alexandria about 2.30 p.m., and we spent in it the rest of the afternoon, stopping about twenty minutes at each small station. However, we had each other's company to enjoy, and people who have lived in Egypt a long time, having had much practice in patience, have learnt to put up philosophically with the most inexplicable delays. The landscape that we traversed was full of the peculiar charm of that part of the country, a great expanse of sky over sunlit fields spreading to the horizon, rare light clouds occasionally casting fleeting shadows across the plain. A few miles after Aboukir the line follows the edge of the lake of Edkou. This lake, perhaps the smallest of the coast lakes of Egypt, since its area is only 104 square kilometres, seems to be full of fish, and was covered with graceful fishing boats. There were also a number of birds, aquatic and others, long flights of them hurrying along quite close to the surface like the well-known 'lost souls' on the Bosphorus. The town of Edkou, standing on an elevation on the west side of the lake, and attracting attention by one or two minarets and small domes, would probably on closer acquaintance be found to be merely a more or less dirty fishing village, but certainly a very picturesque one, a number of windmills providing a distinctive feature in the landscape.

We reached our destination at sunset. The Rosetta railway station is charming in its green setting of palm groves and shrubs; the town is surrounded with gardens and orchards full of divers kinds of fruits, which delighted Napoleon's soldiers on their arrival in July 1798. A cab was waiting for us, a victoria, like every Egyptian cab, drawn by two very ill-mated horses harnessed with string; the driver, having on a previous occasion been sentenced for some offence by a judge in the Native Courts, evidently looked upon the fact as equal to an introduction to my host and a title to the custom of any official from the Ministry of Justice

who came to Rosetta. I may add that he drove us during the whole of our stay and proved quite satisfactory.

The rest-house had been recently repainted and was clean and comfortable; my little room had three windows to it, a good bed, a table and a wash-stand; what more could be desired for two nights? My hostess had brought all other essentials: sheets, towels, etc.; we made our beds and then did full justice to an excellent dinner, produced with miraculous rapidity by her cook, who had accompanied us. After dinner my host went to call on the *mâmour*, or chief police officer—Rosetta not being nowadays important enough to boast of a Governor—and returned with an invitation to lunch for the next day.

The town on the following morning appeared fully as charming as it had in the twilight. It lies on the very edge of the western branch of the Nile, of which the bank is strengthened by a sea-wall containing columns, probably built in as a bond to the masonry, the ends protruding by about a foot, and used for fastening the cables of boats. The latter are less numerous than would seem likely from the position of the port, for a dangerous bar or sandbank standing across the mouth of the river and offering but a very narrow channel, makes the access very difficult. Much trade and shipping has also been diverted from Rosetta by the Mahmoudieh Canal, dug by Mohamed 'Aly in 1819, which connects Alexandria with the Nile at 'Atf, and brings sweet water to the great port. I gather, however, that there is a certain amount of trading with the interior by river transport, if not by means of shipping, and Rosetta is still one of the industrial cities of Egypt, possessing as it does many rice factories and brick-kilns.

Our very cursory visit to the bazaars did not reveal much in the way of curiosities or indigenous products. All the hand-woven materials to be found apparently came from Mehalla, and there seemed no modern brass or wood-work such as is still very well done in Cairo or Damietta. But I was charmed with the architecture of the town, which has a style of its own and would deserve to be known by a special name. The streets are narrow, an Oriental feature of which Western town planners do not realise the advantages. They provide cool shade and draught in summer when the midday glare and baking heat of broad highways are intolerable. The houses are very tall, often five or six storeys, and the upper floors project one beyond the other by means of wooden corbels; sometimes the first floor rests on arches springing from antique columns. These houses are entirely built of small baked bricks, without any plaster covering, and the builders have turned this material into a medium for decoration by arranging the bricks, usually of two colours, red and black,

so as to form ornamental designs, around the doorways, above windows, beneath corbels, etc. Many corners, too, are chamfered off, and the flat surface thus obtained treated with a mosaic pattern in brick. In some cases, the design is outlined in white plaster, which adds to the decorative effect. Beams of wood have been built in to consolidate the structure, and their square ends appear amongst the brickwork, usually bearing some slight ornamental motive; slabs of carved wood also form part of the decoration of many porches. The windows at one time must have been entirely composed of musharabieh, that turned wood screening which used to be noticeable in the streets of native Cairo, and is now fast being bought up by collectors and replaced by ugly modern windows. It is also disappearing from Rosetta, alas! though not from the same causes: the climate in that seaport is not dry, like that of Cairo, and the little wooden screens, unprotected by paint, are crumbling away. A great many of them, still very attractive from the street, cannot bear to be touched without falling to pieces. On the inner side these windows are backed by very ingenious sliding shutters, such as I have never seen in Cairo, probably rendered necessary by winter weather. We visited several of these houses, and found the interior noticeably clean and extremely interesting. There also wood has been used with great effect, rooms often being panelled over the whole of one side by cupboards, with beautiful marqueterie doors and pretty little framed wooden niches, ready to hold a jug or a bowl. On the occasion of one of his visits to Rosetta the late Herz Pasha, then Architect-in-Chief to the Committee for the Conservation of Arab Monuments, caused the panelling of one room to be removed from a half-ruined house and transferred to the Arab Museum in Cairo, where it has been seen and admired by many visitors. It is very characteristic and attractive, but by no means as beautiful as several others still *in situ*, such, for instance, as the panelling of an earlier date in the house of El Fatairi, which is enriched with inlaid ivory.

The interior of most of the houses is planned with an intelligent regard for climatic conditions; a ventilating shaft runs through the whole of the six storeys in the shape of octagonal openings, surrounded by railings, cut into each floor, exactly one beneath the other, so that the air circulates from the very bottom of the house to the roof. The inhabitants received us very politely. On one or two occasions, having remained waiting alone on the first or second floor while my friends ascended as far as the roof, I soon found myself surrounded with women, most of them pretty and neatly attired, very friendly and pleased to talk with a European; they invited me into their rooms, and in one house showed me a very well-kept domed bathroom, like those that

are to be seen in ancient Turkish palaces in Cairo. Another house had a room entirely decorated in faïence tiles, unfortunately of crude and tasteless colouring.

Other tiles are to be found in the town, for instance in the mosque of El Muallaqa (*i.e.*, suspended), thus named because it is built above a block of shops; the prayer niche was entirely lined with greenish faïence of Persian design, but modern manufacture. In the mosque called El Mehally (1721) the door leading to the funerary chamber of the founder was decorated with remains of blue and white Anatolian tiles, probably dating from the original sixteenth century building. This mosque also contains the tomb of the mother of the founder, the Lady Azîza—one more feminine sanctuary to be quoted to those who believe that Islam refuses to credit women with a soul.

It must not be forgotten that the present town of Rosetta does not date further back than two or three centuries. Sand dunes having invaded and finally buried the south end of the former town, it was entirely rebuilt further north, a fact which no doubt contributed to the homogeneity of its architectural style. 'Aly Pasha Moubarak, in his *New Tewfikia Topography*, quotes various authors who have mentioned Rashîd, including Pococke and Father Sicart. According to the oldest of those, Almâcin, it was founded in the ninth century A.D., under the Abbaside Khalife Mutawakkil 'ala Allah, because the sands had accumulated near the port of Foa, further up the same branch of the Nile. Abul Fidâ, in the fourteenth century, speaks of it as a small village.

Later travellers call it a flourishing seaport, and, according to the *Nuzhat el Nâzirîn*, the Wazîr 'Aly Pasha Metwally built in 956 A.H. (1549 A.D.) some of the great *khâns* (hostelries) of which the remains still exist. Sakhâwy, who died in 900 A.H. (1494), mentions the foundation of a town at the port of Rosetta.

It is said that when the French troops occupied Egypt in 1801 a great many were left behind, and settled on the banks of the Nile, and it is very true that both at Damietta and Rosetta the population is of a type which offers many European features. Certain men's faces, highly coloured though sunburnt, with blue or hazel eyes, would seem quite in their place in a French town, and certain fair-haired women, paled by the recluse life which they lead, have nothing Oriental in their aspect. The general cleanliness of the town and of the interior of the houses, which I had also noticed at Damietta, contrasts very favourably with the negroid habits of dirt which are such a regrettable characteristic of the Egyptian villagers and invade even middle class tenement houses in Cairo. Perhaps, too, this race mixture is responsible for the cunning and subtlety of the Rosetta Moslems, which,

according to an Arabic saying, can only be compared to that of an Algerian Jew or of a Copt of Upper Egypt.

We had personally no opportunity of ascertaining the defects of the people, who showed themselves towards us friendly and courteous without obsequiousness, mendicity or fanaticism. We were even allowed to enter mosques, remaining discreetly in the background whilst prayers were going on, a custom which obtained in Cairo until the last two years, which is far more likely to inspire respect for Moslem piety than the newly established restrictions.

After a delightful morning spent in wandering about the streets, stopping every moment to admire a fine antique column supporting a corbelled balcony, a musharabieh window bearing the name of Allah worked in its trellis, or the chamfered corner of a wall decorated with polychrome brick mosaic, we repaired to the house of the *mâmour* for lunch. This functionary, a handsome man of forty or so, received us very hospitably, and offered us an excellent meal, accompanied by a much larger selection of drinks than became a good Moslem. Indeed, we were then in the fasting month of Ramadan, and since he dispensed with the observance of the fast, it was evident that he did not allow his religion to inconvenience him. But he was a very patriotic Egyptian, and in the course of an animated conversation, partly in Arabic and partly in French, which he spoke very well, we boldly ventured on political ground, with the result, I hope, that by the end of the meal each of us had acquired food for reflection which could only be wholesome. Like most Egyptians, the *mâmour* deserved the reproaches I made to him for not taking sufficient interest in questions of mediæval art and for being almost completely ignorant of the history of his country in the Middle Ages. It is the fashion amongst them this year, owing to Lord Carnarvon's discoveries, to take an interest in the Pharaohs, and even to claim descent from them ; but of Mameluke times, the inscriptions of which they could so easily learn to read, they take no account whatever. I have met Egyptian girls of the best society who were learning to read hieroglyphics, but who understood not a word of a Cufic inscription. Somewhat annoyed at my freely expressed disapproval, the official promised to introduce the next morning a local sheykh who really knew something of the subject, and in the meanwhile suggested a sailing expedition to a modern mosque a little way up the river, an offer which we were delighted to accept.

Therefore, after a short period of rest, we all met again at the quay and installed ourselves comfortably in a spacious felucca, our amiable host, suddenly transformed into a smart yachtsman, taking the helm, whilst three sailors, as agile as cats, set to work

among the rigging. In a few moments, the heavy vessel, loaded with two enormous blocks of stone by way of ballast, was gracefully gliding up the stream, carried by the prevailing north wind, which makes of the Nile such a convenient waterway. Many other craft were sailing in various directions, fishing boats, some of them coming home already laden with fish.

The mosque of Abu Mandûr, the object of our journey, is situated south of the town, on the bank of the river, within a bend of it, so that it is seen a long way off and has a very picturesque effect. It is a reconstruction and offers no archæological interest, but the sandhill close to it probably contains ruins that would be worth excavating; there is a beautiful view from the top of that hill. Abu Mandûr himself, the holy man whose remains lie beneath the wooden dome of the mosque, is still believed to procure the granting of prayers for practical blessings, such as the recovery of lost objects and the pregnancy of childless women. As we were slowly returning home, taking wide tacks across the river, one of our sailors, who apparently specialised as a *raconteur*, told us several marvellous tales about Abu Mandûr and others. He had a refined and witty French face, with deep-set speaking eyes and a slightly sceptical smile, which seemed to give the lie to the legends which he recounted. He spoke with ease and fluency, and was evidently accustomed to great success in the world of *cafés*. One of his tales struck me as being full of local colour: A Rashîd pilot, sailing with his young son and another seaman, was wrecked on the bar, a few miles from the shore; he was a strong swimmer, and could have saved himself, as did the other man, but the boy's strength was not sufficient, and the father perished with him, trying to bring him ashore. Four days later the pilot's corpse was found at Borollos by people who did not know him. Among them was an old negress whose mind had been unhinged by the disappearance of her son several years previously. Seeing the body of the drowned man, who had been dark-skinned and much sunburnt, the poor mother thought it was that of her son, and insisted on swathing him in a linen sheet that she had preserved for him and on sprinkling him with water from the holy Zem-Zem spring which she had brought back from Mecca. This having been done, the dead pilot appeared in a dream to members of his family, and reproached them for having allowed him to be buried as a negro, for, added the story-teller, he preferred to do without Zem-Zem water rather than be considered a negro.

The next morning brought us a fresh interest by the acquaintance we made of the learned Sheykh whom the *mâmour* had promised to introduce to me, and whom we met by appointment at the *markaz*, or police station, together with our kind host of the day before, two or three other police officers and a young doctor

who spoke excellent English. Of these gentlemen the Sheykh alone had time to accompany us round the town; he kindly did so, and it was a rare pleasure to resume our voyage of discovery in company with an Egyptian who was interested in Moslem history and archæology. He even appreciated Arab chroniclers for the sake of their valuable contributions to history, instead of despising them, as do most of the Cairo sheykhs, because they wrote in simple and direct language, devoid of the far-fetched synonyms and subtle grammatical tricks which obscure the sense of purely literary works until you begin to doubt whether they contain any meaning whatever.

The first curiosity that he showed us was a remarkable memento of the French occupation: he took us to the town hall, where a clerk produced for us from the archives a marriage contract between General Jacques François Menou, known as Abdallah Pasha, and Zobeyda, daughter of Mohammed el Baouâb, said by Villiers du Terrage (*Journal*, chapter xiv.) to have been the daughter of an Alexandria bath attendant, but whose father seems to have been in reality a notable of Rosetta with some fortune.

Menou, a descendant of a noble Touraine family, had accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt, and, after Kléber's death in 1800, was made commander-in-chief of the army that remained. He has been very severely judged by historians, and his defeat near Alexandria by Abercromby is considered to have been greatly due to his lack of energy and capacity. He seems, nevertheless, to have been popular with his soldiers, and Pierre Millet, whilst stating that the other generals 'hated brave General Menou,' declares that he had 'conciliated the esteem of the inhabitants of Egypt, who always respected him.' The reasons for his marriage and conversion to Islam are not very clear. Did he wish to please Napoleon, whose policy it was to encourage the Moslems? Was Zobeyda very rich, or did he fall in love with her? De Villiers du Terrage, who does not share Millet's admiration for Menou, does not seem to entertain the last hypothesis, for he says (chapter xiv.) that before the marriage he had only seen her through a veil; he adds that the soldiers called him Abdallah the Renegade, and that he remained in Rosetta for fifteen months, not even taking part in the battle of Heliopolis. The marriage seems to have taken place early in 1799, and a son to have been born in due course, but I have been unable to ascertain what became of the fair Zobeyda when her fifty-year-old bridegroom left Egypt with the remnant of Napoleon's army.

We had on the previous day visited the great mosque of the Sheykh Zaghloul, originally built, according to Herz Pasha, in the sixteenth century, by Zaghloul, Mameluke of Said Haroun

who is buried there with his master, and I wished to go there again in order to ascend the minaret and obtain a general view of the building from above. The Sheykh kindly consented to accompany us there, and pointed out a detail which had escaped me, a *dikka*, which he thought to date from the time of Qâit-bây. This *dikka*, made of wood and supported by columns, in fact bears on its under-surface a sort of ceiling with transverse beams, which is extremely like the ceilings of that sultan's mosques. A carved wood inscription, running round the exterior, was recorded by Herz as giving the name of the founder of the *dikka*, a certain pilgrim, Mohy ed Dîn, son of Abd el Qâder, of Damietta, but that part of it which probably bore the date has disappeared, and has been replaced by rough boards. This mosque is immense; a *sahn* (inner court) of medium size is open to the sky near the entrance porch; the rest is composed of a forest of columns, probably on account of which this mosque and one or two similar ones at Rosetta have been compared to El Azhar by 'Aly Pasha Moubarak and other writers. There is otherwise very little likeness between them, the plan of the Rosetta mosque being quite irregular and haphazard, with unexpected *mihrâbs* (prayer niches) set obliquely in corners; the roof, instead of a ceiling on beams, as at El Azhar, consists of innumerable little brick domes, somewhat resembling those of Barqoûq's mausoleum near Cairo, and flatter than those of the mosques of Constantinople. A second mosque, called El Diwây, adjoins this, and is ruined and abandoned, as can be seen by looking through a barred window pierced in the wall which separates the two mosques. I wished to visit it, but it was only after descending, not without some difficulty, and by a ruined staircase, from the minaret, that I was told that, in order to enter the second mosque, I should have to go up again. For the street entrance of El Diwây was blocked by *débris*, and the only access to it was by walking along the roof to the other minaret and going down by another staircase, probably even more perilous, being less often used. Yet this second minaret seemed in good condition, whereas the one which we had climbed had had its upper storey cut clean off by English guns in 1807.

This ill-fated campaign is related briefly by 'Aly Moubarak, quoting from the more detailed narrative of Djabarty. A concise account of it is also to be found in the Hon. J. W. Fortescue's *History of the British Army* (Macmillan, 1910), vol. vi., pp. 12 *et seq.* A powerful bey, El Elfy, having asked the English to come to his assistance against his rival, Othman el Bardissy, their arrival was delayed by political reasons, and by the time the British fleet drew near El Elfy had died. Loth to allow such an opportunity to escape them, the English sent to offer their assistance to some

other beys then in Upper Egypt, who were supposed to be rebelling against the authority of young Mohamed 'Aly, Turkey's Viceroy in Egypt. But the beys disagreed among themselves on receiving the English offers, and ended by sending for Mohamed 'Aly to oppose the invaders. He was then in the south with his army, and before he had had time to arrive the English bombarded Alexandria and destroyed the port, the walls and several of the towers. The people offered to surrender, and on March 17, 1907, General Fraser and his troops occupied the town.

A short time later a small force of English was sent to occupy Rosetta; the inhabitants awaited them massed in the side streets, crowding the balconies and courtyards, and as they arrived fell upon them from all sides. They asked for quarter, which was refused, and a terrible carnage took place, after which a number of heads and a few prisoners were sent to Cairo. As a consequence of this, and after further fighting in other parts of the country, the English returned in force, and attacked Rosetta from the south, having taken possession of Abu Mandûr and the neighbouring hills; their cannon did much damage to the town. By that time, however, Mohamed 'Aly's troops had arrived from Upper Egypt, and were sent to defend Rosetta. The English were routed and defeated, and a further supply of heads and prisoners was sent to Cairo.

But the people of Rosetta soon regretted the arrival of their defenders, for those Turkish and Albanian troops overran the neighbouring villages, outraging women, plundering houses and stealing cattle, answering protests by declaring that the land must be treated as conquered country on account of the sojourn the English had made there. They then proceeded to tax the town of Rosetta both in goods and in money, and seized all the rice that was to be found there. At last their exploits were stopped by orders from Cairo. Djabarty adds that the English, having returned to Alexandria, cut the breakwater and flooded all the land which surrounded the town. In the month of September, they came to an understanding with the Viceroy, and evacuated Alexandria, not to return for thirty years.

I left Rosetta the next day without any of that feeling of disappointment which sometimes follows a long-desired acquaintance with a place. The one regret with which I now think of the unique little town is that the days of its beauty are numbered, and its charming features are being effaced one by one. Modern regulations are partly to blame for that: it is desired to widen the streets, and therefore certain buildings are not allowed to be repaired! We visited a very picturesque and very characteristic bath about a hundred years old, and the proprietor told us that he had been fined for repairing it, as the Government wished that

part of it which projected beyond the rectified street frontage to fall into ruin and disappear. On the other hand, the same Government have wisely discouraged the exportation of old bricks, so that perhaps the houses of Rosetta may for a time be spared the fate of the Fatimite town of Tinnîs, on the Menzâleh Lake, of which the probably valuable buildings provided masonry for the neighbouring village of Mataria.

HENRIETTE DEVONSHIRE.

THE AGE OF STONEHENGE[1]

I. Retrospect of Opinions

THERE is perhaps no subject connected with Stonehenge on which opinions have differed more widely than the question of its age, and the dates advocated by well-known authorities range over a period of no less than 2500 years, from about 2000 B.C. down to about A.D. 500. These widely discrepant results have, moreover, in many cases, been arrived at by men who have devoted much study to the subject, and whose opinions as antiquaries of good standing are entitled to our consideration and respect.

By the end of the nineteenth century most archæologists had, however, arrived at the conclusion that Stonehenge was probably of Bronze Age date—say, some time between 1800 B.C. and 400 B.C. —and that its purpose was in some way connected with the adjacent Round Barrows. This was generally accepted as what may be termed the orthodox doctrine ; and other opinions were looked upon either as obsolete or as scarcely worth consideration. Dr. Rice Holmes, in his valuable work *Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Cæsar* (1907), may be regarded as the ablest exponent of this opinion.

At the commencement of the present century (in the year 1901) the contentment with this Bronze Age date theory was somewhat disturbed by the astronomical computations of Sir Norman Lockyer, and by the results of the excavations conducted by Professor William Gowland. The dates (from 2000 to 1800 B.C.) arrived at by these two entirely different modes of investigation were very much in accord, but could scarcely be reconciled with the hitherto accepted belief.

In defence of a Bronze Age date it was, however, pleaded that, under certain conditions, the facts ascertained by the excavations *might* be explained on the hitherto accepted theory, so that, after

[1] The date of the structure as computed from astronomical considerations was dealt with by the writer in an article entitled 'The Age of Stonehenge deduced from the Orientation of its Axis,' which was published in *The Nineteenth Century* for January 1922.

It is to be understood that this paper has reference only to the present structure of Stonehenge, the ruins of which are now existing.

all, it could still be held as *quite possible* that Stonehenge was erected in the Bronze Age. These arguments are set forth by Dr. Rice Holmes with great ability. (See *Ancient Britain*, pp. 470 and 471.)

During the last twenty years the facts ascertained by the astronomical computations of Sir Norman Lockyer and by the excavations conducted by Professor Gowland have been gradually assimilated, and some fresh light has been thrown on the subject by the excavation work lately conducted by Colonel Hawley.

As the result, at the present time the general opinion among archæologists is that Stonehenge (as now existing) was constructed either near the end of the Neolithic period or quite at the beginning of the Bronze Age, with probable date somewhere between 2000 and 1600 B.C.

II. The Design of Stonehenge

Some suggestions regarding the probable age of Stonehenge may be obtained by a study of its design. In this connection it may be remarked that hitherto attention has been so much, and so exhaustively, directed to the stones that the general features of the whole design (which may be of even more significance) have scarcely received their due share of consideration.

Stonehenge is a complex work, parts of which (the Trilithons, etc.) are located within a circular peristyle of columns surmounted by horizontal lintels or architraves. Other parts of the work (the Four Stations, etc.) are outside the colonnade. The whole is enclosed by a surrounding earthwork at a distance which leaves a clear space of about 100 feet in width, forming a sort of 'bailey,' between the colonnade and the outer moat. The work is approached by a wide avenue of considerable length.

In its general appearance this great work expresses a similar architectural idea to that more fully developed in the Colosseum at Rome, and the internal arrangements have points of similarity with those of Buddhist temples in India.

We have no means of knowing the purpose for which it was erected. It may have been a temple for some form of worship, or a court of justice, or a hall for ceremonial meetings of tribal chiefs. All we can say with certainty is, 'We do not know.'

Having regard to the early period in which the work was carried out, and the extremely primitive character of the tools and appliances available, the structure bears evidence not only of great architectural skill, but also of engineering ability of a very high order.

This indicates considerable experience in carrying out works of a similar style, and suggests that Stonehenge was by no means the first structure of its kind.

And yet in Britain Stonehenge is unique. We have no earlier structure in the same style from which its evolution may be traced, and the design has never been repeated. This great work is presented to us as an architectural entity fully developed ; it has no ancestors and no descendants.

There are, however, analogues in Arabia and elsewhere which, with Stonehenge, may have been derived from a common origin. It may therefore be considered probable that the design for the structure was introduced from abroad.

The engineer who designed Stonehenge and devised the methods by which the work might be carried out must (for those days) have been a man of extraordinary ability. But under such highly skilled and efficient superintendence there is nothing in the work itself to demand more than the mere manual labour of a very primitive people.

III. Concerning Stone Circles

It has been supposed that the remote ancestor of Stonehenge may have been the 'stone circle.' But if so, where are the 'missing links'? Except that the peristyle of Stonehenge happens to be circular in plan, there is absolutely nothing about this highly specialised design which has anything in common with the stone circle. A church and the enclosure to a public monument may both be rectangular in plan, but it does not occur to anyone to suppose that they are related.

The theory of the Bronze Age date for Stonehenge as deduced from the 'stone circle' is based on two assumptions, viz.,

(*a*) That Stonehenge is an example of a 'stone circle';

(*b*) That stone circles are specially of Bronze Age date.

The prehistoric stone circles in Britain are all formed of simple unhewn blocks of stone. Their dates probably range over many thousands of years, and no relative periods can be deduced from their size or from their design.

The stone circle may probably be considered the earliest architectural form devised by primeval people in all parts of the world. The idea is simply a boundary or enclosure. It is invented afresh by every child who builds a sand castle on the beach and surrounds it with a circle of pebbles.

The object which the stone circle encloses may be the dwelling of a chief or of a priest, a temple, the image of a god, a sacred tree, a memorial to a chief, a monument of victory, or a grave. In the present day the same architectural expression survives in the circle

of stone (or cast iron) posts surrounding a market cross, a clock tower, or a monument.

We may conclude therefore that the mere fact that the peristyle of Stonehenge happens to be circular in plan is no evidence of any particular date, whether Bronze Age or otherwise.

IV. Concerning the Barrows

The writer has prepared a map showing by different shades of colour the relative density in the distribution of barrows over the whole county. It is apparent therefrom that the districts over which the barrows are most numerous are precisely those which would have been likely to have been selected by the Neolithic and by the Round Barrow people as most suitable for occupation. It is found, moreover, that parts outside the chalk areas are left almost entirely blank, indicating that these parts were practically uninhabited.

We may conclude therefore that these people generally interred the remains of their dead in the neighbourhood of their dwellings, and that where barrows are found to be most numerous there the district had been most closely populated or had been inhabited for the longest period.

The chalk area in Wiltshire is about 900 square miles. The number of barrows of all kinds marked on the six-inch to a mile Ordnance Map is 1383, giving an *average* distribution of rather over one and a half barrows to a square mile.

The distribution, however, varies considerably. Taking an area of four square miles as a convenient unit, we find that on what were then apparently the most densely populated districts in Wiltshire the greatest number of barrows (marked on the Ordnance Map) which may be contained within a rectangle of four square miles is as follows:

Selected areas of densest population.	Number of barrows. Maximum on 4 sq miles		Average per sq. mile.
North and south of the Cursus, partly in Amesbury parish and partly in Durrington	137	...	34·2
About five miles to north-east from Stonehenge, partly in Milston parish and partly in Bulford	96	...	24·0
About three and a half miles to south-west from Avebury, in northern part of Bishop's Cannings parish	71	...	17·7
About a mile north of Sidbury Hill, and one and a half miles south-east from Everley	43	...	10·7

Within a circular area of twenty square miles around Stonehenge the number of barrows marked on the Ordnance Map is 306, giving an average of 15·3 barrows to a square mile.

It having been observed that barrows are very numerous in the neighbourhood of Stonehenge, it has been assumed that these sepulchres and the structure itself were in some way specially co-related. Starting on this assumption, various theories have been propounded, some of which are mutually destructive.

It has, for example, been supposed that Stonehenge was erected in some remote period before the barrows in what was then presumably an uninhabited wilderness, that it was for some reason a place of special sanctity, and that in course of time, from all the country round, the remains of deceased chieftains were brought in for interment in the sacred precincts. Thus the district around Stonehenge became a great necropolis.

On the other hand, it has been supposed that the barrows were there before Stonehenge, and that it was erected late in the Bronze Age for ' some sepulchral purpose ' (not defined).

Dr. Rice Holmes, indeed, would have it *both ways.* He writes:

> Whether Stonehenge was built to hallow the vast necropolis in which it stands, or the dead were brought from afar to lie beneath its shadow, he [the wayfarer] knows that the three hundred barrows and the great monument are indissolubly connected. (*Ancient Britain*, p. 217.)

But to assume that Stonehenge was designed to serve ' some sepulchral purpose ' in connection with the barrows is obviously mere guess-work. There is nothing in the design of Stonehenge to imply that it had anything to do with the barrows, or to indicate any ' sepulchral purpose.' Nor is there anything in the arrangement of the barrows to suggest any intentional connection with Stonehenge.

For a public work of such importance we should naturally expect to find that the site selected was in a neighbourhood which held a considerable population. But the fact that, in ordinary course, people in that district died and were buried, and that the remains of their chieftains were interred in barrows in the neighbourhood of their dwellings, does not appear to have any probable significance in connection with the purpose for which Stonehenge was constructed.

People died and were buried in London in Norman times, but no one supposes that this fact has any connection with the building of Westminster Hall.

In any case, however, as evidence in favour of a Bronze Age date for Stonehenge, these speculations do not appear to be of much value. Within the circular area of twenty square miles around Stonehenge there are twelve Long Barrows marked on the Ordnance Map. This gives a ratio of between nine and ten times the number per square mile as compared with the average (for Long Barrows) for the whole of Wiltshire. The neighbourhood of Stone-

henge must therefore have been very popular long before the Round Barrow people came upon the scene.

V. The Builders of Stonehenge

As has been noted above, the general opinion of archæologists at the present date is that Stonehenge was constructed either near the end of the Neolithic or early in the Round Barrow period. This gives us two approximate dates from which to choose, but we cannot therefore take the mean and say that the actual date was probably somewhere between the two, *i.e.*, that it was begun in the earlier period and finished in the later.

In the case of a Gothic church we may be in doubt whether it was built during the reign of Henry III. or during that of Edward I. There may be some points in favour of the Early English period and others which indicate the Decorated style. In such case we agree that the church practically belongs to both periods, and we accordingly call it 'Transition,' with probable date somewhere about 1270.

But the architecture of the Early English and of the Decorated periods in England was the work of the same race, and the development was continuous. In the case of these two alternative dates for Stonehenge, however, we cannot suppose any such continuity.

The Round Barrow people were not of the same race as the non-Aryan Neolithic people, and probably differed from them considerably in manners and customs, in religious observances, and in primitive ideas of architecture.

If Stonehenge were of Early Bronze Age date its style of architecture would therefore not be derived from previous British Neolithic practice, but would be that which had already been evolved by the Round Barrow people themselves before they came to this country.

This would sufficiently account for the fact that there is no trace in Britain of previous examples from which Stonehenge might be considered to have developed. But it would not account for the fact that no later edifice of this class was built in the thousand years or so during which these people were the dominant race in this part of Britain.

The Round Barrow people, moreover, do not appear to have been builders of megalithic structures.

If, on the other hand, we assume that Stonehenge was built towards the end of the Neolithic period, the fact that no later example of this style of building is to be found in Britain would be sufficiently accounted for by the change in conditions resulting from the Round-head invasion.

Stonehenge, as we now see it, is sadly dilapidated. During

many centuries, no doubt, it was treated as a quarry, and stones were broken up and removed.

For the outer circle of sarsens and for the five trilithons the remains nevertheless suffice to enable the plan of the original structure to be restored with complete confidence. For the blue-stone horseshoe also the general plan is fairly evident, although the exact position of some of the stones is open to some difference of opinion.

For the blue-stone circle, however, the positions of the remaining stones are so irregular and so confusing that opinions differ widely as to their original spacing and as to their probable number.

When Stonehenge was building it is probable that the blue-stone circle was the last part of the work to be erected. It has been supposed by some authorities that Stonehenge was never finished. If this were the case, the confusion in the blue-stone circle would be sufficiently accounted for.

But considering the importance of the work, it appears hardly possible that it could have been brought so near completion and then left unfinished, unless, indeed, the builders had been overtaken by some great calamity or disaster, such as a terrible outbreak of plague, or an invasion by foreign enemies followed by a savage massacre.

If we may suppose the work to have been abruptly stopped by the coming of the Round-head invaders, the date for Stonehenge would thereby be fixed exactly at the end of the Neolithic period, and just before the Round Barrow people came upon the scene. Regarded in the light of other considerations set forth in this paper, this explanation may be looked upon as not improbable.

VI. Evidence for Bronze Age Date

As evidence in favour of a Bronze Age date for Stonehenge special reliance has been placed upon two assumptions, viz.,

(*a*) That the two mounds Nos. 92 and 94, just within the surrounding earthwork, are Round Barrows ; and

(*b*) That a small stain of carbonate of copper found on a fragment of sarsen in the course of the excavations proves that bronze was in use when Stonehenge was built.

Mounds Nos. 92 *and* 94.—Regarding these supposed barrows Dr. Rice Holmes remarks :

> The stones [of Stonehenge] were certainly not standing when Round Barrows were first erected on Salisbury Plain ; for one is contained within the *vallum*, which, moreover, encroaches on another. (*Ancient Britain*, p. 476.)

It has, however, recently been shown that these earthworks are not the remains of barrows, but are the sites from which stones belonging to Stonehenge had been removed. This supposed

evidence for a Bronze Age date may therefore be regarded as finally disposed of. (See article by the writer, 'Stonehenge: Concerning the Four Stations,' in *Nature* for February 17, 1923.)

The Copper Stain.—In the course of the excavations conducted by Professor Gowland in 1901 around stone No. 56, at a depth of 7 feet was found a flat fragment of sarsen, roughly 6½ inches square by about 1½ inches thick, on which is a slight greenish stain or smear, which on analysis proved to be carbonate of copper. The stain is very small, about a quarter of an inch across, with faint traces near. The stone had evidently become detached by natural cleavage or fissure from a larger block (possibly from stone No. 56 itself), as it has 'tooling' marks on the outside. The stain is on the *inner* side of the slab which would have been next to the parent stone.

No trace of any article which might have caused the stain was found, although specially searched for, and the earth was carefully sifted with sieves of an eighth of an inch mesh. Professor Gowland remarks:

> It may perhaps have been an ornament, but cannot possibly have been an implement. (*Archæologia*, vol. 58, p. 84.)

The 'find' has been described thus fully, as it appears to be the only evidence which can now be adduced in favour of a Bronze Age date for Stonehenge. By prominent Wiltshire archæologists—Rev. E. H. Goddard, Rev. G. H. Engleheart, Capt. B. H. Cunnington—this evidence is considered to be of little or no weight.

As possible material for ornament, it may be remembered that malachite (which is carbonate of copper) is found in Cornwall.

VII. Evidence for Neolithic Date

The Stone Tools.—From the results of excavations we may be certain that the work of shaping and dressing the stones was carried out entirely with stone tools of such primitive design and of such crude workmanship that they might well be regarded, not merely as Neolithic, but early at that.

This evidence is, however, inconclusive, as it is to be remembered that bronze tools could not be used to work sarsen. So *if* Stonehenge had been constructed in the Bronze Age some such stone tools would no doubt still have been found necessary.

Fragments in Barrows.—In three of the Round Barrows near Stonehenge fragments of sarsen and of blue stone have been found with the primary interment. These chippings were undoubtedly obtained from Stonehenge, and prove that structure to have been erected before those barrows were constructed.

In a Long Barrow ('Bowles' Barrow,' near Imber) fragments of sarsen and of blue stone, apparently from Stonehenge, were found with the primary interment, suggesting that Stonehenge was of earlier date than that Neolithic barrow.

Mound No. 94.—In the article in *Nature* (February 17, 1923) to which reference has been made, it is shown that at No. 94 the Stonehenge stone which had occupied that site had in the Bronze Age already been removed. Hence we may infer that in the Bronze Age Stonehenge had ceased to be an object of interest, and that its dilapidation had even then already begun.

No Articles of Bronze.—The building of Stonehenge must have occupied a very large number of people for a considerable period. Some would be employed as foremen or as overseers, measuring and marking out the sites for the foundation pits and superintending the various operations. Gangs of workmen would be engaged in trimming and dressing the stones, shaping and repairing the tools, excavating the foundations, conveying the stones to place, erecting the stones and adjusting them in position, and carrying out various other operations incidental to this great work.

This large number of people were employed all over the site. They were coming and going day after day for probably several years. From time to time there would, moreover, be festivals, religious observances, quarrels, crimes, punishments, accidents, and various other events.

If the work had been executed in the Bronze Age some at least of these people would have had articles of bronze in their possession —weapons or implements, ornaments, buttons or pins for fastening their clothing. In the course of various events on this great undertaking, occupying so many people for so long a period, some (probably many) of these articles would be lost, stolen, hidden, dropped in foundation pits, or broken and trodden into the ground.

But no weapon, tool, implement, ornament, bead, button, pin or any fragment of any such article of bronze was found in the course of the excavations. And yet the earth from the excavations was carefully screened with sieves which would have detected any object of a size greater than one-eighth of an inch.

With these facts before us, it appears scarcely conceivable that the work could have been executed in the Bronze Age.

VIII. General Conclusion

On the considerations set forth in the foregoing pages we may conclude that Stonehenge was constructed before the coming of the Round Barrow people, and that its date would be near the close of the Neolithic period, somewhere about 2000 B.C.

E. Herbert Stone.

AFTER WATERLOO

What followed Waterloo? Nobody reads about it. Nobody knows. (MR. LLOYD GEORGE, July 28, 1922.)

Never during the whole industrial history of our country have employers and workpeople found themselves in such a plight as to-day. Never before has any Government faced such a situation with so brazen and criminal a failure to take adequate measures for dealing with conditions which mean ruin both to individuals and the nation (MR. GEORGE LANSBURY, August 10, 1923)

IT is evident from the second of these utterances that its author has taken no notice of the first and has not devoted any portion of the intervening twelve months to a little historical research. If he had he could hardly have made such a sweeping statement. Not that there is anything exceptional in it; similar statements are constantly proceeding from members of the Labour Party and other persons who wish to deal the Government a blow or to foment discontent in general. The economic state of the country and unemployment in particular are stock missiles. I take Mr. Lansbury's outburst because it is a handy and emphatic expression of a typical sentiment. And if I challenge its validity it is not in order to defend the Government, which is not my business, or for any other partisan purpose, but for the sake of historical accuracy. Mr. Lloyd George's remarks last year caught my eye because, as it happened, I had for some time been studying the period to which he referred and had written a good deal about it. It is a most interesting and, in my opinion, instructive study, but far too extensive for anything approaching adequate treatment in a single article in these days of contracted space. I can only pick out a few points for notice.

The reason why this period is so interesting to-day is that it is the only one at all comparable with the present. There are many points of resemblance, and in some respects the parallelism is remarkable. The divergence is not less so, and both resemblances and differences are instructive. The chief points of resemblance lie on the surface. They are a long war of defence waged with allies against military aggression, involving the utmost strain on all the resources of the country, with great economic dislocation, brought at length to a successful conclusion and followed by

general exhaustion. The exhaustion is the point of the most immediate interest. It was quite as great after the French war as after the German, for if the strain was less intense then it was far more prolonged. France, already at war with Austria and Prussia, had declared war on England in February 1793, and had carried it on for more than twenty-two years with two intervals of truce lasting fourteen months and ten months. During that long conflict, which for the greater part of the time was conducted against us by an incomparable military genius and the most formidable antagonist this country has ever had, many other things occurred to increase the burden. There were wars with the United States, with native rulers in India, with the Dutch and the Danes; there were military expeditions to South America and the Cape, several rebellions in Ireland, industrial riots at home, a mutiny in the Navy, suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act and of payment by the Bank of England, the assassination of a Prime Minister, and various other minor troubles. The surprising thing is not that the country emerged exhausted and loaded with debt, but that it passed through this terrible period at all without collapse. It was such a little country in numbers. In 1811 the population of Great Britain was only twelve millions, of England only ten millions. The great secret of its economic strength seems to have been the balance between agriculture and industry which marked this particular period. Industry was expanding rapidly, but not yet out of all proportion to agriculture. The country had ceased to export grain about the beginning of the period, but it was still practically self-supporting one year with another, and though the population increased more rapidly than it had ever done before or has done since, through the expansion of industry, the production of food increased with it, so that the average importation of wheat remained small and almost stationary. At the same time our growing manufactures had the world's market to themselves to a degree never since equalled, and during the war our command of the sea became supreme. This combination, which was unique and temporary, happened to coincide with the war and the period immediately following.

Here, then, are some striking resemblances and differences in the preliminary conditions. In what follows the resemblances stand out more prominently than the differences; and they are, indeed, surprisingly numerous. History does repeat itself, though always with a difference. It is curious how many of the questions which agitate men's minds to-day were canvassed then, down to such matters as smoke prevention, birth control, cruelty to animals, and the price of beer. The larger questions attending the transition from war to peace—finance, taxation, trade, industry, employment, etc.—presented themselves in essentially the

same forms as to-day, though everything was on a smaller scale, of course. It is with these that I shall here chiefly deal.

Great economic troubles followed the Napoleonic wars and were accompanied by unemployment, distress, agitation and disorder. The same causes were named, the same criticisms were made, and the same remedies proposed as in our own day. And these troubles continued, with oscillations, for many years. A bird's-eye view can, perhaps, be best given by means of brief chronological notes.

1815. Expenditure, 120 millions; ordinary revenue, 46 millions; National Debt, 860 millions—43*l.* a head. Great agricultural depression, accentuated after Waterloo, in spite of Corn Law; many farmers ruined; farms thrown out of cultivation and labourers out of work. Riots in the north. Corn Law, restricting importation, passed.

1816. General stagnation of trade, extreme agricultural depression. 'Bread or blood' riots in eastern counties by unemployed labourers. Whole villages on poor rates. Industrial depression; foreign countries too poor to buy; factories closed down or on short time. Riot in London with firearms after mass meeting of unemployed. Fall of wages and great rise of grain prices after bad harvest. Strong criticisms of enormous peace establishment of Army and Navy.

1817. Continued depression and unemployment; wide-spread distress; one-third of the population in Birmingham on the poor rates. Public relief works. Much emigration. Active agitation for revolutionary political changes. Outrage on Prince Regent at opening of Parliament. March of 'Blanketeers' (unemployed) from Manchester. Fears of revolutionary plots. Suspension of Habeas Corpus Act. Excessive expenditure and taxation blamed depression. Some improvement in latter part of the year.

1818. Trade and industry reviving; cotton active. Strike of spinners; rioting by weavers at Burnley. Peel's Factory Act introduced. Much discussion on currency and exchange.

1819. Optimistic spirit prevalent, but checked in the spring by sudden return of depression. Imports fall six millions, exports nine millions. Distress; strikes; riots. Sydney Smith predicts 'war of the rich against the poor.' Peterloo (fatal charge of Yeomanry on mass meeting in Manchester). Robert Owen's Utopian plan of small co-operative settlements. Universal gloom (fifth winter after Waterloo).

1820. Continued depression. Serious outbreak threatened in Lanarkshire, people said to be in a state of 'absolute destitution.' Collision with Yeomanry at Bonnymuir. Cato Street conspiracy of Thistlewood to assassinate the Cabinet. Distress world-wide. Petition of London merchants in favour of Free

Trade. Partial improvement later in year, but agriculture worse than ever.

1821. Continued agricultural distress. Ruinous losses. Deflation of currency blamed. High taxation blamed. Strong demand for retrenchment and reduced taxation. Special taxation of fund-holders proposed. Free Trade and non-interference by Government advocated. Protection demanded. Gold coin payments resumed.

1822. General demand by all classes for reduced expenditure, Government 'badgered to death.' Trade improving. Riots and outrages (Whiteboys) in Ireland. Potato famine. Large relief funds. Distress relieved and outrages resumed.

1823. Continued agitation about the state of agriculture. Currency blamed again. Wild policy advocated by Cobbett. Proposed reduction of interest on debt and 'revision of contracts.' Sudden rice of corn prices. Agitation dropped. Optimism. Rising commercial activity.

1824. Recovery of agriculture. General prosperity (ninth year after Waterloo). Repeal of Combination Acts.

It is impossible to run through this condensed record of ten years without being struck by the similarity to our own recent and current experiences. Since, as I have already said, agriculture then occupied a far more important place in the national economy than it does now, its depressed state produced correspondingly severer effects, and the plunge from an artificial war prosperity to the collapse of the market in peace was also more sudden. But broadly we see the same phenomena, the same troubles, the same confused and excited discussion of causes and remedies, the same agitations, the same hopes and fears, the same miscalculations, the same helplessness. It is like looking into a mirror. Yet there was peace in Europe, at any rate for five years; and then the disorders that arose were of a minor character—revolutionary movements in the Peninsula and Italy, war in the Balkans against Turkey, and small things of that kind. The Great Powers were peaceful, and the Allies did not quarrel. We were on good terms with France, who played the game and carried out her obligations. We lent her money. The indemnity of 700 million francs was reduced and paid off in less than the time allowed. The army of occupation was completely withdrawn in 1818. Indeed, there was no considerable war for thirty-nine years, and then France was our ally. There was no war on the grand scale until Wilhelm II. persuaded himself that he was a Napoleon, one hundred years later.

In spite of this comparative tranquillity and absence of obstacles to the resumption of trade, the economic depression was quite as severe and general as in our own time, quite as resistant to reme-

dies; and the distress it caused was far more intense. Statistics are scanty, but there is enough precise evidence to establish the fact. The conditions about which the most exact data are available happen to be the most informing of all and sufficient in themselves to indicate the state of affairs. We know the population, the expenditure on Poor Law relief and the price of wheat, on which the price of bread depends. No regular statistics of the number of paupers were kept before 1849, but a return was made to Parliament in 1803 which gave the number in England and Wales as 1,040,716 in a total population of about nine millions—one person in nine. The expenditure on relief was over four millions sterling, with the average price of wheat at 57*s.* a quarter. In 1815, with a population of eleven millions, the expenditure on relief had risen to 5½ millions, and in 1818 to nearly eight millions, or approximately double the amount in 1803. This was partly due to the high price of wheat, which stood at 83*s.* 8*d.*; but it also indicates a very large increase of pauperism. That year was the high-water mark of Poor Law expenditure, which fell in subsequent years with the falling price of wheat; but in 1821, with a population of twelve millions, it was still seven millions, or 75 per cent. more than in 1803, though the price of wheat was less, namely, 54*s.* against 57*s.* When all allowance has been made it is clear that a considerably larger proportion of the population was on the rates at this time than in 1803, perhaps half as many again.

Now in 1803 the proportion was 111 per 1000 of the population. At the end of 1922, when pauperism reached its highest point since the war, the proportion was only 48 per 1000, or considerably less than one half that of 1803. In fact, the total number of persons in receipt of poor relief last December in Great Britain, with a population of over forty-two millions, was actually less than the number in England alone, with a population of nine millions, in 1803. And, as we have seen, the 1803 figures were largely increased in the post-Waterloo period. Of course, this was the period when the old Poor Law was administered with growing laxity and the practice of giving relief to supplement wages—which some people wish to revive—was increasing; but the very fact indicates the prevailing state of distress that followed the war. There was no unemployment insurance of any kind, for trade unions were still under the ban of the law; and the friendly societies, which then made some provision for sickness as well as for death, were in such a bad way that their inability to save members from poor relief led to the Act of 1819, which aimed at 'affording encouragement to persons desirous of making provision for themselves or their families out of the fruits of their own industry.' The only resources were, in fact, the Poor Law and charity; and consequently the distress caused by economic

depression was much more intense. But the depression itself, which is a different thing from the distress caused by it, was more severe so far as we can judge. The proportion of the population thrown on the Poor Law by unemployment and under-employment in 1819 was certainly far greater than that represented by the numbers receiving unemployment pay and poor relief last December put together. Since the expenditure on one million paupers in 1803 was four millions, the expenditure of 7½ millions in 1819 must have meant at least 1½ million paupers, which represents one in nine of the population. The combined number receiving unemployment pay and poor relief in Great Britain last winter was 2,400,000, which represents one in eighteen of the population.

When all allowance has been made for error it is certain that destitution was far more wide-spread in the years following Waterloo than in these later ones that we are witnessing; and at the same time the price of bread was higher. The following comparative table shows the average prices of wheat per quarter:

	s.	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*
1816	76	2	1919	72	11
1817	94	0	1920	80	10
1818	83	8	1921	71	6
1819	72	3	1922	47	10

The price, being more dependent on the home harvest a century ago, was also more irregular and apt to soar up to famine heights. For instance, in the winter of 1816–17 it rose to 103*s.*, and in the following June to 111*s.* 6*d.*, which meant 1*s.* 9*d.* the loaf. And what of wages in these conditions for such as had work at all? There are no comprehensive statistics, but quite enough scattered details to indicate the state of things. Porter gives some tables of weekly wages in different occupations and different towns for a series of years, but does not say how he obtained them. Those for Manchester and Glasgow are the most complete, and it will be sufficient to take the year 1819, which corresponds with 1922:

WEEKLY WAGES, 1819

	Manchester.		Glasgow.	
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
Carpenters	25	0	14	0
Bricklayers	22	6	16	0
Masons	22	0	15	0
Tailors	18	6	20	0
Shoemakers	16	0	15	0
Weavers (hand-loom)	9	6	5	0
Labourers	7	6	15	0

From other details given in Parliament in the course of debate it is clear that Porter's figures are rather over than under the

mark. In Birmingham ironworkers were getting in 1817 from 10s. to 18s. a week instead of 18s. to 42s.; nailers were getting 8s. or 9s., arms-makers 7s. 6d., 'common artificers' 1s. a day, which was also the wage of agricultural labourers; the average earnings of Lancashire weavers fell to 4s. 3½d. a week at the beginning of 1817. In 1819 Carlisle weavers, working fourteen to seventeen hours a day, earned from 5s. to 7s. a week, and struck against a reduction of wages, for which they did not blame the employers, but attributed it to the depressed state of the cotton trade. In Manchester a fifteen-hour day brought in 6s. a week, and some people were employed at 2s. 6d. or 3s. a week.

Enough has been said to show that conditions were far worse after Waterloo than to-day; and the recovery took a very long time. There were occasional spurts of trade, but they soon died away. The 'general prosperity' in 1824, which closes the chronological decade given above, did not last. Looking back on it, all one can see is that the country slowly drew itself out of the economic slough, with slippings back at irregular intervals. The facts do not fit the theory of 'cyclical' depressions any more than they do now; there is oscillation, but it is much too irregular and uncertain to be called cyclical. Post-war depression is evidently quite different from the more rhythmical, though still unsymmetrical, movement of ordinary times. It would indeed be very strange if it were not.

It has already been said that the deplorable condition of the country was put down to the same causes as to-day, and the same remedies were proposed, except the abolition of capitalism, which had not then been invented. The earliest and most vehement criticisms were directed against the excessive expenditure, particularly on the Forces, and against the consequent excessive taxation. The Labour Party to-day constantly charges the 'governing classes,' which means the other parties, with inordinate love of militarism and imperialism, and claims credit for alone opposing those tendencies; but 'Labour' has applied no more effective criticism or stronger opposition than did members of the governing classes, particularly in the House of Lords, after Waterloo. For instance, Lord Wellesley, the distinguished brother of the Duke of Wellington and a great Indian administrator, insisted that the real cause of the national distress was not the transition to peace or the inflated currency, but the inordinate expenditure, particularly on the army and Government establishments in general, which ought all to be reduced. Peace had not brought with it the usual benefits of peace, for the country was not delivered from 'that unconstitutional evil a standing army.' Brougham declared in the House of Commons that 'the increase of our colonial empire, far from being the justification of a standing army that exhausted our resources while it endangered our liberties, was an

aggravation of the charge, because it was an increase of the very same evils which that standing army produced.' No Socialist orator could be more sweeping. 'On we went,' he said, 'every successive war occupying a boundless extent of sugar island and barren rocks of high military importance.' Not content with Gibraltar, we must have Malta, must have Ceylon; not content with Trinidad and Tobago, we took on ourselves the permanent burden of most of the Dutch colonies, all to benefit a few favoured individuals in Liverpool.' And these sentiments, be it observed, were greeted with loud and repeated cheers. Lord Holland said that we had a revenue almost beyond the endurance of a loyal people, an expenditure beyond that revenue; and we acted on a system of foreign policy—and also of domestic policy, if Ireland were included—beyond that expenditure. Lord Grey pointed out that a sound financial policy should be based not on what the Government would like, but on what the country could afford.

Such were the voices of the Opposition in those days. The Government maintained that the economic depression and distress, which were not denied, were due to the dislocation caused by the transition to peace, the reduction of expenditure, the withdrawal of the Government from the market and the return to civil life of men discharged from the Forces. All true enough, no doubt, but inadequate; they held that the depression was temporary, wherein they were mistaken if 'temporary' meant that it would soon pass. The taxation was undoubtedly crushing, and since it was mainly indirect, hardly anything escaped. Sydney Smith's account in the *Edinburgh Review* is worth reproducing. He was writing about America and warning Jonathan against a hankering after naval glory:

We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory—TAXES upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste—taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth and in the waters under the earth—on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of men—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge and on the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribands of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a licence of 100*l.* for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent.

Besides the probate large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel, his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he is then gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more.

Of course every interest clamoured for relief, but the most strenuous opposition was directed against the income tax, or property tax, as it was called, although according to present war standards it was very light. It had been originally imposed by Pitt, in 1798, as a war tax. There was exemption under 60*l.*, a graduated tax between 60*l.* and 200*l.*, and a maximum of 10 per cent., or 2*s.* in the pound, over 200*l.* It was given up in 1802, when the treaty of Amiens was concluded, but reimposed on the renewal of war. It was tolerated for the sake of the war, but always detested, not so much on account of the burden as because of the inquisitorial methods adopted for its collection. The tax was trebled in cases of false returns, and half the surplus paid to informers who led to detection. Consequently, as Southey declared, espionage became a regular trade. Evidently taxpayers expected it to be taken off at the end of the war, and the resentment was so great when the Government proposed in 1816 merely to reduce it to 1*s.* that the House of Commons threw it out.

However, the Government yielded to the storm about extravagance, which was not confined to the Army and Navy, and did reduce expenditure, which was brought down from 120 millions in 1815 to seventy millions in 1816, and much lower in succeeding years. If anything, the reduction was at first too large or too sudden, and itself heightened the economic disorder at the time, but the Government were on the right road, and the temporary revival of trade which began at the end of 1817 showed it. Why was trade so excessively bad in these years ? The demand was there, and every desire to supply ; yet they could not come together. So consumers perished for lack of things, while producers were unemployed. The same paradox has been reproduced in these latter days, and we know the reasons given—debt, expenditure, taxation, currency, exchange, industrial troubles. Some people lay stress on this, others on that ; and so it was 100 years ago. But the condition most often named to-day as the obstacle to revival, namely the disturbed international situation and the continued state of belligerency or semi-belligerency, did not exist then. France, as I have already said, played the game, and the army of occupation was wholly withdrawn in 1818 ; fear of Napoleon, which was natural enough after his escape from Elba, gradually died down and ceased altogether before he died in 1821. The much-derided Holy Alliance did keep the peace far better than the League of Nations ; and we can see, looking back, that there was no ground for the fears, so widely prevalent to-day, of a

renewal of war on the grand scale. It did not come, in fact, until Germany bred a would-be Napoleon.

Yet they could not get trade going again in a steady way. There were signs of revival at intervals, and hope sprang up, but only to be dashed down again in a little while. Squire Western, the champion of agriculture in the House of Commons, put his finger on a point which the Socialists believe to be peculiarly their own, though Sismondi expounded it pretty fully in 1819; and that is the evil of under-consumption due to low wages and unemployment:

> However fast [he said] the price of provisions has fallen, the earnings of labour have recently fallen faster still, so that those who live by the labour of their hands cannot command so much of the comforts of life as when they were nearly double the price which they are now. They starve in the midst of plenty.

There seems to be no reason why this should not be adjusted in a self-contained country, and the various projects for a new system of currency, which keep cropping up to excite a passing curiosity, are really intended to effect such an adjustment by balancing supply and demand or production and consumption through a more elastic medium of exchange. But no country is sufficiently self-contained for it to work. Suppose that by some juggling of this kind wages were put up in relation to prices, as Socialists are urging, you would get increased demand and consumption in the home market, but the foreign market would be unaffected, and that is the trouble.

It is so now, and it was so after Waterloo. When peace came, manufacturers expected to do a great trade and prepared for it; but foreign countries were too poor to buy: stocks were thrown on the makers' hands; they had to close down or go on short time. To make things worse, foreign countries closed their doors by protective tariffs. There had at first been a brisk trade with North and South America, but in 1816 the United States adopted a prohibitive tariff, and this was the cause of the extraordinary depression and distress in 1817. Consequently, although international relations in Europe were more peaceful and more settled than they are now, this country, which was already more dependent on foreign trade than any other, derived little or no economic benefit from the fact. Hence the demand for Free Trade, which made its first formal appearance at this time. The Petition of the Merchants of London, drawn up by Thomas Tooke and presented to Parliament in 1820, marks the adoption of the principle. It pointed out the advantages of foreign trade, the errors and evils of Protection and the need of freedom from restraint; and it was followed by similar petitions from Glasgow and Manchester. It was presented to the House in a speech which described Great

Britain as the only country in which every branch of industry remained not merely as depressed as, but much more depressed than, it had hitherto been, while all other parts of Europe were recovering. It is more than a coincidence that in 1921 the bankers of the United Kingdom issued an appeal recalling the petition of 1820 and repeating its arguments. But all theories seem inadequate to explain fully and all devices to amend quickly the conditions produced by a great war. There is an unidentified element in the state of economic exhaustion, which time alone can cure.

Room must be found for one more item in this brief comparative study. There was no organised Socialism 100 years ago —it was being born at that very time—and still less was there any Bolshevism ; but the prevailing distress produced a great popular ferment, which was fostered by peripatetic agitators and, having no other outlet than useless petitions to Parliament, readily broke out into rioting. There was much more disorder in Great Britain than we have witnessed in our day, and some of these manifestations certainly wore an alarming aspect ; but it is equally certain that there was not enough to justify the severe measures taken and the repressive incidents that occurred. Some revolutionary elements there were. The Spenceans—so called after Thomas Spence, the Newcastle lecturer, who in 1775 had advocated the nationalisation of land and the single tax originally propounded by Turgot, and later revived by Henry George—formed the left wing, but they were a small and uninfluential body. The populace had no revolutionary ardour ; whenever trade revived and things improved, agitation died away. But the French Revolution still reverberated in men's minds, and authority was nervous. In 1817 secret committees of both Houses reported an alarming state of things, whereupon the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended ; but many men of weight and position thought the alarm exaggerated, and eighteen peers recorded a protest against the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in the journals of the House of Lords. To-day it is the nervous folk who are in a minority.

A. Shadwell.

GERMANY'S AMAZING NEW FLEET

The creation of a united Germany under the Bismarckian *régime* led, with the aid of a carefully considered system of Protection, to the industrialisation of the whole country and the simultaneous development of scientific agriculture. The commercial results of Bismarck's experiment, synchronising as they did with an age of technical progress, converted Central Europe into a vast laboratory of steel, and steam, and electricity.

The growth of a German mercantile marine was a natural concomitant of this industrial development. By 1914 the country had built for itself an immense mercantile fleet of steel ships, with an aggregate of more than 5,100,000 gross register tons. By stubbornly safeguarding its own markets, while with impunity exploiting ours, the Fatherland had by that time at last waxed fat enough to kick. Fortunately for us, the sword of Bismarck found in the industrial Germany he had created no hand strong and skilful enough to wield it, and the Imperial pigmy who essayed the task only succeeded in wrecking his own country, and with it Europe.

On November 10, 1918, the Hohenzoller had to flee the country, not, forsooth, because he had made the war, but because he had by his muddling so disastrously lost it.

The Kaiser went, and with him went, as a part of the penalty inflicted on Germany for the woe she had wrought, the German Navy and the German Mercantile Marine.

No sooner had the ink dried on the Treaty of Versailles than the Germans, with admirable dourness and doggedness, set to work to build up again their old sea power. They have begun with their mercantile fleet, and will, with Thor's blessing, proceed to their navy later.

They have had to start again almost from scratch, and to the sudden amazement of the world, after only three years' work, already have an almost brand-new fleet of some 2¾ million tons afloat, that is to say, practically one-half of the total shipping they possessed in their palmiest days before the war. The new fleet is splendidly organised on a system of national co-operation never before seen in the world, and is backed by the whole phalanx

of Germany's great industrial trusts. That Germany as a conquered nation, while still groaning under what her Press with one accord decries as the 'shameful economic tyranny of Versailles,' should have achieved such a feat, is a thing unparalleled in the history of maritime *débâcles*. Happily for the Fatherland, Great Britain had among the statesmen she sent to represent her at the council table of Versailles neither a Cato nor a Scipio.

What are the main facts? In 1917, that is to say, at a time when the ruthless submarine campaign was still in full swing, and when Germany still reckoned on bringing perfidious Albion to her knees and making her pay for all the crockery the *furor Teutonicus* was breaking in the world's china shop, the big German shipping companies concluded an agreement with the Government by which the latter undertook to rebuild, ton for ton, at the close of the war all the German ships that had been lost.

As things turned out this agreement could not be fulfilled.

By the Treaty of Versailles, that came into force on January 10, 1920, Germany was compelled to surrender to the Entente all mercantile vessels of more than 1600 tons, as well as half of the vessels between 1000 and 1500 tons and one quarter of her fishing fleet. She also had to give up all such ships as were still on the stocks or whose keels had been laid down previous to January 10, 1920. In addition to these sacrifices, Germany was bound for a period of five years to build for the Entente 200,000 tons a year in German yards. (England has since renounced her claim to this part of the reparations.) The German shipping companies had, moreover, to forfeit the valuable piers and docks their ships had used in Entente ports before the war, while a further stipulation bound Germany to internationalise the trading rights on her big rivers, such as the Elbe, the Oder and the Danube, on the ground that these rivers served as essential transit routes to the liberated countries on her periphery.

Germany had furthermore to promise to give to British and foreign shipping the right to trade without hindrance in German ports; British and foreign firms were not to be subjected to any charge or tax other or higher than those imposed by Germany on her own nationals.

In accordance with this treaty, the German ships early in 1920 by twos and threes left their moorings in the Elbe, the Weser, the Oder and the Pregel, and stole away without shanty or mariner's halloa across the North Sea to the British dockyards, and the big liners of the Hamburg-Amerika Line and the North German Lloyd, the so-called 'embargo ships' that had taken refuge in United States ports at the outbreak of the war, were at the same time finally transferred to the Stars and Stripes. The big German companies were thus left in possession of about 420,000 tons of

only the smallest type of tonnage. The director of the North German Lloyd wrote bitterly at the time, lamenting that almost all that was left to his company of its proud pre-war fleet of 1,000,000 tons was a tender which before the war had been used to convey passengers on board the N.D.L. liners.

The year 1920, therefore, counts as the year 1 in the reconstruction of the German Mercantile Marine. In the main two stages are distinguishable in the development of the new fleet. The first stage is the period of repurchase of its own confiscated shipping; the second is the period, from 1921 to the end of 1923, characterised by the feverish building of new tonnage in the German yards under the artificially cheap rates made possible by a policy of inflation. Sporadic purchase of cheap foreign tonnage has accompanied the latter part of the second phase.

The close of 1923 marks not only the end of the period of cheap reconstruction, but also the beginning of the period when shipbuilding in German yards, at least for German owners, becomes so dear as to be prohibitive, so that the period now beginning will be characterised, if by any increase at all, only by that of ships acquired second-hand from the unremunerative surplus tonnage of other maritime nations.

Germany's great shipping deal of 1920-21 was made possible by the decision of the British Cabinet to sell by auction a large proportion of the ships surrendered by Germany. By taking advantage of Lord Inchcape's 'clearing sale' Germany was able to buy back for a comparatively small sum about 491,000 tons of her old shipping, including the Hamburg South American liner the *Cap Polonio*, of 20,597 tons, built in 1914. The German companies have never ceased to congratulate themselves upon the business acumen which led them to make this fortunate bargain, and they point out with some glee how Lord Inchcape, the 'man with the hammer,' as they call him, was induced by a stratagem to knock down to neutrals acting as German agents ships which he was loth to sell, even at a higher figure, direct to German bidders.

In the meantime the German shipping companies, with the financial co-operation of the great German steel works and shipbuilding yards, had boldly launched out on an ambitious reconstruction programme. The German Government supported the undertaking with might and main. By an agreement come to with the companies in the spring of 1920 it undertook to provide funds to the amount of 12,000,000,000 marks for the rebuilding of one third of the tonnage surrendered. Owing to the subsequent constant depreciation of the mark, the Government had to be repeatedly called upon to pay additional sums in order to bring the payments up to a total of something like their original value. What the sums thus paid by the Government actually were has

long been more or less of a mystery. According to a statement made on the authority of the Hamburg Shipowners' Association, the Government paid the companies the last instalment in March 1923, the whole sum paid under this heading amounting to 116,000,000,000 marks (paper). This amount the Association estimates to have been equal to about 25,000,000*l*.

The Schiffbau Treuhand Bank, which was in 1920 entrusted with the disbursement of the sums granted for the rebuilding of the mercantile fleet, finally closed down on October 1, 1923. When the Bank was inaugurated it was estimated that its task would take at least ten years to complete. As a matter of fact, it has been accomplished in little more than three.

In the three years from July 1, 1920, to July 1, 1923, the tonnage launched from German yards to the order of German owners has averaged at a low estimate about 500,000 tons per annum. In order to estimate the magnitude of this effort it may be recalled that the output of the German yards on behalf of German owners in the three years immediately preceding the war averaged only about 300,000 tons per annum.

The new German mercantile fleet on July 1, 1923, amounted to 2,490,000 gross registered tons. At the present moment there are in the German yards a little over 100,000 gross registered tons awaiting completion for German companies. It is stated that new orders for shipping are not to be expected when once these new ships have been launched. Exact figures are not yet available for the output between July 1 and December 31, 1923, but including the 100,000 tons just mentioned, it may reasonably be assumed that at the close of 1923 Germany will possess an aggregate of 2¾ million gross register tons afloat.

The financial manœuvres of the German shipping companies, and especially the manner in which the inflation policy has been exploited by the great industrial magnates acting in collusion with the shipping companies and the shipbuilding works, have aroused a good deal of criticism outside Germany. The retort of the shipping companies is that their policy was fully justified by the needs of the nation as a whole. If by faltering they had missed this wonderful opportunity for commercial recuperation, Germany might well have had to wait many years before regaining a place on the sea; in the meantime the whole of the overseas trade upon which she is to such a large extent dependent, to say nothing of the vast transit trade done by such ports as Bremen and Hamburg, would have been forfeited in favour of the foreign shipping companies that swarmed into the North Sea ports after the war.

'To be perfectly frank,' said a leading Hamburg banker to me last week, 'one must confess that German labour has been sadly exploited in the process of reconstructing the mercantile

fleet' ('*Die deutsche Handelsflotte ist auf dem Rücken des deutschen Arbeiters gebaut worden*'). 'It is no less true, however, that the fleet could not have been built without very considerable sacrifices on the part of the German capitalist as well. The capitalist has had to forego his dividends by continually reinvesting his profits in the laying down of new keels.'

This argument would seem to limp, in so far as it forgets that the capitalist has been very considerably helped by the Government's milliards, and that he has now a handsome commercial asset in his possession, while the German working man has only the remembrance of some very lean and ill-paid years.

It is a well-known fact that the German Mercantile Marine has been earning copious profits since again taking up its old trade routes. When shipowners are reminded that they have been demanding payment in dollars and pounds sterling while paying their own employees, wherever possible, in unstable paper marks, they urge that they are obliged to pay for many of the commodities used in the shipping trade, *e.g.*, coal, oil, lubricants, textiles, ship's paint, etc., in foreign currencies. True, they say, the German seaman has had to be content with three pounds a month or less where the British sailor was getting nine, but as a set-off to this there has been the extra outlay entailed by the three-shift system, which the Socialists have made compulsory on German merchant ships, and by the cost of converting and altering ships so that they may comply with the post-Revolution regulations for the comfort of the crew.

A still further financial privilege enjoyed by the German shipping companies under the inflation system has been the opportunity which that system has afforded them of redeeming their pre-war loans and mortgages by paying what are really mere fractions of the original debt incurred. The Hamburg-Amerika Line, for example, is stated to have paid off in March 1923 an old debt of 500,000*l.* with an actual expenditure of a paltry 100*l.* This has been made possible by the ruling of the German courts that a 'mark's a mark for a' that.' German companies paying off in this manner their debts to their fellow-countrymen are naturally at liberty with their new assets as security to take up new loans abroad in dollars or other stable currencies and thus to perform with ease financial operations quite beyond the power of their British *confrères*. The Hamburg bank director above referred to smilingly admitted that the shipping companies had got rid of various burdensome loans in this way, but insisted that the companies had also lost money in the same way, owing to the fact that people who owed them money had in their turn exercised the same right to pay in depreciated paper marks. This had been the case, he asserted,

with the immense war loan debts payable to the Hamburg-Amerika Line and other companies by the State. In the universal gamble that inevitably ensues under such a policy of inflation, those who are financially imaginative come out on top, while the ordinary citizen, possessed of no such financial *flair*, is naturally reduced to beggary.

In these latter years, owing to the phenomena connected with inflation, the German shipping companies have enjoyed the further advantage of paying next to nothing in taxation. The months that elapsed between the assessment and the collecting of the tax often saw the amount dwindle to comparative nothingness. This exemption from the burdens of taxation is also acknowledged by the shipping companies, their only comment being that, if they had been obliged to pay a normal sum in the way of taxation, they could never have achieved what they have done.

In short, in the great transfer of the wealth of Germany from the pockets of the many to the pockets of the few—a transfer that always characterises inflation—it must be confessed that the German shipping companies have not come off at all badly.

It must be remembered in this connection that the German population has for the past four years been schooled by the Press to attribute to the 'infamous reparation demands of the Entente' the general impoverishment and the ills of all kinds that in reality have accrued from the inflation system. The self-wrought woes of Germany have been utilised to fan the flame of national indignation against every injustice and folly except those perpetrated by Germany's own Government.

Paradoxical as it may sound, intellectual Germany has in these years of tribulation learned more thoroughly than ever before the necessity of united national action for national ends, even where those ends are merely commercial. The big German shipping companies have been among the first to encourage this reborn nationalism, and the two most important of them, the gigantic Hamburg-Amerika Line and the North German Lloyd, are among the most fervid exponents of the theory that the German economic area should be for the German flag, a spirit, it must be admitted, that is becoming increasingly prevalent in most countries.

The Hamburg-Amerika and the Lloyd are, moreover, leaders in the remarkable new system of highly organised trusts that characterises the new Germany, whose watchword is 'national industrial co-operation.' In the days before the war these two companies were often keen rivals. Nowadays, while respecting each other's spheres of interest, they work into each other's hands wherever possible. Around these two companies are grouped a

score of other German shipping firms, all alike recognising the principle of national collaboration in a united effort to bring Germany to the front again.

The very important and interesting commercial *entente* between the two great American lines, the United States lines and the United American lines on the one hand and the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-Amerika Line on the other, forms a chapter by itself.

No one in Germany is blind to the fact that in a world overstocked with shipping, as is the case at present, the coming years are likely to put to a severe test the staying powers of the Reich. Germany, nevertheless, full of confidence in her own industrial strength and in the youthful energy of her 60 millions of inhabitants firmly embastioned in Central Europe, looks forward to regaining in a few years the maritime laurels she has lost on the Seven Seas.

As long as her aims in commerce are aims that can be achieved in the field of fair competition, and as long as there is no inclination to return to the use of the submarine as a form of economic argument, Germany need have no fear that outside nations will have any desire to prevent her winning a place in the peaceful comity of nations. It is of vital importance for Germany herself, and for Europe in general, that she should by thoroughly frank and straightforward action finally convince those among her former enemies who still hesitate to trust her that a return to prosperity need not mean a renewed appeal to a policy of 'blood and iron.'

F. SEFTON DELMER.

EDUCATION AND 'ECONOMY'

It is not to be supposed that the economy campaign which found its principal expression in the Geddes Committee will be allowed to flag in the New Year. The *panem et circenses* offered by the traditional Clodius have been replaced in these more enlightened days by 'reduced taxation.' 'Economy,' 'the spending departments,' 'the people's money'—these will always be popular cries with the politicians. It is so easy and so true to cry out that the Government is spending more than it ought, that it is wasting the people's money, that a Government of business men, etc., etc. He would be a feeble demagogue who neglected such a slogan, one which puts him in an attitude of protection towards his hearers while at the same time absolving him from any of the uncomfortable necessities of a constructive programme.

We must not be surprised therefore when these skilful axemen of our public life, these fearless loppers off of the green and sappy brushwood of Government departments, grow drunk with their own facility in the use of the instrument, and, in an access of patriotism, lay the axe to the root of the tree, the Department of Education. Whether they be merely opportunists and time-servers, scum which at all costs must float on one wave or the other, or those more dangerous, because sincere, blind products of the board school who, never having tasted education, imagine it to be, like port, an immoral luxury of the rich, it is all one: the taxpayer groaning beneath his burdens welcomes them with joy. 'Education must go!' they shout. 'Your children will cost you less!'

A few weeks ago a writer in one of the papers put forward a grave indictment of the Board of Education. He showed how the Board undid in secret the work it publicly professed, how nursery schools, though sanctioned by Parliament, were not allowed to come into being, how area schemes were discouraged, and how the day continuation schools, admittedly the most important provision of the Fisher Act, were not being opened. It would be easy to pour the acid of criticism over the whole of the secondary and board school education of to-day until little remained unscorched, to expatiate on the folly of turning boys and girls

out into the world at fourteen with little prospect of finding employment, to prove that an attempt to teach a class of sixty-five, a number common in elementary schools, though the legal size is fifty, is a forlorn hope; that even the classes of thirty-five and thirty of the secondary schools are twice as large as they ought to be if the children are to receive an education, and not a mere stuffing with facts. We might expose at some length the hard lot of the teacher who, though somewhat better off financially than he was in the past, has to work far too many hours a day for his teaching to be other than mechanical and a burden.

All this would be easy and comparatively futile. For in tearing down such pieces of the fabric we should effect no more than do the amateur doctors of our body politic when they re-shuffle the symptoms of the disease and agree that the teeth, and not the appendix, as was formerly suspected, are the true cause of the patient's raving delirium. Nothing gives them more pleasure than this, nothing a greater sense of the busy use of power so dear to them. As for us, we must go deeper than the outward sign if we are to discover the true seat of the cancer.

In one sense it is ridiculous to write, as does the author of the article referred to, of the Board of Education thwarting the wish of the people as expressed through Parliament. It is because the Fisher Act does not express the real wish of the people that the Board of Education is able to circumvent it. If the people really desired their children to receive a good education more than they desired to keep their money in their pockets we should hear no more of the Board's reluctance. It is the attitude which matters; the salaries of teachers, size of classes, and the rest are merely the expressions of the attitude, the immediate causes, perhaps, of inadequate education, but not the real cause. That real cause is the general apathy of the nation towards the bringing up of the young, and it is this that is fundamentally wrong.

Without entering into an inquiry as to the nature of true knowledge, it may be said that the majority of people, if they think about such matters at all, confuse knowledge, that is the knowledge of how to think and to live, with the mere accumulation of facts. The peculiar virtue of a classical education is that, in addition to implanting temporarily in the mind of him who undergoes it a certain number of facts, it fosters the habit of concentration, and teaches a man how to learn. There is communicated, further, to those that are able to receive it, an atmosphere of beauty not to be found in contemporary life. Secondary school education was originally designed to extend these advantages to the many; at any rate, the ideal of the public school, with its roots in the Latin and Greek grammars, was consciously or sub-consciously on the minds of those who laid the foundations of our State

education. To-day we have in the secondary schools a classical education without the classics, all the externals of learning without its spirit. The children are taught to get facts by heart, but not to apply them; they are taught everything about life except how to live. The final expression of this fact worship is the examination system. This, of course, is not confined to the State schools: the public schools also suffer under its tyranny; the point is that, while the classic-soaked atmosphere of a mediæval foundation supplies an antidote to the crudeness of the fact cult, the State school does not.

The attitude which a man takes towards education depends on his social status. If he himself is one of the heaven-born, a product of the English public school, he arranges the world in two classes: public school men and others. Public school men naturally beget other public school men, who in the course of time attend the same schools. The others beget others, and for them also are schools, inferior schools of course, provided. As for the man who has not had the advantage of a public school, his views on education are simple. Education to his mind is a fine thing; it increases a man's commercial value. The greater the number of useful facts that are acquired by the boy in youth, the more money he will be able to earn when he grows up. He sends his children to school 'to learn something useful.'

Both these attitudes are wrong, and especially the first. The social fabric has changed more vitally in the last fifty years than in the five hundred preceding. With the industrial revolution and the coming of the newspaper the whole nation, as it were, achieved at a bound intellectual consciousness. It became aware of the needs of the mind and demanded that they should be satisfied. The public school attitude is founded on a delusion, because there is no longer the difference in kind which a hundred years ago existed between gentlefolk and the rest. All minds are now awake, but some are more mature. The difference between the upper classes and the lower lay once in that the upper classes thought while the lower did not. Now both think, and, in consequence, the social barrier which is erected by the public school man against the rest of the world is becoming more and more a thing of arbitrary conventions, of methods of tie-wearing.

The second attitude is the logical outcome of a Victorian board school education. That age of utility produced the ideals of utility. The ideas of Mill and the rationalists have by now descended to the artisan class. And so the two circles, both vicious, revolve without intersecting; the public school turns out pleasant snobs, the State school fact-crammed materialists.

Facts in themselves are more dangerous than explosives, for they are a weapon which may be turned in any direction. As is

well known, anything can be proved by statistics. We must cease from regarding children as educated when a certain number of dates, names of kings, rules of grammar, exports and imports, chemical formulæ, and the rest have been forcibly injected into their brains. An educated child is one in whom the latent potencies have been led out into flowering, not one into whom a mass of unrelated information has been crammed. We must cease from glorifying the 'expert' who 'drives in history at the sword's point, and draws it out by rapid suction.' We must teach the children how to learn, so that they can gather for themselves the facts which interest them and let the rest go by. The tape-measure of the examination standard must be relegated to its proper place; it must be realised that the ability to pass examinations is a gift of a peculiar kind, possession of which does not necessarily make a boy educated or able to make a success of his life.

The cult of the fact and the examination is but another symptom of the materialism of our age. We must be able to tell by a test how much a child 'knows'; we must measure the amount he can put down on paper in a given time. This cult is especially unfortunate in a time like the present, when the 'facts' of Nature are altered fundamentally—and we hope for the better—by each succeeding generation of scientists. The knowledge of the examination product is therefore out of date in ten years. How Plato would have smiled at the idea of knowledge becoming out of date.

The aim of education is to teach the child the true purpose of his life and the best way to fulfil that purpose; all facts, all training of the intellect, must be accessory to this, a knowledge communicated not so much by words and theorems as by example and the indefinable outflow of affection which is the mark of a born teacher.

There are few such teachers now in our schools; there are few who have themselves learnt how to live. State education revolves in a fixed orbit, the blind educating the blind. How should it be otherwise? The teaching profession has few rewards to offer, and much hardship; worst of all, it is not regarded among us as really important. It has no kudos. Here may we see the true value which, as a nation, we put upon the right teaching of the children, in the slight, sometimes pitying, smile with which we use the word 'school teacher.' It is useless to turn away from actualities; they must be faced. If our country, our children, civilisation itself are to be saved, we must have a different type of teacher in the State schools. The time is ripe for change, for, in addition to the intellectual awakening which has come to the labouring classes, there is another awakening which is slowly spreading over the whole nation and, indeed, the whole world.

It is an awakening to the things of the spirit. The children of six years ago were atheists, not materialists simply, but hardened atheists. Typical of them was the little girl, daughter of a missionary and brought up in strict Puritanism, who read a book in which the arguments for and against Christianity were advanced, and was convinced by those against it. Fairies to the children of just before the war were tiresome; they had learnt the elementary facts of chemistry, and knew that things that could not be seen did not exist. All this has changed. There is desire, not among children only, for truth about religion, truth which shall satisfy on all the planes, spiritual, intellectual and physical. And the tragedy is that in the schools there are few who are able to satisfy that desire.

Let us think for a moment of the future, and consider what will happen if the present system of fact teaching goes on. Children nourished on such husks will grow up without a true sense of values. There are around us already its results in the claptrap and false sentiment which goes unchallenged by the name of morality, in the creed of might and revenge which is allowed to be called patriotism. All this is the result of undigested information, the inculcation of false values in schools; multiply it a thousandfold, add poison gas brought to perfection, commercial exploitation become a fine art, the final abandonment of even the semblance of political morality, and you will have the world of the future. Only a total rearrangement of ideas on education can save our civilisation from the abyss.

We may note in passing the utter illogicality of our present course of action. It is but another of the graces of 'democracy.' Not content with arranging to be governed by the will of the most ignorant, we take every precaution to make their ignorance as complete as possible. And so the 'sovereign people' prepares to usher in the millennium.

Mr. Shaw, in the preface to *Back to Methuselah*, says, 'There is no way out through the schoolmaster,' and goes on in his most provocative manner to advocate education on the inoculation theory, a little false teaching injected into the mind with a view to stimulating it to find out the truth. Herein I must differ from Mr. Shaw. The only way out is through the schoolmaster, but he must be a different schoolmaster. The future is in the hands, not of University professors, of lawyers, statesmen or writers, but in those of elementary school-teachers. The Universities deal with human beings when they are nearly adult, when the mould has all but set. They may widen the outlook, educate the taste, refine the intellect, but their formative power is not a quarter of that of the schools. The damage is done when a boy is of age to attend a University. Yet in this topsy-turvy world the

University professor is socially in a degree far above the schoolmaster.

How may we exalt the school teacher to his rightful place in the community? how may we bring it about that the hands into which we commit the future of the nation are strong and capable? The first thing is to desire a better sort of teacher; the tragedy of the present day is not that education is so bad as that the nation as a whole does not desire it to be better. We must realise once and for all that in the matter of teaching children, of whatever age and class, only the best is good enough. The teaching profession must be made so attractive that the best men of the Universities will gravitate to it as naturally as in former days they gravitated to the Civil Service. This is not a matter of salaries only. The whole status of the profession must be raised; its power must be brought home to the nation, and safeguards provided so that this power shall not be misused. The question of hours, size of classes, and amount of leisure must be gone into by men of culture, not of business.

Teaching is not, like manufacture, a matter of selling an article for a certain price; it is not, like manual labour, a question of putting in a certain number of hours' work for a given sum. It is the impalpable element in it which is the most important, the indescribable and incommensurable something which the true teacher communicates spiritually to his pupils. The present hours of teaching are far too long; a man can only give out the best of himself for a comparatively short period each day, but the work he does in that period will be twenty times as effective as a double number of hours of monotonous and soulless parrot teaching. This is a fact that those who continually ask for a sign, for a definite, tangible and immediate result, cannot realise. The growth of the mind cannot be hurried; it is better for the child to do one hour's work a day and do that one hour thoroughly than to be stuffed with a 'comprehensive curriculum' which never touches his soul. At present we are attempting to grow mind by intensive culture.

And if the hours are too long, what must be said of the size of classes? Any class which is so large that the teacher cannot get into personal touch with each one of his pupils is useless. The elementary school class of fifty or sixty is, of course, a monstrosity, a thing almost incredible in a so-called civilised community. The only way to keep any sort of discipline in such a class is by a rule of iron; as a result the children come on to the secondary schools absolutely cowed. Such methods of 'education' probably do more to encourage crime than any number of Wild West films. Again, we must insist that not the subject taught, but the personality of the teacher, is the important thing in the long run.

There must be compensation, too, for the fact that teaching children entails a contact on the part of the teacher with immature minds. In this respect teaching is not life; it is not mixing with and contending against equals. To make up for this deficiency the teacher must have enough money and leisure to live fully in his spare time. He must take part in social life; he must be able to travel in his holidays; he must have enough leisure to read widely outside the subjects which he teaches; in fine, he must be a man first and a teacher afterwards. These things are no extravagance; they are a necessity, for the benefits they bring will be communicated a hundredfold to the children. Only by permitting our teachers to acquire tolerance, a sane outlook, a wide knowledge of life, can we hope to foster these graces in those whom they teach. In order to give out, the teacher must first take in: at present we arrange for the latter process without supplying him with the means for the former; the result is that his mind, through lack of the time for its cultivation, stagnates; he becomes dead, and his power vanishes. For the teacher, too, is a living and evolving creature, not, as we are sometimes apt to think, a reservoir containing a certain amount of knowledge to be decanted by a simple process analogous to the turning on of a tap.

These are not the dreams of an impracticable idealism; they are dictates of ordinary common-sense. The old order has changed; the minds of the millions are awake and crying for food. If those to whom the bread of true learning has been given continue to refuse to share that bread with their younger brothers, if they persist in an attitude of artificial exclusiveness, civilisation must suffer greatly. Unless the leaven works from above, the State will be disrupted from below. Bolshevism, Communism and the doctrine of the sharp sword will flourish and spread, for there will be none to give them the lie.

Let us turn from gloomy presaging, and for a moment indulge in dreams of what education could and will become. The true educator is the priest, for there is really no such thing as secular education There is no sadder evidence of the failure of the official Churches to keep ahead of the intellectual life of the age than that they have forfeited their prerogative of education. The time when the teaching profession will be a branch of the priesthood is, perhaps, far away, for before that can be there must come a religion of universal appeal and authoritative and wholly trusted priests; but it will come, and then, and then only, will the children receive an education worthy of the name. For the only true education is that which fits him who receives it for the service of God.

We must not, however, in looking forward to a golden age, forget the dangers of the present. There is a difficulty which

State education must face: that of the responsibility of parents. At the present day the school is apt to take far too much of the weight from the parents' shoulders; there are cases, too, where parents who could perfectly well afford to educate their children themselves get not only teaching, but meals and season tickets, from the State. It may be objected that they pay for all these advantages in the rates, but paying a rate is an impersonal method of looking after the spiritual welfare of a child. Here, again, the remedy will probably be found when the attitude is changed, and education is really valued. The present generation of parents have their ideas fixed, but if their children can begin where they left off, a hundred years might produce an entirely different race.

Those who have had the advantage of a liberal education find it almost impossible to enter into the conditions of mind of the less fortunate classes. The background which the children of cultured parents take for granted, music, beauty, books and poetry—all this is a strange world to the newly awake. They are conscious of a need, but do not know how to satisfy it. They are hungry, but do not know where to find food, and so they fly to the picture palace and to the music hall; they browse on the sensational newspaper, any pasture where there is life and colour. It is the virtue of education to indicate those meadows of the mind where true joys are to be found, but those who attempt this work must realise that they are dealing with minds new-born and not adult.

With such considerations before us, shall we continue to talk of effecting 'economies' in education? Shall we not rather sell all that we have so that we may educate the children?

'Ah,' the cry goes up, 'but there is no money in the country.' Money rolls down Piccadilly, it shops in Kensington High Street, it dines and attends the theatre as usual. There is always money for the things we really want; in the matter of education say rather that there is no desire. The greatness of nations is built, not upon their manufactures or their navies, but upon the justice and right thinking of their men and women. In the schools are sown the seeds of ruin and of fulfilment. For the State is an eternal tree, ever fructifying herself anew in her young branches; she is a mighty mother made young perpetually in her children. And shall we, who hold in our hands the keys of the future, deny to that mother her food, or withhold from the tree which shelters us the waters of life?

G. H. Bonner.

THE FRENCH DECREE OF MAY 3, 1923

M. Bérard, Minister of Public Instruction, has published in a book, entitled *Pour la réforme classique* (Colin, Paris), his speeches in the Chamber of Deputies upon his famous decree. Readers will be agreeably surprised if they expect to find the usual parliamentary verbiage. The Minister's speeches are full of grace and wit, and he meets his numerous interruptions with the most apt retorts, all delivered with an urbane command of temper. The book is also full of opinions and facts which will be equally useful to those of us who have sympathy with his aims. Those who wish to see the answer of M. Georges Leygues, defending his own reforms of 1902, will find them in *La Vie Universitaire*, June 1923 (13, Quai de Conti, Paris).[1] He deals more in rhetoric than in cold argument.

In 1902 came about a radical reform in French education. M. Georges Leygues broke away from the traditional plan, and established in the secondary schools a choice between two courses: (A) the Classical Humanities, with two divisions, (1) Latin with Greek and (2) Latin without Greek; and (B) Modern, the Modern Languages, with a marked predominance of Natural Science. We need not trouble about the time given to the various subjects; this outline is enough to give the significant points. Both these courses led to the baccalaureate, and both were regarded as equal. One diploma, for either, gave access to the same careers. Before that the modern course gave access only to the Faculty of Sciences, not to letters, nor to law, nor medicine, nor the Ecole Normale Supérieure. Thus after 1902 the arts degree no longer implied that the graduate had any knowledge of letters other than what he could get from a certain study of modern languages, and he might be a scientific man whose knowledge of letters was quite small.

The modern section (B) was devised by acknowledgment for ends which are commercial, or at least practical. The preamble runs:

It is our duty, in the interests of the community, of the world of work, of the proletariat itself, to train an *élite* enlightened and liberal, an aristo-

[1] I have to thank M. Bérard and M. Crouzet, his technical adviser and chief of staff, for their courtesy in answering questions and the gift of documents; the Librarian of the Board of Education for the loan of documents; and M. Georges Roth, Prof. du Collège Chaptal, for information.

cracy of mind, which, rising above utilitarian realism, shall devote itself to disinterested research, to high speculation, and shall safeguard the permanent and superior interests of the country. It is our duty again to organise the army of labour, to give it a general staff and *cadres*. The University cannot be content to prepare its pupils for liberal careers, for the advanced schools [1] and professional life ; it must also prepare them for the economic life, for action.

Whatever may be thought of these aspirations—of which we shall have a word to say later—the crucial question is what actually happened ; and we are told that everyone is dissatisfied by the results of twenty years' experience. There is a general complaint of encyclopædic cram, risky options followed by premature specialising, and a lowering of the standard of culture. M. Léon Bérard, the Minister, quotes in his speeches not only eminent men of learning, but men of science, and the collective opinion of various learned societies. The National Federation of Professeurs de Lycée, in 1921, voted by a large majority (1910 to 321) that the attempt at two parallel courses of culture should cease, and that the studies should be co-ordinated upon a base of compulsory Latin. This seems to have been their deliberate opinion before they were touched by politics or social prejudice, which complicated the question later ; but in 1923 they broke up in confusion, not venturing to reaffirm their earlier opinion. Possibly the addition of Greek to M. Bérard's programme frightened them, but both politics and social prejudice had made their influence felt. The behaviour of the Conseil Supérieur was similar.[2] Their recorded opinion, supported by nearly two-thirds, was that

The old classical education, based on the ancient languages, provided that it include a solid and intelligent study of science, is the means *par excellence* for obtaining the true general culture of the individuality ; that it is consequently necessary, not only for the small handful of future humanists, but for all those who will have to think and act for themselves, to criticise, to comprehend, to innovate, to judge with almost geometrical exactitude ; they wish, therefore, to give this same preliminary culture, literary and scientific at the same time, to all the best of our youth.

They agreed in desiring to have a uniform training in school, and to postpone until thereafter all separation between letters and science. Later, however, they modified this view. Various University associations offered criticisms similar to those quoted. The Comité d'Entente Universitaire, holding that 'a general

[1] Departments of Enseignement Supérieur, above the secondary schools, with pupils from nineteen to twenty-three, such as Ecole Normale Supérieure, Ecole des Mines, Ecole Polytechnique, Ecole Normale, Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures.

[2] A technical council consisting of the high officials, *directeurs de l'enseignement*, and so forth, the Inspector-General of Studies, teachers elected by their peers in every speciality—classics, mathematics, history, modern languages, science.

training in the humanities is necessary to culture,' adds that the best subjects are those which do not make their aim immediate utility, and that for three years the school course should be the same and be based on Latin. M. Legras, speaking as an examiner of thirty years, declares that the plan of 1902 has 'all but given the *coup de grâce* to the teaching of modern languages,' the very study it was designed to support. The Report of the Conseil Académique de Paris[4] for 1922 says that everywhere, except in three establishments (not named), the study of French is in a deplorable condition. Another critic says of the pupils :

> Our great writers interest them no longer. It would be more pleasant to hide this unhappy truth, but it is the fact. . . . I have questioned young people of different professions in numbers sufficient to enable me to affirm that young men have never had an equal indifference to our literary past.

Nothing material is alleged in answer to these criticisms, which we may take therefore as well founded ; indeed, one of the objectors in the parliamentary debates said : 'We are all agreed in rejecting B' ; and the only explanation offered of the bad state of education, other than the failure of the 1902 plan, is the war. A certain number of people will be ready, of course, to defend any system, having been trained under it ; but 'you will be mistaken,' says M. Bérard, 'to take as the expression of public will that which is only the consequence of the law which you have passed.'

M. Bérard singled out as the key of the position the date at which a choice of courses is necessary. By the 1902 plan the pupil entered the *lycée* at ten to twelve years, and then and there he must make his choice between science and humanism. No small difficulty here 'to discern the mysterious signs by which a child may be predestined to a life of high thinking or to combat in the social and economic battle'! But at that age no child, or at least very few, can be fit to choose, nor can he usually know what is to be his vocation. M. Bérard makes happy play with this idea of a *vocation presumée* and the supposed aptitudes of a child of eleven. This premature choice, which must be taken like a leap in the dark, cannot be remedied later ; nor indeed is it easy to discover aptitudes for a study which the pupil has never begun. The new plan is therefore devised as a well-balanced course, containing the elements of all important branches of knowledge, including both Latin and Greek, four years of Latin and two years and a half of Greek. The aim of secondary education is 'to form by the course of studies slow, prolonged and disinterested, young people who, whatever be the speciality which they will seek later, will be distinguished by the eminent faculty of interesting them-

[4] A council, chiefly administrative, for the Académie, consisting of the Recteur and Inspecteurs de l'Académie with elected representatives.

selves and adapting themselves to the various creations of the human mind, as well as to human industries.' It aspires not to fill the memory with facts, but to train the spirit and judgment. It is generally agreed that the classical studies have unique value in these respects; and the Minister 'refuses to sanction the prejudice which regards the child, before trying at all, as being incapable of finding intellectual benefit in these studies.' There is no more hardship in making Greek compulsory than in so making geometry, algebra, or chemistry, which are for most people quite useless in after-life, although it is proper that they should have been learnt. As Saint-Marc Girardin once said, 'I do not demand that a good fellow should know Latin; it is enough for me that he has forgotten it.' In all such cases, to give any easy choice is fatal. If the harder ones are not protected, 'the same happens' (says M. Jaurès himself) 'as in the circulation of money: it is the base coin that drives out the good.'

We need not linger over some of the objections which M. Bérard has to meet. It will seem strange that the classics should be feared as 'anti-republican,' when those literatures alone give us descriptions of the republics of Rome and of Greece. Do the objectors fear lest the readers should conclude that a republic is not so fine a thing after all? Equally strange is it to hear that M. Bérard has betrayed the Republic, that the classics are dangerous socially, 'that geometry is republican and Greek aristocratic.' Here M. Bérard meets his objectors by establishing exhibitions to help poor boys, so that no one fitted to profit by such studies may be excluded. But we ourselves know what strange shapes are taken by political and social prejudices, when certain political sects believe that vaccination belongs to the Conservative Party, and certain religious sects couple national defence with drunkenness as equally works of the devil. M. Bérard tried to keep the parliamentary debates above party politics, but he could not quite succeed.

We are passing through a crisis in England not unlike that of the French, but unfortunately we have not had a man of courage and insight to stem the tides of materialism. On the contrary, both Oxford and Cambridge have lightly thrown away their ancient tradition, and the headmasters of the great schools, who were in a very strong position and might have been independent, have shown themselves ready to yield to ignorant public opinion, while the Board of Education wastes its energies in minute fussiness and has done little to instruct the nation. We have Latin in all secondary schools, it is true, but not enough; most of the newer ones are overcrowded with premature science, and their aims are too commercial to be successful in training the human spirit and judgment. For it is a notable fact that true

education is impossible when there is an ulterior motive, be it a commercial post, or an examination, or a scholarship, or material gain of any kind. It is only when these are kept in the background, or absent altogether, that the spirit and judgment can profit.

M. Bérard is, of course, dubbed reactionary, a word which, he says, 'veritably calls for the special attention of philologists and linguists, as well as the profane, by its disconcerting fluidity.' Education is not the only department of human life where a reactionary is often a Godsend. How dare we assume that progress must be for the better? I imagine that in that determined forward progress of excited creatures which we read of in the ancient record, if one of them, partially sane, had taken his stand upon a convenient trough, crying aloud: 'Fellow-*porcs*, does it not strike you that this gentle slope down which you are rushing may possibly precipitate you over yonder cliff into the sea that smiles beneath?' he would have been denounced as a reactionary and incontinently torn to pieces.

W. H. D. Rouse.

1924

OUTLOOK ON THE UNIVERSE

LIVING as we do on one of the smaller planets, revolving about one of a myriad of stars, and endowed as we are with sense-organs gradually evolved from animals for purposes of pursuit of prey and escape from enemies, we know well that we are a small and perhaps comparatively insignificant part of the Universe; which, when we are able in occasional moods to realise the majesty, is—to such understanding as we have been able to form of it—quite overwhelming. Humanity itself is but a recent comer to this planet; and from a higher point of view shows many signs of immaturity. Throughout its history it has been occupied for the most part with internecine struggles, which have usually been the outcome of personal ambition and national perversity rather than a reasonable and necessary part of the struggle for subsistence. Subsistence would be much more easily attained by co-operation than by even the most successful exercise of the arts of war. Nevertheless, dynastic and other wars are a marked feature of human history: and except for a sporadic outburst of racial genius now and then, it is only within the last few centuries that a serious effort has been made—and even then only by a very few,—to understand such portion of the Universe as is open to our contemplation.

Our natural weapons of exploration were not evolved for purposes of scientific discovery or philosophical discussion; but they have been supplemented by artificially constructed instruments, whereby we have managed to explore the superficial portions of the crust of the earth, and the constitution of other bodies in that region of the Universe which we are able to recognise through our sense of sight. The progress we have made in thus exploring the material aspect of the Universe—the only part which appeals to our sense-organs and our instruments,—must be regarded as rather astonishing and impressive. And the interpretation of the observed phenomena by men of superlative mathematical genius occasionally strikes us as almost superhuman.

Moreover, we seem to have developed a power of genuine creation, that is to say, of bringing things into existence, such as

Poems, and Music, and works of Art generally, which would not otherwise have existed; and which are a real contribution, though perhaps only a small one, to the sum of things.

But in spite of all our discoveries, and all our achievements or creations, we really know and have done very little. And what we have known and done has been achieved by the genius of the few: the bulk of mankind show evident signs of imperfection and immaturity. For the most part we seem content to live in the midst of quite unnecessary ugliness, and to spend our time in what we can hardly regard otherwise than as a sort of futility. Unless mankind is to develop into something far higher and altogether better than anything attained in the present stage of civilisation, the long course of preparation, the hundreds of millions of years during which this planet has been growing habitable, does not seem worth while. Unless the Universe too is meaningless and futile—which surely is a blasphemous supposition,—the outcome of all this long course of preparation must be something beyond our present imaginings. It is no great effort of faith to assume that there is a real value in existence; and that the long course of evolution, with its ups and downs, its advances and regressions, must, as it presses forward like the rising tide, reach some end or elevation of permanent value: though indeed the word "end" is out of place, for there is no end. At the same time there might be periodicity of phase; and a certain standard having been reached, there might be a local re-beginning. Cyclical changes and repetitions seem appropriate to material, though not to healthy mental, phenomena. The analogy of the Seasons, and of the growth and destruction of worlds, though the time periods are so different, suggests the possibility of utilising a physical periodicity for material and spiritual advance.

But there is plenty of sub-permanence in Nature. This planet has already lasted long, in its continued blaze of sunshine, as testified to by the fossils in the rocks; and neither the earth nor the sun shows the least sign of decadence, or any likelihood of coming to a catastrophe for, let us say, twenty or a hundred million years ahead. And who can possibly imagine what progress may be made in even a fraction of such a period as that? Considering what some men have been, the hope is not unreasonable that the average of mankind may reach their standard in time; while the peaks of the race may press on to something higher still.

Regarded from this point of view, the ugliness and triviality of men are full of hope; for they are signs that we cannot already be what we are intended for. We are still far below the ideal. We are an unfinished article. We are like a building covered

with scaffolding and full of raw material. Such a building can be regarded with complacency even by its architect; for with the mind's eye he sees beforehand his completed design, and knows that all this temporary imperfection is a stage through which the structure has to pass. It is in the light of that kind of fuller knowledge that immature efforts can be tolerated. The end in that sense justifies the means. Think of the painful learning of a violin by a child; yet how else is the finished performer to be produced? Looking at the stage at which humanity has so far arrived, in the light of the æons of preparation, the lowliness of human origin, and its vast almost limitless future, we seem driven to believe that the ultimate destiny of man—man as a race—will be something extraordinarily magnificent.

And what are we to say for man as an individual? Are we to suppose, because he is at present weak and ineffective, that therefore he is of no value; that he can be scrapped and turned down into oblivion as though he had never been? Are we to think that evolution is only concerned with the race, and has no permanent interest in individuals? Although it may be called unreasonable to think so, yet that is a mode of thought that has been adopted, now and again, by thinking persons. And it seems a mode of thought which, in certain moods, is likely to return with oppressive frequency and debilitating effect.

A great deal depends upon whether we can regard each individual as an unfinished article. In the infinitude of time, seventy or eighty years is indeed a flash in the pan. And if the individual only endures as long as that, he is very temporary and insignificant. But, as a matter of fact, is he thus evanescent? We do not know the nature of Life and Mind. We see life arriving, we know not whence; and soon departing, we know not whither. Are we to assume that that is the whole of existence, as far as the individual is concerned; or is it but an episode in a far more permanent scheme?

In the physical universe we know that things never start into existence or cease to be; save in the sense that an aggregate or a crowd assembles and then disperses. The crowd has no individual existence; and as a crowd it can come to an end. But that is not so with fundamental existences. They alter, they change, they manifest themselves in different ways; and they may even cease to manifest themselves and may vanish from obvious ken; as when a cloud evaporates, or when a sound or other form of energy dies away. We know that really it has not ceased to be; it has only changed its form. Some things there are which have a beginning, but, to all appearance, need have no end. A poem, or drama, or great work of art, has an immortality of this sort, though its initial material representation may have a very

transient life. Whether, for instance, the original manuscript of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony survives, I do not know; nor does it matter. Such things, once born, never die. They were not: they are: and they continue. When that brilliant genius, W. K. Clifford, composed his epitaph 'I was not; I loved; I am not'; he was speculating at the end beyond his knowledge.

The question is then, What about Individuality, Personality? Is that a fundamental existence, or not? Is that a mere temporary collocation; or is there something real and abiding about it, something permanent? Can it subsist and survive its present embodiment; so that, when it vanishes from our ken, it does not cease to be, but has other modes of manifestation? Does it continue in other surroundings, in a form occasionally accessible to those who have instruments or senses for its appreciation amid the changed conditions? In other words, to put it in concrete form, does the fundamental part of each individual man survive the experience called death?

Now this surely is a straightforward scientific question: and it ought to be capable of being answered. If the individual still exists, he may be able to prove his existence by methods similar to those which he employed when here. How did we know of his existence here? We knew of his bodily frame by seeing or touching it. But the bodily frame is only part of a man. How did we know of his mind, his character, his personality? Surely for the most part by speech and writing, by holding conversations with him.

If then his personality continues to exist, and if by any means he found himself able to actuate or employ vicariously the necessary mechanical organism for operating on the matter of this planet, so as to produce speech or writing, it is reasonable to suppose that by that means he would be able to establish his identity and prove his continued existence. Instruments for the purpose are all around us, complete brain-nerve-muscle mechanisms, though they belong to other individuals. But some of these individuals are known to be able to enter into trance; and short of that, some parts of their brains are not ordinarily or constantly used, lying more or less dormant, and possibly available for special effort. The utilisation of such brain or part of brain would seem to be the natural channel, if it should turn out to be possible.

It is no use speculating whether such a thing, or something that seems thus interpretable, is possible or not. We must learn from the facts. All we can say is that if the facts indicate that such a mode of communication is possible, there is no absurdity or *à priori* impossibility which militates against our acceptance of such a fact. It is a straightforward question of experience. We may think it unlikely; but, in the absence of complete knowledge,

many true things have seemed at first sight unlikely. We do not know how Mind acts on Matter at all; nor by what means we can produce the movements which we design and determine, even of the simplest kind. But the fact that we can do so is undoubted; and we have grown so accustomed to it that we fail to realise its wonder.

We study the interactions of Ether, Matter, and Energy, with some success; though the Ether eludes our sense-organs, and has to be inferred. The Ether is really involved in nearly every familiar activity, perhaps in all. It welds the planets together into a solar system; it welds the atoms together into a coherent mass. Its most direct manifestation may lie in the domain of Electricity and Magnetism and Light; for in these, when seriously and critically examined, its activity is manifest. But we know now that electrical forces are responsible for chemical affinity; and we are learning that they are responsible also for Cohesion and Gravitation; since not only Magnetism but Gravitation also exerts a direct influence on Light, which is certainly and wholly an etherial phenomenon.

It is only reasonable therefore to ask whether the Ether may not be utilised by Life and Mind; and whether the recognised philosophic difficulty of apprehending the connection between Life, Mind, and Matter, is not due to our habit of excluding the Ether from consideration, because of its elusive and intangible character. It is however turning out to be an extremely substantial entity, of which in all probability electrons, and therefore atoms, are composed; so that the familiar things around us are after all only special and peculiar modifications of the Ether of Space.

The aim of Physics at the present time is to explain all material phenomena in terms of Ether and Motion. Energy and Matter are now beginning to be considered interchangeable. Strictly speaking, Matter is not conserved, nor is Energy. What is conserved is the sum of the two.[1] Matter is turning out to be one of the forms of energy,—a newly discovered form, discovered largely through the genius of Einstein. Hitherto we have known of energy in many forms, all which have been interchangeable with each other: mechanical motion, elastic strain, heat, light, sound, and the rest. But now that we know that matter is composed of positive and negative electric charges, whose mass can be accounted for by their electric fields—which certainly exist in the Ether and represent or display some of its properties,—we are beginning to realise that matter is one of the forms which its rotatory or

[1] Haeckel of Jena said something like this, years ago, in advance of demonstration. At that time I disagreed with him, and said so; but recent progress has justified his speculation. The assertions of men of genius are often of value: their denials, seldom or never.

circulating motion, or some other modification as yet unspecified, can take; a form which is not intangible or elusive like the unmodified Ether, but for which we have sense-organs, and with which we are therefore exceedingly perhaps contemptuously familiar. And now, in the giant stars, we see some of the energy of atoms converted before our eyes into light and heat. The light we see from them is believed to be only the residual or escaping portion of the great turmoil of conversion within. Even in our own Sun the process is going on; though not with the same violence as in the giant stars: and the heat of the Sun, on which we are every day dependent, is but the outcome of the conversion of Matter into Energy.

Hence we can begin to speculate on the probability that herein lies the clue to the association of Life and Mind with Matter; not a direct but *an indirect connection*. The instinct of Biologists has always led them to assume that Life and Mind must have some kind of material vehicle; that is to say, some close connection with what we otherwise know of as the material Universe. But the material Universe consists not of Matter alone, but of Light, Electricity, and Ether as well. Biologists have been liable to assume, and many do assume to this day, that the material vehicle must be formed of Matter. And some have even supposed that Life and Mind are functions of Matter. But that is only because they were insufficiently acquainted with the other material existences, of which Matter is only a part. It is, I agree, difficult to suppose that Life and Mind can exist without some sort of body or instrument of manifestation, or at least of utilisation; nor can we expect it to operate effectively without some control of Energy; but there is no need to suppose it. To think of atomic Matter only, leaves us with all manner of unsolved difficulties. In terms of Matter only, we cannot conceive the action of the Sun upon the earth, nor of any other action across space: and it really does not matter whether the space is measured in millions of miles or in millionths of an inch: the puzzle is the same.

The Ether has become an absolute necessity for clearness of thought, even in these familiar directions. We know that the atoms of every object, every stone, every piece of wood, every tree, and every animal, are held together by the cohesive force of Ether. Hence every object consists not only of Matter, but associated with it is a body of Ether too: otherwise the atoms would be disconnected, a mere powder or impalpable dust, the nearest approach to which in our experience is the phenomenon of gases; though these too are not really disconnected, otherwise the atmosphere would not cling to the earth as it does.

Very well then, let us, without undue presumption, attempt

a working hypothesis, which is suggested though not enforced by the facts. A working hypothesis is very useful in stringing facts together; if the thread breaks, a better one can be found: it is the pearls that are of value, not the thread. So just as Life is known not to operate directly on the muscles, but indirectly through the nerves and central ganglia,[1] we may now take a step further, and surmise that it may be operating even on the ganglia through the Ether; and that in all probability its direct connection is not with Matter at all, but with its etherial counterpart. We may note that thus, in reality, all Matter is normally moved. Atoms do not come into actual contact, they act on each other across space, in mechanism, just as really though not so obviously as they do in Electricity and Magnetism and Light. Moreover if this omnipresent universal medium exists, it is unlikely that it has not been made use of for purposes of vitality. We see Life taking the opportunity of entering into relation with Matter at every turn. It presses forward into material existence on every heap of rubbish. It seems to utilise every chance, wherever the conditions allow for incarnation.

Surely it will have utilised the Ether also. True it is that until it interacts with ordinary Matter, we shall not know of it. But it may be existing all the time in association with an entity of which we have no direct perception. This is hypothetical: but if the facts ultimately tend to show that a comparatively unknown and supersensuous entity can subserve the needs of Life and Mind, we need not be surprised, or think it impossible. The writers of that book of half a century ago, *The Unseen Universe*, speculated in this direction: and the tendency of science ever since has gradually been to strengthen though not yet to confirm that speculation; until now it is becoming, in a few minds, something more than a bare hypothesis.

That Life and Mind need a material vehicle may be granted to the Biologist: but that vehicle perhaps need not be Matter in any of its familiar forms. It may be something more fundamental than Matter, something of which Matter is only a sensuous modification. Vaguely and indefinitely this has been the view of religious geniuses, from St. Paul downwards: that which they have called 'a spiritual body' is turning out likely to be a reality. For we are discovering that our own present bodies, or that part of them which we can study in the laboratory and examine with a microscope, are but instruments for the operations of a more permanent and refined and super-sensuous substance, which

[1] In a chrysalis I understand that the structure of the larva has disappeared into formless pulp, with the exception of its nervous system; and that this has the power of reconstructing, or rather constructing, the finished insect from the protoplasmic mass.

interpenetrates them and interacts, so as to produce our familiar movements and to enable us to communicate with our fellows.

The first indication that such communication was also possible through immaterial channels, was given by the phenomena of Telepathy, the action of mind on mind apart from any material or recognised means of communication. This was a hint capable of enlarged interpretation. But the evidence has not stopped there. It has become more direct and cogent. We learn now that those who have departed this life, and left behind their bodies of Matter, still retain or at least possess what they speak of as 'bodies,' with their memory, character, and personality, uninjured and conserved. We have learnt this by entering into communication with them, by speech and writing, just as we did when they were here. They are not really out of touch with us; nor do they seem to be far removed. We may not be able to form a clear image of their relation to Space and Time: but after all we are beginning to wonder what our own relation is to these two abstractions, and how far they are modes of thought appropriate to our present conceptions rather than to the ultimate reality of things.

This however is not a matter to be dogmatic about. None of our working hypotheses are things to be dogmatic about. We have any amount to learn about things of that kind. What we have learnt already, or what some of us have learnt by direct experience, is that, either through the interaction of Ether and Matter or otherwise, communication is still possible, occasionally and under proper conditions. And a demonstration has been thus given us that memory and affection, and personality generally, are not functions of Matter, but only utilise Matter for communication with those in material surroundings. The grounds for this statement are of the same order as those which would enable a temporary and occasional visitor to this planet to maintain that it is inhabited by more or less intelligent beings.

It is beginning to seem possible that the conservation of Matter and Energy may have to be supplemented by the conservation of Life and Mind. Anyhow I feel sure of this; that the Universe is a much completer whole than we had imagined. Every kind of real existence is permanent; and our activities do not cease when we change our instrument. Indeed it is a question whether we do entirely change our instrument. It is probable that we have been interacting on the Ether all the time, and will continue to do so. Our action on Matter appears to be indirect. We probably act on Ether directly, on Matter indirectly.

But the atomic body which we have constructed, and used so freely here, is an imperfect and temporary instrument; for it is afflicted with all the disabilities of Matter—friction, imperfect

elasticity, degeneration and decay. It is never the bare atoms that we are able to use. We can only operate on very complex molecules, the intricate chemical substance called protoplasm; and these molecules of protoplasm are in a state of continual flux; and like the complex atoms of radioactive substances, are liable to break down. Indeed it may be through their breaking-down that we derive the energy necessary for our activities. But there is no imperfection or breaking down in the Ether. It has no friction, its elasticity is perfect; and all its other properties, so far as we know them, are perfect too. Hence, on the hypothesis of its utilisation, there seems every chance that when we have got rid of our temporary imperfect instruments, our real existence will be unhampered and perpetual. And through what further stages of development we may pass, we can only guess, or perhaps not even guess. All we can make sure of, by experiment and observation, is direct testimony concerning the transition from this state of things to the next.

Though really the word 'next' is inappropriate. There is no 'next world,' save subjectively. The Universe is one: everything is here and now. It is not so much a sequence as a co-existence. What we call 'the next world is co-existent and simultaneous with this. And death is, so to speak, a mechanical operation, a setting free of our more permanent and essential body or spiritual instrument from the assemblage of molecules which it has collected, put together, and utilised for a time.

We may not fully understand why we should have had to enter into this relation with Matter—an apparently alien thing which, as all artists know, has to be coerced to represent our ideas, and manipulated to display our conceptions. But evidently the episode of earth-life is of importance; we can surmise that the difficulties we encounter in Matter, the troubles caused by our animal-ancestry, and all the struggle and effort which is here necessary, even for maintenance, have a training and disciplining effect; strengthening our character, sifting the wheat from the tares, and constituting an experience of the utmost value for the future stages of our development.

So they tell us from 'the other side.' They tell us that they follow our progress with keen interest, and are always ready to help, when we are willing to receive help: not only ready, but able; though of course their powers are limited, and, like us, they can but do the best that is possible under the circumstances.

It is not to be supposed, moreover, that every influence on that side is unmitigatedly good: there may be evil influences too, in fact there are. And if we are willing to open our minds to them, we can experience deterioration, and go backward instead of forward. The responsibility is ours. We have free-will: we are

able to choose. And all the exertions of good people, both on this side and on that, are directed to guide and influence us to choose what is best for our true welfare.

This is commonplace. But I would have the whole thing regarded as commonplace. It ought to be part of common knowledge, the whole of it. Like all human things it has quite a simple aspect: that is why unlearned and comparatively simple people have been able to get hold of it in advance of the scribes. Those eminent men who deny the possibility of continued existence are forming their opinions on mistaken theory. They deny what we call our facts. They think they are the product of delusion, hallucination, preconception, illusory and vain hopes. Well, it is a question of evidence. They would admit that it is a question of evidence. But they cannot form a working opinion without real and not casual study of the specific phenomena. The few that have studied the facts may differ from my interpretation, and especially from my Ether-working hypothesis. By all means. I am willing to abandon it on good ground shown: I hold it lightly: but the facts I do not hold lightly Pontifically—if opponents like to call it so—I assert emphatically that there is evidence for Survival, and that some of the evidence is thoroughly good. It can no more be treated superficially than any other of our scientific experiences. It has to be examined with caution and patience and critical care, but with an open, not a closed mind. Prepossessions and prejudices, hopes and desires in either direction, must be put aside. The study must be entered on with humility, with a certainty that, whatever else is doubtful, our present conceptions of existence do not exhaust the infinitude of things, and with more than a suspicion that our present knowledge of the Universe is such as to leave us with a very inadequate conception of the majesty of existence.

There are signs that some of the prevailing ignorance may be remedied in a generation or two; for the facts are more frequent and accessible and open than ever they were before. It cannot be long now before humanity in general recognises that its view of the Universe has been unduly restricted, partial, and incomplete; that a wider outlook is even now possible; and that, in the light of that wider outlook, the problems of existence will be better understood and human life assisted to an extraordinary degree.

OLIVER LODGE.

1924

LONDON NIGHTS

Our days are democratic ; our nights are feudal. For if there is a seeming equality by day, there is an evident disparity by night. Though dukes and tramps may walk Piccadilly in the sunlit hours there is no such companionship in the night. Then doss-house and mansion are like serf's hut and baronial castle. Thus the past has a stronger hold on the night than it has on the day. Equality and fraternity come with the sun, lightening and warming us on our way—but they go down with the same. Night sends each to his home, to his own place.

At the same time London is more beautiful by night ; there is a poetry in it which is missed by day. The night skies and the fogs hold it and brood over it, the many voices are hushed, and out of all the discordances of the day comes an issue of peace. The strivers rest from their striving, the workers from their work.

> Darknesse closeth wearie eyes,
> Saying to man it doth suffice ;
> Henceforth repose—thy work is done.

A gentle hand which is not of London has been raised and then lowered again, and the brows of the many have been smoothed. The monition of Nature outbreathes from the midnight hours :

> Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past ;
> Sleep, happy soul, for all will sleep at last.

Therefrom a feeling of exaltation creeps into the minds of those who watch while London sleeps—a sense of the majesty of seven million sleepers altogether under the one tent-roof of the London night, a sense of the repose of the vast shadowy forms of our architecture and of the lamps, which, like candles shining, might be at ten thousand altars. A great silence is made audible by our thoughts. London at night speaks to the heart, telling its dreams of humanity that has passed, whispering melancholy stories to the melancholy, and strange thoughts to the stranger.

London is a dark city. It has not the street lighting of New York ; it has more blinds than Paris. There is no opalescence as of Moscow snow. There are not the white buildings and spaciousness of Stockholm. Our walls are dark. Fog dims our far-off

lights; our street lamps have haloes. As you stand on a bridge or sit on the Embankment the petty lights drip into the unseen but steady-flowing river and give romantic and fantastic effects, as if our London were an unreal world. The glimmering *chiaroscuro* enchants the eye and beguiles the beholder to tarry longer. Even though the river damp creep to his knees he still sits and gazes from his bench or leans o'er the stone parapet. Wonderful! The customed eye descries the glimmer of the surface of the river mud, and on the surface of the water remarks the presence of birds; even the unaccustomed takes in the moving eye of barge or tug and the fast-passing lights of a patrol boat. These in the midst of Father Thames, but from the lights o' London, a hundred waving splashes of reflected beams, like bunting made of light.

On the Lambeth side London looks more portentous than from Westminster or Chelsea. If there should happen to be a late sitting of the Commons, the pilot light will be burning above Big Ben and the windows of St. Stephen's will be gleaming—darkness made visible! I have seen it thus at two in the morning. Despite the lights which lit up the debate the House seemed dark to those who sat on the Embankment benches. Parliament seemed to me, not a palace of democracy, but some massive, shadowy Bastille. You could imagine it to be all cells and grills and bolts and bars and torture chambers, not the hall of liberation, but the fortress where our liberties were imprisoned.

Every bench on the Albert Embankment was occupied. In twos and threes and fours men and women sat there at two in the morning and stared across the river at the light reflections and the Houses of Parliament. They were the outcasts of the social system, *disjecta membra* of our inhospitality, each with his story, his tragedy, his tragedy-comedy, spending thus the midnight hours:

> Weeping and waiting for the morrow.

Look at them carefully, they are burlesques. Think of them carefully; they are the outer audience of the hon. member for this and the gallant and honourable member for that and the right honourable gentleman, the member for that other. This is the real outer audience, which sees and hears nothing, and understands nothing, sitting in the *undistinguished* Strangers' Gallery.

Some have fallen asleep. The head of one hangs backward from his neck like a dead carnation. But most sleep with their chins on their chests. On one or two benches some managed to sleep lying in the space between the metal division in the middle and the support at the end of the seat. But a constable on night

duty made his round and tapped the sleepers and bade them wake up and put their feet down.

Why do so many go to the Embankment to spend the night ? It is always cold there ; the damp airs from the river search the rags and the bodies of the homeless there. The beauty of the night is nothing to the homeless.

'If I'd a known it was goin' to be so cold I'd a taken another dozen matches,' says one. 'With another dozen I wouldn't a-bin out this night.'

But his neighbour is quite apathetic. He does not sell matches ; he hasn't the initiative. Or it needs too much patience.

We look on the match-sellers in the daylight hours without much understanding.

'A pretext for begging,' I hear it said.

'He wants me to give him a penny ; he doesn't want me to buy matches,' says another.

A great mistake ! Match-sellers are not beggars. They want you to buy their matches. Every box you buy from an unfortunate in the street helps toward the eightpence or ninepence required to pay for shelter in a lodging-house, helps to take a man or woman off the Embankment and put them in a warm building for the night. The same applies to other petty hawkers. In my opinion they are more to be encouraged than the many street dancers and singers who, masquerading as unfortunates, draw away the pennies of the charitably disposed.

Not that a pass to a doss-house is a cure for outcast London. I have slept in these strange de-socialised caravanserais. It is unwonted, I must say, to undress in a general lodging-house, in the company of hundreds of men of all ages. Your bed is a lonely place. It does not matter that it is not comfortable, for you realise that it is paradise compared with the Embankment. If it prove to swarm with insects you realise that you are tender and that the *habitués* do not feel the bites so much. The most depressing thing is the atmosphere of homelessness. No woman or child enters there except in thought or prayer. Yet the young men might have mothers, fathers, homes ; the middle-aged, many of them, must have wives and families somewhere ; the old men must, by their looks, be grandfathers, and should have little children prattling at their knees. But each seeks his narrow bed, and none talks to his neighbour. There is none of the vivid talk of Gorky's *Lower Depths*, but a sense of intense British respectability and reserve. Many of the men sleep stark naked, partly because they have no night attire, but more commonly because, if they sleep in their shirts, they infallibly take upon them the curse of institutional bedding. Tramps though they are, and

raggedly clothed, they believe they are in themselves cleaner than the doss-houses where they sleep.

Even the best kept of lodging-houses can give an unpleasant impression to a man accustomed to live in a civilised home. Yet there are tens of thousands who have to sleep in such places every night. You may meet among them people from all ranks of society, though, naturally, the 'well-connected' are rare. The war gave to many rank and pride of place and authority. Peace struck our great army to a million shivers. The captains, the majors, the 'temporary gentlemen'—there are many on the Embankment now, many in 'Bruce House' and 'Jack's Palace' and the Church Army and Salvation Army shelters. Tragedy has engulfed their lives since the moment of demobilisation.

One homeless fellow tramps London every day, sells laces sometimes, sleeps where he can, and is desperate. A social worker took up his case and found it very characteristic. He married during the war, and his wife lived on the soldier's allowance. They got together some of the elements of a home and stored them. But he has never found any regular peace work. His wife is in domestic service as a Miss So-and-so, keeping the marriage quiet, as if it were a secret sin. He needs her, but cannot have her. She needs him, but cannot have him. But, 'Find my husband a job,' she implores; 'find him at least a shelter for his head, some place where I can come to him and care for him.'

At length the police fasten upon such a type, and he is arrested for loitering or for some supposed impropriety, and he gets the best lodging in years—in prison. Very good seems the prison to many like him, a hotel with regular meals and a private room. Prison is better than the workhouse. Not a few seek it.

Prison, however, is not always vouchsafed. There are tens of thousands whom the police will not arrest. The magistrate's time must not be taken up with the outcasts of the streets. His menu of crime is thoughtfully studied. His morning task would not be enviable if everyone found sleeping in the public streets was brought up, or if everyone indulging in foul remarks were haled before him. The police learn to be indulgent to the unfortunate.

'Nah then, fairy!' says a policeman to a collapsed drab in Covent Garden; 'time to move. Don't you hear the birds begin to sing?'

One night, going out at three in the morning during the time *Rossum's Universal Robots* was billed at St. Martin's Theatre, I passed down that narrow street where flourishes one resort of epicures and also two great theatres, and on the white steps in front of St. Martin's there lay three black bundles. One could

almost have thought they were stage properties which had been accidentally dropped there, or actual Robots who had started from the stage in quest of life, and only fallen to inanition on the theatre steps. They were three women of London having a sleep for the night. When I returned at 6 a.m. they were there still, in the same place. They had chosen ill, for the light was full upon them, but they slept, and even snored. The police had not stirred these old things up as they did the throng on the Embankment.

In all manner of holes and corners the homeless may be found sleeping these winter nights: 'mid the ruin of half-demolished houses, on the stairs leading from viaducts, in corners of the Blackwall Tunnel, in recesses in massive buildings, in porches of churches. Many have their secret lairs. On the other hand, many frankly walk all night and get a good sleep in somewhere during the day. You can tell them by the state of their boots. They walk to keep warm, and wear out other people's discarded boots. They infest the coffee stalls. They willingly talk to you, if only to kill time, if only on the chance of your standing a cup of coffee and a saveloy.

Not a few feed on the promiscuous charity of the all-night coffee stall. The coffee stalls are a great institution of the London night. Their red-painted panels glow in the darkness; their tall urns gleam. They are sections of bright kitchens transported to dark corners in the depths of the night and made public and open for all. They have a wonder-look. They seem to be part of a sort of night fairyland.

Thither resort the night watchmen, or pressmen who have put the morning paper ready, or M.P.'s from a late sitting, or men and women from dances, or heavily-muffled workmen on night jobs. Hurrying motor cars suddenly stop, and strange fellows come out to eat hard-boiled eggs. The off-scourings of the streets stand around and beat themselves to keep warm, and prattle to the customers.

Legend hath it that the Prince of Wales stopped one night at the coffee stall at Hyde Park Corner and stood everyone all round all that he wanted.

'I hope one of you might do the same for me if ever I was down and out,' he is reported to have said.

Old Joe would no doubt be fully entitled to write over his stall, *As Patronised by Royalty;* or over his coffee, *As Supplied to the Aristocracy*, for at Hyde Park Corner in the early hours of the morning the extremes often meet. I have noticed the halting, hesitating young dandy get interested enough in the strange conversation proceeding among the *habitués:*

'Wot price savs to-night?'

'Give us a couple of woods.'

'Blime, I couldn't 'arf do with a cup o' kerfy now!'

'This is what they call the Junior Turf Club, ain't it?'

'No, this is the "West End Eccentrics' Club." What say, Joe?'

'This is the Hotel de Pooshalong.'

'I met a feller las' night; said 'e was goin' to marry me, heugh, heugh, w'en 'e come back from the races.'

'I say, have you—er—have you any Oxo, or anything of the kind . . . and an egg, please?'

There are johnnies and West End chappies, and outcast men and women, and a driver of a lorry bound for Covent Garden, and a young scion of a noble house with the gaze of a Cecil.

Go, however, to a similar resort at East India Docks or in Beresford Square, or in Aldgate High Street, and you find no romantic admixture from high society or the dance club world. The East End at night is much more drab than the West End. It has its after-midnight resorts, gambling dens and opium parlours, but they are few compared with those of the West End. Westenders do not go down to the East End for a crown of debauch except in melodramas. When the Chinese are raided the police generally find seamen and other denizens of dockland.

At your coffee stall in Whitechapel you pay and go. The life of the homeless is more dismal and less observed. The East End goes to sleep earlier than the West End. It gets up earlier also. At eleven the great highways are emptying fast. At midnight they are dark and deserted. Shadow shapes on blinds show people rapidly undressing. Lights pop out as the East End pops into bed. The whole of Commercial Road snores in chorus at half-past twelve. At one you are carefully watched by the police, and particulars of your appearance are written down in their notebooks. At two you can reckon on being followed by policemen to the end of their beats. They will 'keep you under observation.'

It is a strange eerie experience to spend a night walking the streets of the East End. You are alone, as it were, with the dead till the alarm clocks begin to go off. To walk under the Thames by the Rotherhithe Tunnel or the Greenwich Passage at three, with not another soul in view, unless it be some huddled, expressionless sleeper, is an experience not to be forgotten. You might be exploring the tombs of buried London thousands of years hence; you are out of time and the hour; you have entered the grand mystery of life. You feel like the Wandering Jew, one man alive when all the rest of the world has died.

An almost similar feeling of mysterious experience overtakes you in the still, dead, deserted Chinese quarter, so much over-

written, so much suspected. Limehouse Causeway sleeps, Pennyfields sleeps. Pekin Street seems as remote from reality as Pekin. All is shuttered. Lamps on brackets illuminate blank first-floor windows. There is not a shriek, not a scream, not a murmur, not a whisper, not a policeman on the corner, not a waiting motor. The respectable Chinese sleep with their Whitechapel wives. If they have secrets, they seem to keep them well.

In Soho and at the back of Tottenham Court Road one does obtain a lurid impression of night life. The night clubs flourish. There is dancing and drinking and drug-taking and immorality. It is open to all who have the password. It is notorious. The police look on and are powerless.

The West End has its glamour. There, for a long while, the darkness which prevails on the Embankment and elsewhere is defeated. Piccadilly Circus is our equivalent of the Great White Way. Electric light wastes there like life itself. It glows, it dazzles, it flares to heaven. All the moths of London come and stare at it ; the lights of pleasure and the lights of vice. Something not to be missed by the visitor to London is to drive in an open car up Piccadilly at night—to the Circus. All the sedate clubs are like lodges. All the lamp-posts, now painted to look like aluminium, have a processional aspect, as if they indicated the way to court, to the great gates, to the throne. Effulgence rolls to you along the magnificent avenue. You are one of a great throng all making the same way, all going to the Circus, all going to the great gate of something. Silk hats take colour reflections. Light holds every one in one movement. It is grand. But, unfortunately, it is deceptive. The gates lead nowhere ; they are the gates of nothing.

There are various *cafés :*

> Where sit a company with heated eyes
> Expecting when a fountain should arise.

Hot-blooded men carouse with women of the carmined lip and hennaed hair. These *cafés* are open to all, and are yet somewhat in the nature of clubs, for everyone seems to know everyone else. The men chatter across tables. The women go from man to man :

'What sort of a life is your wife leading you now ? '

'Heard anything more of your Freda ? '

The waiters hustle to bring plates of hot meat, glasses of wine, tankards of beer. Noise surges to the domed ceiling. Life is warm and red-hearted where the cups are flowing, where there is money in the purse, where the flesh is well fed and the pulse beats for new excitement, new sensations.

At midnight, however, the *cafés* close. The men settle with the waiters, the women file out. They stand in groups in the Circus and discuss plans for the night. Some, with their gallants,

go off in cabs. Others go on foot to their clubs—to Gerrard Street, to Dean Street, to Charlotte Street. In these they cheat God and themselves till the small hours. It is what is called technically 'pleasure.' Men go to such resorts in a spirit of bravado, or for curiosity, or because they are taken by a friend 'to see the fun.' There must be at least a hundred places of the kind, for they have become much tolerated since the war. The raids upon them receive much publicity, but a raid seems seldom to succeed in closing one of them.

The fact is, immorality has so grown upon us in London that one may say it is becoming national. Why go to Paris 'for a good time'? It can be arranged in London just as well. The numbers of women on the streets is appalling—surely ten times as many as in 1913. Even the children playing in the streets know what the girl on the corner is looking for, and call names at her. The 'oldest profession,' as it is called, must surely have become a very lean one in London; there is such enormous competition. Its shame has no longer the added reproach of giving a life of luxury.

These unfortunate women are little molested by the police since the war. They are seldom or never brought to court. They go their way and get their terrible punishment from life itself rather than from a magistrate. Many of them, alas! are the betrayed of the war period. In a few years they will pass. One cannot but wonder whether something in the meantime will not be done to save the equivalent part of the next generation from this shame.

Useful social work in a small way is done by St. Martin's Church at night. The crypt is open to the homeless, and is managed by two women of the W.A.S., one inside, the other on outside duty on the street. The main hope is to be able to save young homeless people from being taken to places of evil repute for the night. The lusts of the great city feed still on the young and the innocent, and scouts are always at large seeking new victims. The young man or young woman at a loose end after midnight often proves their prey, and once dragged into vice they seldom get out again. To such, however, St. Martin's is a sanctuary. The 'ever-burning' lamp of a hospitality of the church shines for the unhappy, and also, perhaps, as a fitting example to other churches.

There is a strangely beautiful scene in the crypt of St. Martin's at two in the morning, in the low-roofed chapel, men and women of varying degrees of misfortune, huddled on benches, sleeping with their heads on Bibles. *Knock, knock, knock,* upstairs! Someone is knocking at the great door, and wishes admission. It is like the staging of a parable of the Kingdom of Heaven—'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you!' Newcomers slowly

step adown the stone stairs to the flagstones and the vaults and the memorial tablets and the little altar; find a bench among the resting-places of the ancient dead. The church, like a fortress, stands above them between their unhappiness and the hungry night. Thus sanctuary is granted by a church, as given in the Middle Ages.

But as dawn light creeps into the sky the sleepers creep forth, and those who seek work make most commonly for the markets. For hours before sunrise there is unpacking of vegetables, fruit, and flowers in Covent Garden, and of baskets of fish at Billingsgate. Flower fragrances cover an acre north of the Strand; the smell of fish closes up Great Tower Street. Smithfield becomes alive, and likewise Leadenhall Market. All the alarums have gone off in the mean homes, and cups of morning tea have been gulped down, night being at an end and the day of toil beginning.

One of the strangest and greatest of nights was that of December 6—election night—night of the supposed revealing of our political destinies as a nation, but wrapped in fog. All England seemed to be in the streets at midnight, and yet only in muffled groups was visible. Staring up at result boards in a searchlight glare of electric light stood the many-headed. Loud-speakers talked unintelligently to them, fog rolled over their heads. For it was a rolling fog; it had not merely descended, it had been driven by living currents of air. At Trafalgar Square it gave the impression of London on fire. There were the flames and smokes of universal conflagration. How strange that no one seemed dismayed! The people, it seemed, had been driven from their homes, but were all vulgarly happy, blowing squeakers, trumpeting upon tiny trumpets, shaking rattles, throwing confetti at one another. Somewhere aloft, above the rolling vapours, results were being shown—gains of Liberalism, gains of Labour. But 'bus conductors led their 'buses by the hand, seeking the way and skidding as they went.

In another part of the town the traffic had been diverted. A department-store proprietor was showing the election results to the populace who were massed in front of his array of shops. But inside, on his first floor, he had cleared a space for an entertainment for the quality; and while the crowd below cheered or booed or groaned, society ladies and their partners danced in the footsteps of the floor walkers. Nobody cares very much who wins, but it is very dramatic. The noise of the public in the streets is a grand extra jazz band, and gives a new sensation in the dance.

Down below they know nothing of that. The luminous wine-coloured blinds but seldom show a shadow of any of the dancers within. The crowd want to know that the governing forces are changing. It cheers all the changes. It hurrahs for the Liberals

and roars for Labour. It counts the gains vociferously, one, two, three, till it reaches the grand total, and then breaks forth in one universal hollow cheer, like a time fuze which at length has blown up a great charge of cordite.

Less than half can see what is cast upon the screen; the other half attends to rumour. The fog passes the figures, now obscuring, now revealing them, half-revealing them, hiding them again. The Conservative numbers, being the highest, are almost entirely out of sight; Labour, being lowest and nearest, more commonly stands revealed.

In the middle of the crowd there is no moving; the people are packed like herrings in a box; on the verges cling the hawkers of rattles and trumpets. The glowing fires of the chestnut vendors roll towards one through the mist. The sellers of the early morning papers shout lies and promises, as if actually infected with the spirit of the goods they sell:

'Defeat of Lloyd George piper!'

'Good news to-night—defeat of Lloyd George!'

Away from the result-gazing crowds the tipsy help one another along Oxford Street and Bond Street under the indulgent gaze of the police. Out of the fog they emerge, and into the fog they go.

We are living in a great fog, and there are an enormous number of people moving about in it. There is a dreadful poor and a dulled rich. Ignorant armies of politicians are fighting about it, operating machine guns of facts and statistics, employing smoke screens, poison gas and stink bombs. In the midst of the London night it has become evident. They are fighting for the right to cure our social evils. They will continue to fight, and the evils will not grow less because of the fighting. The night grows darker. The pilot light above Big Ben is out. The great clock tells the hour, but its face is hidden from men. It is cold and wet at Cleopatra's Needle. The figures of Honour and Justice in the Belgian Memorial group look like homeless drabs on the way to a coffee stall to get warm. The river goes on to the sea, whispering to its banks as it flows. Something is passing from us, always passing out of London under the cover of the fog and the night: the inspiration of our youth, the dream of the England which was to be, passing away, and then, of course, renewed from the source. It comes whispering afresh and ineffectually passes on. For London is every city that ever was and ever will be. So at least says Night to one who sits by the river in the midnight hours and is passive to the mystery, the beauty, and the suffering of London.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

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THE

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AND AFTER

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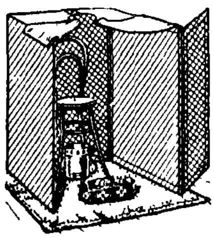
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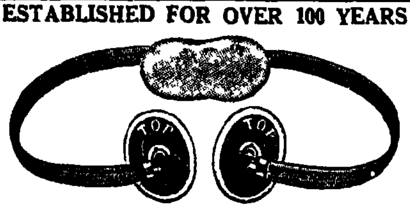
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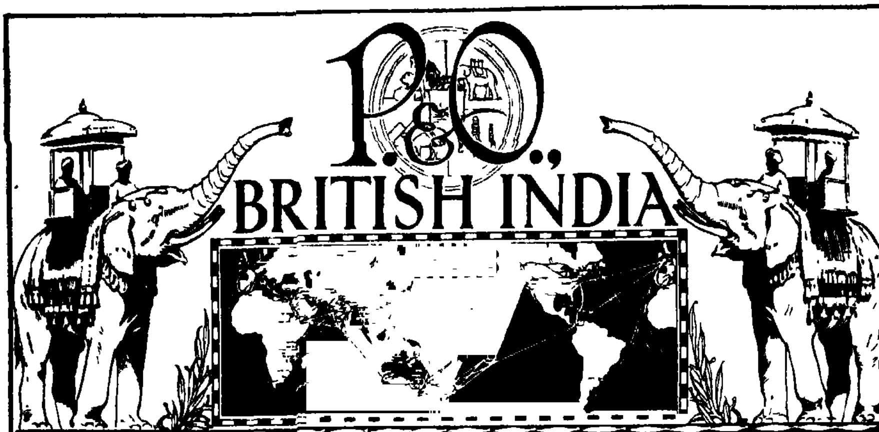
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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

No. DLXIV—February 1924

IMPERIAL PREFERENCE

The idea is so usually held that the British Empire owes its greatness to Free Trade, and that Britain's great prosperity is due to her achievements under the play of the forces of unrestricted competition, that it comes as rather a shock to discover that the British Empire was built up during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries under a drastic system of tariffs to protect home industries, colonial preferences, prohibitions, and, perhaps most important of all, Navigation Acts to restrict the commerce of the British Empire to British vessels.

A careful study of the historic bases of the economic upbuilding of the Empire makes it clear that the long-sighted vision of British statesmen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries so directed and controlled both the industries of Britain and the commerce between Britain and her overseas possessions as to build up Britain's industrial strength, to establish a mercantile marine, and thus to assure the future greatness of these wonderful islands. Ships, colonies and commerce are the foundations upon which the present greatness of Britain and of the British Empire has been built.

It is most desirable that general recognition should be given, at the present time, to the fact that Colonial Preference is no new thing in the history of our Imperial relationships. Definite tariff preferences on many types of produce were granted by Britain to her overseas possessions up till 1853, and these preferences were of such a nature and degree as to be sufficiently substantial to be effective. With the establishment of Britain's predominant position as a manufacturing nation Imperial Preference, for reasons which are not difficult to understand, disappeared from the British tariff about 1860. At this time British overseas trade was expanding by leaps and bounds. Britain at that time could well afford to dispense with the protection of tariffs. She had protection of a much more valuable nature in her then unrivalled industrial supremacy, based upon the amazing ability of her inventors and the skill of her artisans, which had been slowly developed through the centuries by the protective legislation to which reference has already been made.

The action of Britain in abandoning the ancient policy of Protection and Preference was dictated mainly by the belief that the free play of unrestricted competition would lead to the abolition of tariff restrictions throughout the world, to the disappearance of war and of armed forces, and to a commercial millennium in which Britain would continue to be the great manufacturing centre of the world, drawing foodstuffs and raw materials from the other nations and replacing them with fully manufactured goods.

These ideals, based on the principle of universal Free Trade, admirable as they were in their conception, are now proved to be impossible of realisation.

For a short period Free Trade ideas gained ground on the continent of Europe, but Britain had too great and too obvious industrial advantages over her competitors, and the subsequent revival of trade protection throughout the world was, in effect, the answer of foreign countries to the appeals for an era of prosperity based on unrestricted competition ; nor was the hope of the establishment of universal peace realised. But, notwithstanding the lessons of recent history, in this country the idea is still commonly held that Free Trade leads to peace and tariffs are a cause of war. May it not be more true that unrestricted competition, which subjects the agricultural or industrial producer of a country to the rivalry of underpaid labour, depreciated currencies or deliberate dumping, may be a greater cause of irritation and hatred of rivals against whom there is no adequate method of protection than a properly adjusted system whereby the producers of the country can be safeguarded ?

A study of all these facts must clearly demonstrate that the ideals for which Cobden and Bright fought, and which have been

carried on by their successors, have failed, not necessarily because they were wrong, but because it has been found impossible and impracticable to induce other nations to subscribe to them.

Must we not now face the fact of their failure, and address our minds to finding the way—in the light of circumstances as they are—in which we can realise the objectives for which they strove : the promotion of the world's trade and the maintenance of the world's peace ?

To me the path seems clearly marked along the lines of Empire development and closer Imperial trade relations.

This does not necessarily involve Protection and Preference. If that solution is not acceptable to the people of Britain, then all other methods of achieving our objective should be examined.

The one imperative thing to be realised is that closer Imperial trade relations are vital to the future prosperity of Britain and of every part of the Empire.

During the war, and for a short period after, it appeared as though the necessity for action had been recognised, and the warning of our dependence one upon the other had been taken to heart, by the people of Britain.

It was under the influence of this clearer recognition of the value of the Empire, due to our joint efforts during the great European struggle, that the historic resolutions of the 1917 Imperial Conference in favour of a self-dependent empire were accepted by the British Government, and by the people of this country.

I firmly believe that the present attitude of the British nation towards the Empire is far sounder and more sympathetic than at any time during the last seventy years ; but during my visit to this country I have discovered in all quarters and in all classes of the community a most lamentable lack of knowledge as regards the Empire, from the geographical, from the strategical and, perhaps above all, from the economic standpoint, and I feel that what is required, at the present time, is the full non-partisan discussion of the value and importance of the Empire to Britain.

It appears to me that educational propaganda should be undertaken, not based upon the electoral necessities of any political party, but with the one objective of demonstrating to the British nation the great present importance of Empire trade and the wonderful possibilities of the future if that trade is fostered and developed.

It is to be hoped that the Governments of the Empire will make the fullest possible use of the Imperial Economic Committee which was agreed to at the recent Imperial Economic Conference. This Committee, if properly constituted, and its services fully availed of by the constituent parts of the Empire, should have a

great educational influence both in Britain and in the Dominions, apart from the value of any work that it may achieve in the solving of immediate and pressing problems.

It would also seem that, at the present time, a very useful purpose would be served by the creation of a chair of Imperial economics at one of the British Universities or at the London School of Economics.

In order to convince the people of this country of the importance of Empire development and the need for continuous endeavour, unaffected by party changes, to foster and expand Empire trade, four preliminary points must be established :

(1) Britain's need for developing new markets.
(2) The present and potential value of the Empire as a market.
(3) Britain's need of the Empire as a source of foodstuffs and raw materials.
(4) The value of the preferential advantages given by the Dominions to Britain.

In the remainder of this article these four points are briefly discussed.

1. Britain's Need for Developing New Markets

We have already seen that, by the middle of the nineteenth century, Britain had established so great an ascendency in industrial productive power that she might fairly be regarded as the workshop of the world, and that, largely in consequence of her predominant position, foreign countries in self-defence turned to a policy of Protection in order to build up their own industrial strength.

In 1890 the United Kingdom still maintained a marked preponderance over her chief commercial rivals—Germany and the United States of America.

By 1912 this preponderance had shrunk to something like equality. The following table shows clearly the gradual decrease in Britain's preponderance :

Total Exports.

Year.	United Kingdom.	Germany.	U.S.A.
	£	£	£
1890 . . .	263,000,000	166,000,000	176,000,000
1900 . . .	291,000,000	230,000,000	302,000,000
1905 . . .	329,000,000	281,000,000	310,000,000
1910 . . .	430,000,000	367,000,000	356,000,000
1912 . . .	487,000,000	440,000,000	452,000,000

These figures suggest that, even before the war, Britain had

a difficult period ahead on account of the intensified competition of foreign countries.

As a result of the war, and particularly as a result of the application of the principle of self-determination at the Versailles Peace Conference, a number of new nationalities have been created in Europe. There has been an intense revival of national feeling, with the result that tariff barriers and restrictions on trade have been strengthened and increased.

Throughout the world the years that have elapsed since the Armistice have seen a general increase in the height of tariff barriers and, what is probably even more important from the British point of view, a great increase in the productive power of machinery ; while foreign nations appear determined to intensify their industrial development.

It is often claimed that the restoration of Europe would lead to a great increase in British trade.

It is possible that a trade boom might accompany any rapid readjustment of European difficulties, but when the industrial developments on the Continent are taken into consideration, we must expect that within a short space of time European re-establishment would face Britain with fiercer competition both in European markets and in the other principal markets of the world than anything that she has yet encountered.

In all these circumstances, can it be for a moment denied that the most pressing necessity in British trade is the development of new markets ? Can it be further denied that markets within the Empire, where there is every prospect of British trade receiving favourable treatment, are a more hopeful field for trade expansion than South America or Russia, where British trade must meet the fiercest competition ?

2. The Present and Potential Value of the Empire as a Market

During my visit to this country I have been forced to the conclusion that very few people appreciate the present extraordinary value of Empire markets to the industries of Great Britain.

I have usually found that the statement that Australia is Britain's second best customer in the world is interpreted as meaning 'per head of population.'

Very few people seem to realise that Australia, with 5½ million people, actually purchases more British goods than the 110 million in the United States, or the 65 million in Germany, or the 40 million in France.

During the last forty years the Dominion markets have developed in an extraordinary way. The following figures show the

overseas trade of the different Dominions for the years 1880, 1901 and 1921 :—

Year.	Australia.	Canada.	South Africa.	New Zealand.	Grand Total.
	£	£	£	£	£
1880	50,000,000	29,000,000	18,000,000	15,000,000	112,000,000
1901	92,000,000	71,000,000	55,000,000	28,000,000	246,000,000
1921	296,000,000	510,000,000	132,000,000	88,000,000	1,026,000,000

I pointed out to the Economic Conference that if British statesmen had in 1880 visualised the development of Dominion trade by 1921, they would have determined to concentrate their attention upon Dominion trade and Dominion expansion, realising that this must be the best way to develop British industry generally.

The full significance of the Empire as a market for British goods cannot be fully realised until a careful study of British export trade is undertaken. In the present state of unemployment in this country, I think it is obvious that exports of fully manufactured articles must be of considerably more importance to Britain than re-exports or the export of raw materials and articles on which only a small portion of manufacturing processes has been completed.

Taking the year 1922 and analysing the totals of British exports, we find that the total British exports, including the re-exports, amounted to 823 millions, of which the Empire took 300 millions, or 35·4 per cent. Excluding re-exports, which, of course, are not the produce or manufacture of Britain, and therefore cannot be properly regarded as British exports, the total figure amounted to 719 millions, the Empire absorbing 285 millions, or 39·9 per cent.

If we only take the export of manufactured goods into consideration, we find that the total British exports amounted to 568 millions, of which the Empire took 251 millions, or 44·2 per cent.

A closer scrutiny into the export of manufactured articles reveals a factor of very considerable significance. In so far as British manufactures consist of partly manufactured goods, such as yarns, wool tops, crude metals, etc., the foreign trade is very much more important than the Empire trade, but when we consider the more important, more numerous, and far more valuable items that are fully manufactured, we find that the Empire trade assumes the larger significance.

In quite a number of items my own country, Australia, purchases more British goods than all the foreign countries in the world put together.

These items include knives, made-up cotton goods, Axminster

carpets, artificial silk goods, news print and a number of other important articles.

Perhaps the best way of demonstrating the value of Empire trade as compared with foreign trade is by comparison between an Empire country and a foreign country, and there appears to be particular interest in a comparison between Australia and the Argentine because both these countries supply Britain with largely the same types of foodstuffs and raw materials; and if there is one country more than another in the world where Britain ought to have every commercial advantage apart from tariffs, it is in the Argentine, where she has such large investments and so many close commercial connections.

Australia has a population of a little over 5½ millions, and the Argentine population is approximately 8¼ millions. In 1922 the Australian export to Britain amounted to 64 millions, while Argentine sent 56 million pounds worth of goods to these markets.

When we consider the other side of the ledger, we find that in 1922 Australia purchased 60 million pounds worth of goods, or a *per capita* purchase of 11*l.* 19*s.*, while Argentine purchased from Britain 22,500,000*l.*, or 2*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* per head.

I have compared the trade of the Argentine and the trade of Australia with Britain in 1913 and in 1922, and find that, with only two exceptions, Australia's percentage in 1922 shows a great advantage over Argentine as compared with 1913 purchases. The following table shows the comparison in a few very important items:

	Argentine.			Australia.		
Articles.	1913.	1922.	1922 per cent. of 1913.	1913.	1922.	1922 per cent. of 1913.
Cotton piece goods, yards	199 mil.	149 mil.	75	167 mil.	227 mil.	136
Woollen tissues, yards	7·2 mil.	6·8 mil.	94	9·6 mil.	17·0 mil.	177
Tinned plates, tons	19,300	17,700	92	28,900	37,000	128
Galvanised sheets, tons	75,000	68,000	91	104,000	99,800	96

This comparison should be a strong argument in favour of the encouragement of inter-Empire trade, and the results must be largely attributed to the Australian policy of tariff preferences to Britain.

Going back to pre-war days and taking the year 1913, a comparison between British trade with Germany and British trade with Australia shows that, whereas Germany bought 26 million pounds worth of British manufactured goods, of which 10·5 million pounds consisted of yarns and wool tops, Australia purchased 31 million pounds worth of British manufactured goods, of which

almost the whole amount was fully manufactured. On the other hand, food and raw materials only accounted for 29 per cent. of British imports from Germany, while 97 per cent. of Britain's purchases from Australia was in these categories.

Another comparison of particular significance at the present time could be made between the trade of Russia and that of New Zealand. In 1913 Russia purchased more British goods than ever before, her total purchases of British manufactures amounting to 10 million pounds, whereas New Zealand, with a population of just over one million, purchased 9,600,000*l.* of manufactured British goods.

This shows that even in 1913, when Russia had a population of 176 million, she was of little more importance as a market to Britain than the Dominion of New Zealand.

These figures all demonstrate the present value of the Empire as a market, but when we consider the future possibilities it is impossible to exaggerate the position that could be created for British trade, provided we have the will and the imagination resolutely to prosecute a policy of Empire development.

As one indication I would cite the Murray Valley development schemes of Australia. Australia is expending 10 million pounds on the development of irrigation facilities in the Murray Valley. The present works will allow of two million acres being devoted to cultivation by irrigation and will require a population of 750,000 people to develop the full economic advantages of this expenditure.

On the present basis of Australia's purchasing power of British goods, the Murray Valley alone should mean a new market worth 8 million pounds per year to British trade, and this is only one out of the many examples of what can be achieved if we develop our own heritage.

3. The Value of the Empire as a Source of Foodstuffs and Raw Materials

To discuss in any satisfactory way the question of the power of the Empire to supply the British requirements of food and raw materials would require an article in itself, and I shall, therefore, confine myself to consideration of two of the great staples, namely, wool and cotton. The world appears to be faced with a shortage of both these essential commodities.

Throughout the world there has been a contraction of the sheep flocks, which in many countries has assumed serious proportions, and world experience has taught us that as settlement progresses in new countries sheep give way to mixed farming and occupy a less important position in the national production.

Wool production in the Argentine and United States of America

has greatly decreased, and there is little doubt that the only countries we can look to to make up the deficiency are Australia, South Africa and New Zealand.

Both in the United States and in Australia cattle have proved to be the necessary economic forerunners for sheep. In new country cattle can be maintained where sheep would perish, and, curious as the fact may seem to many people in this country, if the great Southern Dominions are to expand their sheep-producing areas and thus prevent a very serious shortage in the world's supplies of wool, they must have satisfactory markets for beef.

While wool is certain to remain in short supply for a number of years, when we come to consider the position as regards cotton a far more formidable situation is revealed, so alarming that, unless resolute action is immediately taken to encourage the production of this great staple, the available supplies upon which the trade of Lancashire depends may not be forthcoming in a few years' time.

On November 10, 1923, *The Times Trade Supplement* published an extremely interesting graph showing the position that was arising.

For the years 1900-1901 the American cotton crop amounted to about 10·2 million bales, while the American home consumption amounted to 3·6 million bales. In 1922, owing to the ravages of the boll weevil and other pests, the American crop had decreased to just under 10 million bales, whereas, on the other hand, the American consumption had increased to over 6 million bales. The graph to which I allude showed that if nothing occurred to alter the decrease in the American cotton crop, which has been in operation since 1912, or to stop the increase in the American home consumption, which has been a continuous process, by the years 1926-27 there would be no available supplies for export from America.

Within the Empire there are millions of acres upon which cotton can be satisfactorily grown, particularly in Africa and Australia.

Had the serious position which is rapidly arising been visualised before the war, the Empire would now be in a position to supply large quantities of cotton, to the great advantage of the trade of this country.

4. The Value of the Preferential Advantages given by the Dominions to Britain

The lack of understanding of Imperial trade relationship that obtains in this country is nowhere more clearly exemplified than in the misconceptions that are current as to the value and signi-

ficance of the preferential advantages given by the Dominions to British trade.

In certain quarters it is quite commonly stated that the Dominion preferences are small and insignificant, and that the Dominion tariffs hamper and restrict British trade, whereas, on the other hand, Britain with her open markets welcomes the importation of all Dominion produce.

While this view is widely held, it is certainly not the opinion of those people in Britain who are in the best position to know.

During the discussions at the Economic Conference the President of the Board of Trade assured the Conference that the value of the Dominion preferences to the manufacturers of Great Britain was fully realised, and both the Federation of British Industries and the Association of Chambers of Commerce in the memoranda which they prepared for the Imperial Economic Conference made handsome acknowledgment of the value of these preferences.

Taking the Commonwealth of Australia as an example of Dominion Preference, I unhesitatingly affirm that British manufacturers are far more advantageously placed on the Australian market under our tariff, with its preferential system, than they would be if the markets of Australia were open to the unrestricted competition of all comers.

For the five years 1909-13 Britain was supplying 50·42 per cent. of Australia's import trade.

During the war, owing to the fact that supplies could not be obtained from Britain, this proportion dropped to 41·91 per cent., and the United States and Japan obtained a strong hold in the Australian markets. In 1919-20 Britain's percentage of our imports showed a further drop to 38·91 per cent.

In 1920 the Australian Parliament increased the preference that was given to British goods from its previous figure of an average of 5 per cent. to an average of about 12 per cent., and in 1921, when it became apparent that the depreciated currencies of Germany and other European industrial nations endangered the preferential advantages to British trade, special anti-dumping legislation was passed by the Australian Parliament, specifically designed fully to safeguard the British manufacturer. The result of these increases of preferential treatment is clearly shown by the fact that Britain has fully regained her pre-war proportion of Australia's imports. In 1921-22 Britain's proportion was 51·42 per cent., and in 1922-23 the percentage had risen to 51·84 per cent.

I have selected these four points for especial consideration, because I believe that by full and impartial discussion on points such as these the importance of the Empire to Britain can be best brought home to the people of this country.

I believe that, after careful consideration of the whole question of Imperial Preference, it will be realised in Britain that, important as preferential advantages in the British market may be to the Dominions and Crown Colonies, yet to the British manufacturers and their employees the general principle of Imperial Preference is more important still.

So far as the Dominions are concerned, they are not faced with many pressing and urgent problems.

If the people of this country decide against a system of Imperial Preference, the Dominions can turn to other countries which have already made many overtures for reciprocal trade.

We recognise that Britain is by far our best and most important market, and we would far rather trade with Britain than with any other country, and by our preferential systems have clearly demonstrated not only our will, but our purpose, to do so.

We recognise that, if we are forced into closer trade relationships with foreign countries, it will mean some delay to our own development, because they cannot give us the same market that Britain alone among the nations can provide, but there is little doubt that from sources other than Britain we can obtain sufficient advantages to meet our present needs. With Britain this is not the case.

If she is to maintain her position in the world, she must speedily settle her unemployment problem.

She must have new lands to which she can move a proportion of her growing population. She must have markets in which her goods will be preferred over those of her industrial rivals.

In certain quarters in Great Britain the fear is frequently expressed that Empire trade can only be encouraged at the expense of foreign trade. I cannot understand the basis of this anxiety, and there appear to be two reasons why we need have no fears of this nature.

Firstly, in the event of Britain adopting the policy that has been since 1906 adopted in the Overseas Dominions, and giving preferential advantages to the products of the Empire, she would only be doing what all the principal foreign colonial Powers have done.

The report of the United States Tariff Commission, 1922, on this subject is most illuminating, and shows that, with the exception of Holland, which employs other methods, and Belgium, whose colonial possessions are all controlled by the open-door treaty affecting the Congo basin, every foreign colonial Power has a preferential tariff in favour of its overseas possessions, discriminating against foreign countries, from 100 per cent. in the case of the United States and Japan down to about 50 to 80 per cent. in the case of most of the European colonial Powers.

Secondly, if the lion's share of the Empire markets can be firmly

secured for British manufacturers, it will mean that, having this certain market, the British manufacturer will be able to produce articles in larger quantities, adopt methods of mass production, and thus be in a better position effectively to compete for foreign trade throughout the world.

If Imperial Preference means, as it should mean, preference to the producers of the entire Empire, British, Dominion and colonial, the British manufacturer should find himself, as a result of the application of these principles, in a position to do far better than he is doing to-day in foreign markets.

Imperial Preference is not a selfish aim, but one that should appeal to everyone who has the well-being of the British race at heart.

It has been adopted in the Dominions primarily to safeguard our standard of living from the competition of the more highly developed industrial countries, from cheap labour and from depreciated currencies. Should not Britain and the Dominions jointly adopt Imperial Preference to safeguard the Anglo-Saxon standard of living from the latter types of competition ?

The peoples of the Dominions are strong adherents of the ideals embodied in the League of Nations, but they are profoundly convinced that, at the present time and in the future, the greatest factor for the peace and security of the world will be a strong, powerful, united British Empire.

We feel that the strength and security of the Empire are primarily dependent upon its commercial basis, and that a deliberate and continued policy of Empire development would confer great benefits not only upon the inhabitants of the British Empire, but ultimately upon the peoples of the world.

S. M. Bruce.

ENHAM AND THE DISABLED MAN

In its inception and conduct the Enham Village Centre embodies a great ideal. It seeks to restore the disabled soldier to a position of usefulness and independence, and it refutes the taunt, so often levelled at us as a nation, that we too frequently forget the men 'broken in our wars.' Here in this quiet Hampshire village, amid cheerful and healthy surroundings, a work is being carried on, both humane and practical, which deserves and should receive willing and generous support.

Nothing more useful could possibly be done for our disabled soldiers, whose services every Englishman respects.

I AM privileged to quote the above observations by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Ever since the earliest days of the Centre's existence His Royal Highness has taken a great personal interest in it. He was the first of its patrons, who now include Their Majesties the King and Queen, Princess Mary, Princess Alice, Lord Athlone and Lord Lascelles; he has visited the Centre; and he has at all times been well informed as to the progress of its work. That he should have formed so definite an opinion as to the necessity for this institution, and that he should so whole-heartedly commend it, is therefore a source of peculiar satisfaction to those who have striven, and are still striving, to demonstrate in practice the success of the theories upon which the work is based.

On the inception of the scheme it is not necessary to dwell at great length. It is important, however, to note that the idea of Enham was conceived only as a result of much earnest consideration and logical forethought. The Great War was extraordinary, not only because its reactions and repercussions left no individual unaffected, no State unshaken, but also because of the stupendous and largely unanticipated problems which it produced. This statement may appear platitudinous. It will be said that these problems are all too grievously patent. Whereas the obvious consequences of war were clearly anticipated, it was not imagined that the strain of war would incapacitate enormous numbers of men whom no bullet had pierced and no shell struck. For serious casualties all nations were heroically prepared. They were regarded as part of the inevitable cost, and it was resolved, with the utmost solemnity, that those who suffered injury should be generously compensated. The course of the war, however,

produced not only vast and unprecedented disablement, but also complicated and still more unprecedented disabilities; and although there already existed machinery for treating the more general types of disability—the armless, the legless, the physically shattered and defective—there was comparatively little machinery for dealing with the extensive nervous disorders which began to manifest themselves within the first few months of the war.

It was to consider this special problem that in 1917 a Committee was formed, under the guidance of Dr. R. Fortescue Fox. This Committee was largely composed of medical men who had made a study of the effects of shell-shock and kindred affections, and it made searching inquiries, both at home and abroad, as to the work that was already being done for the types of disablement mentioned. Gradually the opinion was formed that the needs of such men could not adequately be met by any scheme of pensions or grants, but that special conditions of life were postulated. It became more and more clear that men so disabled could only gain a measure of contentment or independence—and the two are closely correlated—if a new and sympathetic world could be constructed for them to inhabit.

Since it was manifestly impossible to remake the whole world in order to satisfy an unfortunate minority, there emerged the alternative of a self-contained 'colony' of such men; and exactly such was Enham intended to be, and exactly such has Enham very nearly succeeded in becoming.

It will be well to specify some of the reasons why the need for special conditions was conceded. In many cases men of these types of disablement had practically no physical disability at all. Many, indeed, were physically unscathed. The only thing which prevented them from being able to take their rightful place in the community which they had so well served was a set of mental inhibitions and reservations, prohibitions and vacillations, which either greatly weakened or entirely destroyed the power of the mind to direct the body. They were rendered unemployable because they had been so affected by the strident and clamorous horrors of war that they were incapable of functioning normally in ordinary circumstances, the result being a loss of mental and bodily vigour. In effect they were comparable to an engine whose machinery is intact, but whose source of power is diverted and wasted; and the Committee came to the conclusion that the only chance of conserving and redirecting the power of mental application lay in the creation of unusual and sympathetic circumstances in which such men could live.

The Committee did not content itself with the contemplation of nervous disorders. The case of the neurasthenic has been described at some length here, because it is, generally speaking,

imperfectly understood and inadequately appreciated; and the Committee was particularly concerned with it because its treatment had not then approached perfection and was far less effective than that of definite physical disabilities. But the Committee was of opinion that its hypothetical colony would be essential for men suffering from almost every form of war disability whose earning capacity had been seriously impaired though not utterly destroyed. It foresaw that such men would neither receive pensions on which they could live nor be able to work to supplement them; and the abnormal and sympathetic conditions which the Committee prescribed did not merely visualise a vague general benevolence and a benign toleration of bodily or mental infirmities, but comprised the provision of mechanical devices and all kinds of ameliorations and substitutions, aids and contrivances, designed to increase the earning capacity of the disabled by enabling them to perform work of an order and in a way that would without them be altogether beyond their powers. It was clear that certain types of disabled men would be unsuitable for the proposed colony: the blind, because their treatment and care constituted a different and highly specialised problem; the insane and those suffering from infectious and contagious diseases, such as tuberculosis, because their disabilities precluded their becoming part of any community not similarly affected. These types, however, were being dealt with elsewhere.

Having reached their conclusions, the Committee then sought a suitable site for such a colony, and, after several had been inspected, the Enham estate of 1027 acres, on which were one large country house and two smaller ones, forty cottages, a post-office and a smithy, was purchased for 30,000*l.* This sum was advanced by the late Sir Ernest Cassel for one year free of interest, and at the end of this period the loan was repaid, 10,000*l.* having been secured in donations and the balance being advanced by Enham's bankers against a mortgage on the estate.

Then followed a period of consolidation, and Enham's attention was devoted to providing concurrent treatment and training for numbers of men. Some required re-education in their pre-war trades; others, robbed of their old skill, required to be taught entirely new trades; and concurrently with this training they received medical treatment and careful individual supervision. Enham is still dealing with cases of this type, but their number is, happily, declining. About 750 have been received at Enham from all arms of the service and all parts of the United Kingdom. The majority, restored to health, have left and found employment. Some, unfortunately, are unemployed. They are mostly those who cannot benefit from any further treatment, and who are destined to remain unemployable in normal circumstances.

They sometimes obtain employment; but they cannot keep their jobs, and the effort and the continual disappointments frequently have so severe an effect on their health that they are forced to return to hospital. There are, of course, some men whose pre-war aversion from any form of work still persists, unabated; but they constitute a very small proportion of the whole, and their existence only affects the situation in so far as it provides an argument with which the uncharitable endeavour to resist the claim which the disabled have upon the resources of us all.

During this period the financial position of Enham was slowly strengthened. The Ministry of Pensions made a capitation grant in respect of each man admitted for treatment and training, and this covered his maintenance. The British Red Cross Society gave quite invaluable assistance by way of large grants for development, and such other money as could be raised was devoted to reducing the mortgage on the estate, building cottages and workshops, and generally adapting the estate itself to the requirements of a 'village centre'—the phrase by which it was decided to term the colony. The Village Centres Council was established as the administrative body charged with the governance of Enham, and became an incorporated society on February 16, 1921.

For more than a year after the incorporation of the Council the work of treatment and training went on. The raising of funds was most difficult. Institutions dependent upon eleemosynary support felt the reaction of the continued and universal dislocation of trade, all seriously, some disastrously. Enham still carried on, sustained more by confidence in the absolute necessity for its work than by any definite prospect of financial relief.

The necessity for Enham's work was not felt exclusively by those who were associated with the scheme. The Report of the Select Committee on Pensions contains, on p. 9, the statement that

> *. . . there will be a residue [of disabled men] for whom no provision at present exists, namely, those who possess some potential earning capacity, but could only exercise it if some special arrangements were made for enabling them to do so.*

Among that Committee's recommendations, which follow the citation of the evidence in substance, is the following:

> *We recommend . . . 8. That special attention be given to the cases of men who, though not requiring treatment and therefore not eligible for the convalescent centres, need some form of training or employment in special workshops or under special conditions in order to exercise their earning capacity, and that such arrangements be made for them as may be found to be necessary.*

This Committee also strongly urged that the provision of

combined treatment and training for those who required it should be expedited. Thus Enham received ample and definitive justification both as to its immediate task of providing treatment and training and as to its ultimate aim, which has always been to provide "employment in special workshops or under special conditions" for the types of disabled men referred to in this part of the Report. And here it is meet that mention should be made of the ready assistance and support which Enham has always received from the various Government departments affected by this Report. The Ministries of Pensions and Labour, the Civil Liabilities Department and the Development Commission have all proved sympathetic and helpful in a degree which would astonish those who devote much of their time to the vituperative execration of all public servants.

Enham's position was greatly improved on May 22, 1922. On that day their Majesties, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duke of York, honoured the Centre by a visit, while on the same evening H.R.H. Princess Alice acted as hostess at a ball in aid of Enham at the Hyde Park Hotel. Shortly afterwards H.R.H. Princess Mary allotted to Enham nearly half of the proceeds arising from the exhibition of her wedding presents. This sum, 4000*l.*, was of inestimable value. Not only did it greatly improve the condition of Enham's finances, but it also led to a far wider appreciation of the work Enham was doing. Before the end of 1922 the mortgage on the estate was paid off, and an offer of 10,000*l.*, conditional upon Enham's securing a further 20,000*l.*, was received, and three-quarters of the sums involved were raised and paid in. Early in 1923 the Development Commission was instrumental in obtaining a Treasury grant towards the building of a large central workshop for rural wood industries, which is now almost completed; and the balance of the conditional gift of 10,000*l.* was during the year earned for Enham by the generosity of the public.

As soon as events took this favourable turn Enham was able to pay attention to the permanent settlement side of the work, and begin to build additional cottages. Four, built out of Princess Mary's donation, are called the 'Royal Cottages,' and near them will be others called the 'Queen Alexandra Cottage' and the 'Prince of Wales Cottage,' towards the cost of which Her Majesty Queen Alexandra and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales have respectively contributed. Adjoining the 'Queen Alexandra Cottage' there will be a further cottage, given by Sir Frederick Milner, one of the Council's Hon. Treasurers. To Sir Frederick Milner Enham owes a debt which it can never repay. He has been unceasing in his advocacy of the Enham scheme, as well as indefatigable in obtaining financial help for the Centre. He has, indeed, proved indispensable, for without his aid there could have been no village

centre at Enham. Since 1914 he has devoted the whole of his time to the cause of the disabled. He has helped a multitude of individuals, and many institutions, none, perhaps, more than Enham. His cottage is given as his own personal memorial to the men who will never return ; but the 'Frederick Milner Cottage' will commemorate not only those to whom it is dedicated, but also its donor and his great and unostentatious work for those who can no longer help themselves.

When the numbers of men requiring treatment and training began noticeably to decline, Enham made arrangements to give courses of training without treatment to men who no longer needed the latter. It had been the custom for many of the men to leave the Centre as soon as they were deemed to require no further treatment, and to proceed to a Government instructional factory to complete their training. By virtue of the new system, which was devised in collaboration with, and approved by, the Ministry of Labour, a proportion of such men was retained at Enham after the conclusion of their treatment for a full course of training. From that time onwards there have thus been two types of trainees at Enham: (*a*) those fresh from hospital, who receive treatment and training first of a curative and then of a definitely instructional character ; and (*b*) those who, their treatment completed, remain for a course of instructional training extending over from twelve to fifteen months. In addition to the trainees, the population of Enham includes of course the administrative staff and the instructors, as well as over forty men who are already permanently established on the estate, some directly in the employment of the Council and others engaged in utility trades, small-holding work, etc. These settlers live in cottages, for which they pay a rent which covers repairs and helps to maintain the estate. They are not, in any sense, living on charity. They are just as free and independent as any men in this country, but it is most improbable that they could have reached anything like this condition in normal circumstances.

This is the position at Enham at the time of writing. The future will show whether the scheme can be carried through to its logical conclusion. Whether it can or not depends entirely upon the provision of the necessary funds. Within the next few weeks the first batch of men will be fully trained and ready to begin productive work. Accommodation must be found for them. If it is not, they will have to leave the Centre ; and this no one could wish who appreciates the helplessness of disabled men in the present state of the labour market. While being trained they live in a hostel, which has to be evacuated when the training course is completed to make room for incoming trainees. During their period of training they receive allowances from the State on which

they can contrive to maintain their own homes, and the wives and families or dependants from whom perforce they are temporarily separated. As soon as they finish their training, however, these allowances cease, and it is Enham's intention immediately to employ those for whom Enham is specially suited; but this will be impossible unless the requisite accommodation is provided. The wages which these men would receive from Enham, fixed as they will be on a most compassionate basis, and not always with regard to their actual earning capacity, would suffice to keep them and their families if all were at Enham. They would not, however, suffice to keep the men at Enham and their families elsewhere, even if the men were willing to settle down indefinitely away from their homes. Thus, although Enham might perhaps provide temporary hostel accommodation for the men, they could not very well stay, and such an expedient would be far more wasteful than the alternative, which is to build cottages to which these men may bring their families. Cottages have a value as property. Temporary hostels have not.

The cost of cottage-building has fallen considerably during the past three years. Cottages which once cost 900*l.* can now be built for about half that sum, and it is estimated that 10,000*l.* will cover the cost of the thirty cottages now so urgently required, because by the provisions of the Housing Act of 1923 a subsidy of approximately 100*l.* is receivable in respect of each cottage built. The nett cost per cottage erected in conformity with this Act, therefore, will be about £350. The present crisis in this question of of accommodation would not have arisen had it not been for the curtailment of the housing programme of the Coalition Government. In order to take advantage of the scheme then formulated, a public utility society, named 'Village Centres Cottages, Ltd.,' was formed, and it was intended that fifty cottages should be erected immediately by the aid of the loan facilities provided by the Act of 1919. The rescission of these facilities had the effect of reducing this number to ten, a circumstance which, while it limited Enham's commitments, made the provision of additional cottages a matter of great difficulty and urgency. It is, of course, in many ways preferable that cottages should not be built out of the proceeds of large loans, which would saddle the Council with heavy amortisation and interest charges for many years. So urgent however was the need for cottages that the Council would have carried through the original fifty-cottage scheme on this basis. The present subsidy proposal, involving as it does no mortgaging of the future, is far more acceptable, but it requires that the Council should find a much larger proportion of the necessary capital; and this is the sole present obstacle to the proper development of the Centre.

Assuming that the Council will contrive to build the thirty cottages and will, in fact, succeed in developing the Centre until it is accommodating and employing 300 disabled men, what will then be the position ? Will Enham be self-supporting ?

These are questions which have, of course, been well considered. From the experience which has been gained it would appear that the men who will eventually be employed at Enham will be of two general types : (*a*) men sufficiently skilled to be employed without loss to the Council and (*b*) men so severely disabled that a loss on their employment must be accepted as inevitable. It is improbable that the men in the former category will return a profit on their work, which would be chargeable against the loss arising from the employment of men of the latter category, so that this loss is unlikely to be compensated. There will therefore be a certain loss in respect of each man of the second category who is employed, and a *possible* additional loss, which should be small, arising from the employment of men of the first category. The nett annual loss is estimated at about 5000*l*., and it is hoped to meet this by increasing the volume of annual subscriptions and by gradually building up an endowment fund. It is perhaps relevant here to state that the one indispensable quality required of all the men to be settled at Enham is that of *trying*. They must try to do as much as they can without injury to their health. It is not just that men willing to try to do their best should be excluded while others, less worthy, are settled at Enham ; and this principle will to a large extent be used in determining the suitability or otherwise of candidates for employment and a cottage there.

Reference has already been made to the more humane considerations which make Enham necessary, but it is not upon such grounds alone that Enham is justifiable. Let us assume that 300 normally unemployable men find employment at Enham, and that the loss incurred amounts to 5000*l*. per annum. Now, consider what would be the cost of maintaining these men in idleness. Their pensions need not be reckoned, because they would be paid whether the men were employed or not, but they must be referred to because most of these men, being but partially disabled, receive only small pensions on which it is quite impossible for them to live and maintain their families. The effect of this is that while unemployed such men have to obtain supplements to their pensions, generally from the guardians, because, having been under treatment ever since the war, they have made no contribution, and have therefore no claim, to unemployment benefit. A man with a wife and one child, and a pension of 8*s*. per week, would probably receive cash or goods to the value of at least 12*s*. per week in poor relief. Even that is not far removed from starvation. For purposes of this argument, however, it will be

sufficient to assume that a minimum cost of 10s. per man per week would fall upon the various boards of guardians, if our 300 men were not employed at Enham. This totals 150l. per week, or 7800l. per annum. On these figures, therefore—and I do not anticipate that anyone conversant with the facts will challenge them—Enham would not only rescue 300 men from the unmerited privations entailed by their patriotic services, but it would save the public not less than 2800l. per annum while reviving and developing, in the process, 300 damaged human units of production.

The principal industries which are being, and will be, carried on at Enham include furniture-making and renovation, upholstering and French polishing, basketry and osier-growing, as well as rural wood industries of many kinds, such as gate- and fence-making. Both house and garden furniture is made, and an original wheeled garden seat, which obtained some notice in the daily Press, was presented to H.R.H. Princess Mary on her marriage. In addition to these industries, the home farm provides employment and produces a revenue, and has won many prizes with stock exhibits. There are also extensive gardens, which are fully exploited under the guidance of experts ; woods (180 acres), which are being dealt with in accordance with a scheme of felling and replanting drawn up in collaboration with the English Forestry Association. Upwards of 100,000 young trees are now being grown for replanting in the forestry nursery. The Council also owns osier beds which are actively cultivated and provide the raw material for the basket-making industry.

Hitherto there has been more difficulty in completing orders punctually than in obtaining orders themselves, but when the new factory is in full swing the position will be somewhat altered. 'Mass' production will effect a great economy of cost, but this advantage will be rendered nugatory unless the goods manufactured can be sold. It is not Enham's intention to demand 'compassionate' prices for its goods. All articles have been and will be sold at current market prices ; and those who help Enham by giving orders for Enham goods may be assured that no attempt is being made to exploit their kindness.

In a community like Enham, largely composed as it is of men who have been accustomed to town life, the necessity for social intercourse and recreation is imperative. This has been realised, and a committee, elected by the men, organises outdoor pursuits such as tennis, cricket and football, and indoor entertainment in the Institute. The religious needs of the Centre have been met by the conversion of one of the buildings into a chapel, and the chaplain, the Rev. G. H. Colbeck, takes an active part not only in his own special province of religious instruction, but also in the

educational work, which, with the arrival of further settlers with young families, will become an increasingly important sphere.

It is improbable that the number of ex-service men requiring the benefits which Enham provides will diminish for some years. Several thousand men are still in hospital, and there are many more in Government convalescent and training centres. A proportion of these men must be suitable for Enham, and in the Enham scheme lies their only hope for the future.

It may be questioned whether the capital expenditure on the estate is justified, whether this problem of war disablement, which will pass with this generation, justifies measures of a permanent character for which money has now to be found. The national utility of Enham will not, however, pass with the years. Enham will be needed by disabled ex-service men for many years to come; and then it can be used to make good a part of the industrial wastage. Nearly 250,000 men are injured annually in the mines and factories of Great Britain. A number of these are rendered unemployable. No attempt is made at present to re-educate them industrially, or to afford them any but a slight measure of medical and pecuniary aid. These industrial 'derelicts' are, practically, abandoned; but in due course Enham will be able to salvage and refit them for service either in the great sea of national industry or in the quiet harbour of Enham itself.

The harvest of war is not all sorrow, and the product of war is not all bitterness. We have to curb the causes and agencies of destruction. That is our first duty. To conserve and develop all the creative and constructive elements which emerged from the four years of the world's great tragedy—that is another duty, no less solemn, no less imperative. For this reason it is surely incumbent upon us to press for the development of the Enham scheme, and by so doing bring to the unfortunate of this and future generations a new hope and a more humane prospect.

HENRY BENTINCK.

REUNION

THE 'conversations' at Malines give much food for thought. Few English Churchmen outside the inner coteries of the 'Anglo-Catholic movement' knew that matters had gone so far, and the announcement that the Primate of all England was prepared to associate himself with the ecclesiastical advances of Lord Halifax came with the shock of unwelcome surprise to most English folk. When, in 1894, Archbishop Benson dissociated himself with some sharpness from any responsibility for his Lordship's diplomacy, the way for a restoration of fellowship between the Churches was comparatively unobstructed. But since the issue of the Bull 'Apostolicæ Curæ' in 1895, declaring the absolute nullity of English Orders, the renewal of relations with Rome seemed to be wholly blocked. It was hard to imagine how any approach was possible from the side of the Anglican Communion until that harsh verdict had been withdrawn, or at least mitigated. Why did not the present Primate follow his predecessor's example, and, with even more evident reason, meet the well-intentioned but unauthorised efforts of Lord Halifax with a stern rebuke?

It is not clear what precise measure of official authorisation was possessed by the delegates from the two Churches who met in the Cardinal's palace at Malines. The English Primate and the Roman Pontiff appear to disagree on the point, for—if *The Times* correspondent in Rome has been correctly informed—the Pope did not concede the 'official cognisance' which the Archbishop considered himself fairly entitled to assume, and which formed the necessary condition of his own course. That an unfortunate misunderstanding has occurred is sufficiently evident, but that a situation should have come into existence in which such a misunderstanding is possible will appear to the majority of English Christians extremely perplexing, and even startling. Even the ample assurances of the Archbishop's letter, and the well-founded confidence which is generally felt in His Grace's judgment, have not been able to remove the unpleasant impression which has been created. The profound respect for the Primate, built on his eminent services to the Church through many years, has restrained the public expression of an anxiety which none the

less is widely felt, and which will not easily or quickly be removed. A sudden and unexpected light has been cast on the meaning and tendency of the attempt to restore the 'visible unity' of the Christian society, which, since the issue of the *Appeal to all Christian People* by the last Lambeth Conference, has filled so large a place in the mind of English-speaking Christians. Many who accepted without much reflection the ardent summons to 'bury hatchets' and make peace between the Churches have been compelled to ask themselves what they really mean by reunion, and what they really want.

The Archbishop refers to the Lambeth Appeal as in some sense requiring his recent action, but an examination of that document does not appear to justify the reference. The language is indeed regrettably ambiguous, and lends itself but too easily to discordant interpretations, but, so far as the Roman Catholic Church is concerned, its meaning seems plain enough. The *Appeal to all Christian People* is set out in nine sections, of which the first five describe, with perilous because misleading eloquence, the reasons why the Bishops have felt themselves bound to seek 'reunion,' and what they consider the Christian Church would be if it accorded with the Divine intention. Then, in Section VI., they set down shortly and clearly what they conceive to be the necessary basis of negotiations between the separated Churches. This crucial section runs thus:

> VI. We believe that the visible unity of the Church will be found to involve the whole-hearted acceptance of—
>
> The Holy Scriptures, as the record of God's revelation of Himself to man, and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith, and the Creed commonly called Nicene, as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith, and either it or the Apostles' Creed as the baptismal confession of belief;
>
> The Divinely instituted Sacraments of Baptism and the Holy Communion, as expressing for all the corporate life of the whole fellowship in and with Christ;
>
> A ministry acknowledged by every part of the Church as possessing not only the inward call of the Spirit, but also the commission of Christ and the authority of the whole body.

The remaining sections are concerned with the single point of organisation. They suggest a method by which the diverse polities of the separated Churches might be everywhere brought into an uniform type, the episcopal, without doing violence to any conscience or wounding any self-respect. It is sufficiently obvious, as well from the order of the sections of the Appeal as from the necessary sequence of the argument, that the practical proposals contained in the eighth section presuppose acceptance of the basis set out in the sixth. *On that basis* the Bishops profess themselves ready to enter into such arrangements as they indicate

in Section VIII. The particular method proposed is plainly directed primarily to the case of the non-episcopal Churches, since in their case only does the difficult and embarrassing question of a 'valid' ministry properly arise. Efforts have indeed been made by some 'Anglo-Catholics' to read into the Appeal an intention which was certainly absent from the minds of most of the Bishops at Lambeth. Thus, to give but a single example, the Rev. Wilfred L. Knox writes in his curious and illuminating book *The Catholic Movement in the Church of England*:

An obstacle which seemed at one time to be very serious may now be regarded as set aside, namely, the condemnation by Leo XIII. of the Orders of the Church of England. For although Anglicans are firmly convinced that they receive at ordination the power which our Lord gave to His Apostles to teach and to administer the Sacraments in His name, yet the recent Lambeth Conference of 1920 formally declared the willingness of Anglicans to accept, if such acceptance were a condition of reunion, any such confirmation of their Orders as would satisfy the consciences of those with whom reunion was sought. It is not clear whether the decision of Leo XIII. would be regarded as still in force, if there were no other obstacle to reunion on the Roman side; but if it were insisted on, it seems that the Lambeth Conference would be prepared to recommend, if necessary, the acceptance of ordination by the clergy of the English Church in such a form as to set aside all doubts which Rome might feel. Such an acceptance would not imply an admission of the invalidity of the past ministrations of English priests, but a willingness to remove all obstacles to unity with another Christian body" (v., p. 248).

It is not perhaps without significance that the English delegates at Malines, until they were recalled to actuality by the Archbishop, embarked at once on the discussion of 'certain large administrative problems which might arise, if and when a measure of agreement had been reached on the great doctrinal and historical questions sundering the two Churches.' When, however, it is remembered that it is the common assumption of the 'Anglo-Catholics' that doctrinal agreement (save for the measures of the Pope's supremacy) is already in existence, this inversion of the natural order of discussion ceases to be surprising. Neither the Archbishop nor the Cardinal was thus to be hoodwinked:

I found myself in concurrence with His Eminence the Cardinal [writes the Archbishop] as well as with the members of the original group in pressing the point that prior to any discussion upon the possible administrative questions which might arise attention should be concentrated upon the great doctrinal and historical issues at stake between the Churches.

Had the order of the Appeal been followed in the first instance, and the Roman delegates confronted with the basis for negotiation proposed in its sixth section, it would have been immediately apparent that 'conversations' were altogether out of place. The Archbishop reminds his readers that 'we have

before us what was said on the subject' (of the relation of the Church of England to the Church of Rome) 'by the Committee of the same Lambeth Conference' (as issued the Appeal). But a reference to that Committee's report will not strengthen the case for such essays at negotiation as have been made at Malines. There it is laid down that the initiative must come from the Church of Rome, since the barriers to fellowship are of her creation. Emphasis is placed on what are described as 'movements going on in the Church of Rome which may be fruitful in the future,' but that is all. 'It is obvious,' says the report, 'that no forward step can be taken yet; but the facts thus referred to may help to create in the future a very different position.' There is nothing here to justify Lord Halifax's self-commissioned embassy to Cardinal Mercier, nor the more or less authorised conferences which have grown from it. The Archbishop has expressed his belief that 'further conversations must follow from the careful talks already held,' but that belief will hardly survive the disclosure of the true mind of the Vatican. In any case, His Grace claims 'in this direction, as in others, to give effect to the formal recommendation of the Lambeth Conference,' and he proceeds to quote some words from the tenth resolution of the Conference. But it is difficult to see how that resolution can be made to cover such proceedings as His Grace has described. It runs thus:

> The Conference recommends to the authorities of the Churches of the Anglican Communion that they should, in such ways and at such times as they think best, formally invite the authorities of other Churches *within their areas* to confer with them concerning the possibility of taking definite steps to co-operate in a common endeavour, *on the lines set forth in the above Appeal*, to restore the unity of the Church of Christ.

The words italicised are those which the Archbishop has not thought it necessary to quote. Yet they are quite fatal to His Grace's application of the Lambeth resolution to the proceedings at Malines.

As a method of improving relations between the Churches such private approaches to Rome even with some kind of 'official cognisance' can hardly be fruitful of any useful result. In truth they do justice to neither Church, and may easily injure both, for while Roman Catholics on the Continent may well be confirmed in an unfortunate misunderstanding of the religious situation in England, members of the Church of England may be encouraged to pursue a false ideal of ecclesiastical unity. In fact, proceedings of this kind can never lead to any good. There will, of course, always be a friendly reception of such overtures for reunion as Dr. Pusey made to the French Bishops in 1868, and Lord Halifax in 1894; and always the welcome will exhaust itself in personal compliments. For, however conciliatory

towards individuals whom she hopes to convert, Rome never changes in her attitude towards Churches whose very existence is a continuing challenge to her theory. What Newman wrote to Pusey in 1868 is equally true, and equally apposite, to-day;

I don't think that at Rome they will attend to anything which comes from one person, or several persons, however distinguished. If the Archbishop of Canterbury were to say, 'I will become a Catholic if you will just tell me whether what I have drawn up is not consistent with your definitions of faith,' the only question in answer would be, 'Do you speak simply as an individual or in the name of the Anglican Church?' If he said, 'As an individual,' they would not even look at his paper. (*Vide Life of Pusey*, vol. iv., p. 154.)

While, then, approaches to Rome must needs be resultless so far as that Church is concerned, they are far indeed from being without effect on the Church of England. It is not merely (though this is a grave matter) that the legitimacy of the Roman conception of Christianity is inevitably and almost unwittingly conceded, and the reunion of the Churches treated as a subject for diplomatic arrangement between hierarchies rather than as a religious issue in which the very character of the Christian revelation is at stake, but also the rift between clergy and laity within the Church of England is widened. A wrong direction is given to the thoughts and hopes of many Churchmen by these alluring but necessarily futile efforts. Those who take part in them are carried inevitably and perhaps unconsciously so far away from the traditions and standpoints of their fellow-Churchmen that their own influence is gravely lessened, and their own Churchmanship gravely compromised. Attention is widely diverted from the problem of religious division which is really troubling Christian consciences and weakening Christian influence. History, in explaining the breaches of Christendom, goes far to heal them, but the vested interests of sects and individuals which keep alive the separations which have lost intelligible justification, embittering politics, embarrassing local government, destroying the kindly intercourse of Christian neighbours, hindering the common action of good people for social objects which all approve, are baleful facts which confront men in the places where they live, and call urgently for removal in the interest of religion itself. This is no exaggerated description of the problem of reunion as it presents itself to ordinary English Churchmen and Nonconformists. That problem was urgent before the war. The war has made it almost intolerable. It must be solved, and solved quickly, by the authorities of the Churches, or the rank and file will break away in irrepressible disgust. Outside the little sophisticated coteries of 'Anglo-Catholics' reunion with

Rome is unthinkable; and reunion with the East is too remote to arouse anything but a languid concern. Neither Roman Catholics nor Easterns enter into the daily life of ordinary Christian folk in England. There is no active hostility felt to the first, nor anything but a genuine goodwill toward the last; but the type of Christianity which both profess is so alien from the use and wont of English Churchmen that the division of the Churches brings no burden on their consciences. After all, Roman Catholics are still few in the land, and Eastern Christians are unknown, but Nonconformists are found everywhere, and hardly a family of the middle and lower classes is not divided in its religious allegiance. There is no offence to conscience in ecclesiastical separations which really express differences of fundamental belief, for conscience itself insists on placing loyalty to truth above submission to authority, but when the fundamental beliefs of the separated bodies are known to be identical, then their separation is felt to be morally offensive. And this is precisely how the matter stands with Nonconformists and Anglicans. Therefore it is the breach with Nonconformists that disturbs conscience, because it troubles life. Reunion between Christian neighbours is the urgent, it will soon be the irresistible, demand of the Christian conscience itself. The clergy of the Churches, even if they wish it, will not be able much longer to keep the exhausted schisms alive.

Of course, this popular view of the religious problem implicit in 'our unhappy divisions' ignores important factors which must be reckoned with in any serious effort to reunite the sundered fragments of the Christian society. If it be true that reunion is primarily for every English Christian a local question, and that until it has been answered locally it has not been really answered at all, it is also true that in the modern world every local question, as well secular as religious, has world-wide ramifications, and that these must perforce enter into a sound and permanently satisfying answer. The denomination must be dealt with as well as the parish, the religious theory as well as the vested interest, the tendency as well as the fact. And these non-local factors may be the most intractable of all. Again, reunion is pursued by considering men, not merely for its practical advantages, though these be considerable, but for the promise it seems to offer of a way of escape from the besieging perplexities of the modern world. How, save by the concentrated thought and effort of the whole Christian fellowship, shall the traditional faith and morality of Christendom (which are now confessedly failing to retain their hold on men's minds) be so correlated with modern knowledge, and applied to modern conditions of life, as again to command general acceptance?

The Christian tradition, under which civilisation as we know it grew and flourished, seems to be 'petering out' in the infinitely trivial conflicts of the Churches, amid the mockery of the base and the despair of the noble. For verily no tolerable alternative is anywhere perceptible. Might not a reunited Church rise to the height of its vocation, and prove itself again the light and salt of the world? When such possibilities are present to the mind, the question of the ultimate object aimed at by those who would reunite the Church of Christ becomes paramount and insistent. Between the conception of reunion which inspires negotiations with the Roman hierarchy and that which yearns for harmony in the parishes there is a difference of kind. The one gives primary place to uniformity of ecclesiastical system; the other fastens first on the fundamental fact of common discipleship. The one seeks to unify from without; the other from within. The religion of the letter stands out again in its sharp distinctness from the religion of the spirit.

What is the kind of united Church which we are aiming at? This is the point upon which the acute and powerful mind of the Irish Primate has fastened in his message to the Church of Ireland, and it is a point which needs to be insisted upon with the more emphasis since it is so little remembered by ecclesiastical diplomatists:

> We are bound to ask the question, What sort of Christian Church do we desire to see emerging from the reuniting of the forces of Christendom? If such a reunion should come about, this question is of vital importance, though it has been but little considered by those who have been working towards unity. My own conviction is that if a reunion led to the creating or restoring of a universal hierarchical system, dominating human life in all its parts, and dictating doctrine and practice with professedly infallible authority, it would be the greatest disaster which could possibly befall mankind. What could be more fatal for the Church than that it should identify its aims with a system which the world once for all rejected?
>
> I conclude, therefore, that the only kind of reunion we should desire is that which, while holding fast the Christianity of Christ as given in the Gospel, secures ample liberty not only for every individual, but for every type of organised Christian life which has proved really effective in bringing the influence of Christ to bear upon human life. It is not desirable that any one Church should absorb the rest. I conclude, therefore, that these overtures or conversations, or whatever they were, are, as things stand, not likely to help us towards the only reunion we should desire. (*Vide Times*, January 5, 1924.)

Archbishop D'Arcy in these strong, manly words is but endorsing the 'vision' which he confessed at the Lambeth Conference when he gave his vote for the Appeal:

> The vision which rises before us is that of a Church, genuinely Catholic, loyal to all truth, and gathering into its fellowship all 'who profess and

call themselves Christians,' within whose visible unity all the treasures of faith and order, bequeathed as a heritage by the past to the present, shall be possessed in common, and made serviceable to the whole body of Christ. Within this unity Christian Communions now separated from one another would retain much that has long been distinctive in their methods of worship and service. It is through a rich diversity of life and devotion that the unity of the whole fellowship will be fulfilled.

HERBERT DUNELM.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

I. Labour and the Dragon

'Of what colour is the dragon ?' asked the elders of Penguin Island of the inhabitants of Alca. And the inhabitants replied, 'Red,' 'Green,' 'Blue,' 'Yellow.' 'Its colour ? It has no colour.' 'It is dragon-coloured.' If our civilisation were wiped out to-day the historian of the future, when he sat down to write, from contemporary records, the history of the rise and progress of the British Labour movement, would probably find himself in an embarrassment quite as distressing as that of the elders of Penguin Island. He would rise, yawning, from the perusal of the yellowing pages of the Labour Research Department's reports, and start to find the staid compilers of these rows and rows of solemn statistics denounced, on the authority of apparently responsible statesmen, as desperate men engaged in a frantic conspiracy for the destruction of society. Friend and foe would combine to assure him that the movement, which first became a formidable force in British politics shortly before the war, was a new movement. If he were intelligent and well documented, he would be inclined to suspect, on the contrary, that it had its roots in the very beginning of English history, in the ancient days when Piers Plowman told the knight,' Though he be thine underling here, well may hap in heaven that he be worthier set and with more bliss than thou. . . . For in Charnel at church churls be evil to know, and a knight from a knave there.' Damnatory ecclesiastics and others would assure him again that the movement was a foreign one, begotten in the brain of a malignant German Jew, supported by Russian gold, and aimed deliberately at the ruin of the British Empire. Once more, if he were intelligent or even merely lucky, he might catch a glimpse behind the façade of foreign jargon and rather lukewarm internationalism of a spirit as intensely English as any that anywhere exists : the curious spirit which is never really happy till it has translated the very Beatitudes into terms of beef and beer, and never quite at ease till it has invested these homely commodities with a sort of moral radiance. It is the spirit which once informed the astounded

foreigner that 'the love of God was like roast beef, because you could cut and come again': in its highest expression, perhaps, John Bunyan and Abraham Lincoln: in its lowest, Mr. Chadband and the Reverend Melchisedech Howler.

Some of the dragons with which the perplexed *savant* would find himself confronted are frankly mythological or heraldic animals, which never really existed at all. Others are real beasts of prey, well known to political zoology, but never identified, except by the credulous or fanatical, with any one political party. Others, again, are pantomime dragons, under whose pasteboard rims he might yet detect the frayed trouser ends of Master Bottom, the weaver; Master Snug, the joiner; and Master Peter Quince, the carpenter. The dragon revealed in a dream as the Labour Party to the heated old gentleman in the armchair of the West End club and to the heated young gentleman on the orange box in Hyde Park (for extremes meet, and the fauna of their political *delirium tremens* is the same) clearly never existed. Whatever the modern Labour movement may be, it is not the revolt of the slave nor the violent uprising of the dispossessed. By no plausible arithmetic can the number of persons of property in this country be estimated at much more than two millions, even allowing the possession of an income of 300*l.* a year to constitute a man of property. The number of electors under the existing Constitution is about twenty millions. In the last two General Elections, when it reached its present high-water mark, the Labour Party polled between four and five million votes. In other words, it has never so far commanded more than about a third of the working class vote. If the 'proletariat' wished to 'dictate' through the instrumentality of the Labour Party, there is not, and has not been for years, anything to stop them doing so. The plain fact is that the proletariat have not so wished.

Certain Conservative speakers and writers are accustomed to argue, on the strength of these unchallengeable figures, that the Labour Party does not really represent 'Labour' at all, and that the name itself is an impudent usurpation. But this is to overstate the fact. There is no reason to doubt that the Labour Party does represent the working class point of view. The older Labour members—Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Burt, 'Mabon,' Mr. Enoch Edwards, Mr. John Burns in his earlier days—represented nothing else. In politics they were mild Radicals: but their importance in public life was not that they were Radicals, but that they were working men. Their relatively rare interventions in debate were nearly always on what were considered working men's questions; and intelligent Victorianism listened with respect and with a certain benevolent complacency to what was not unreasonably regarded as expert opinion given in an assembly consisting mainly

of well-meaning country gentlemen with a sprinkling of lawyers, manufacturers and men about town. The Labour vote in those days was extremely small. It is not large, considering the party's pretensions, to-day. But that does not mean that the party is not, as it claims to be, a working man's party, but only that many working men, when they vote, choose to vote on other issues than the class issue. Even in late Victorian days, of course, the British Labour movement did not stand solely for the class movement. There was even then intimately interwoven with it, leading it in a sense, the definitely Socialist movement—the Independent Labour Party, the Fabians, Mr. Keir Hardie with his red tie, eloquent young Mr. Snowden, Mr. Webb in his study dreaming even then dreams of the wonderful city of Webbville, where all the streets would be quite straight, and the public-spirited citizens go about their lawful affairs with the orderly diligence of ants in an anthill. But public opinion generally regarded doctrinaire Socialism in those days as an off-shoot and a sport of the movement rather than the movement itself. The movement itself was considered as the effort of the trade unions to obtain direct political expression for their point of view; and, on the whole, this was true.

It is certainly difficult to define the typical attitude of a class which, in its greatest extension, would presumably include at one end minds like the late Lord Kelvin's and at the other the 'human ox' of the scientific manger. But, broadly speaking, it is clear that there are certain subjects in which an ordinary working man will be likely to be interested and certain others in which it will be difficult to arouse his interest; certain limits in one direction above which, given his chances and conditions, he is not very likely to rise; and certain limits in the other below which he is not very likely to sink. There is also a way of looking at things which his position, economic and otherwise, is likely to force upon him. The Chinese Labour controversy provided a typical illustration of this. No one who was present at the meetings which preluded Mr. Balfour's defeat in East Manchester could doubt what the working man was thinking on this subject, or remain ignorant of the characteristic reasons which led him to think in this way. 'Talk about Chinese labour! Talk about Chinese labour!' cried the crowds. The candidate was admirably good-humoured. 'Will you let me talk for ten minutes on other subjects, if I promise to talk on Chinese labour at the end?' 'Very good! Very good! Ten minutes,' and then 'Time up! Time up! Now! What are you going to pay the Chinese? What are you paying the niggers? What wages do the white miners get? What about overtime? Will the white men's wages be cut? Will the niggers'? What are you bringing the

Chinese for at all?' To these working men electors the main question was a matter of trade union wages. They believed vaguely that cheap labour was dangerous to them; that the experiment threatened in some obscure manner the standard of living so laboriously won. They were in the position of the climber clinging to the rock face listening with beating heart to the roar of the falling boulder and the sinister rattle of the shale following it. It may not concern him; it may be on quite another rock face; but he crouches motionless none the less. He is taking no chances.

In no circumstances, assuming that the Labour movement was to develop, could this attitude of mind have remained its determining characteristic. The mere external changes in Parliament and in the trade unions have made a purely sectional representation almost impossible. It is very difficult nowadays to disentangle from the complexity of parliamentary discussion the subjects which specifically touch working class interests. The enormous growth of trade union business, on the other hand, has made it notoriously difficult for even an active able man to double satisfactorily the parts of trade union secretary and member of Parliament. It is arguable indeed that the old grievances which preoccupied the earlier Labour members are not now really settled in Parliament at all. But a deeper cause than this natural devolution has determined the change in the party's position. A mere fraction, as the old party was, can maintain without much difficulty a purely sectional attitude, by the simple process of ignoring all the questions which do not directly concern or interest the class which it represents. But the moment this fraction becomes a responsible Opposition, the moment it even threatens to become a Government, the sectional attitude becomes impossible. It must now make up its mind what answer it is going to give to all sorts of questions, many of them most remote from its class interests—intricate financial questions, far-away foreign questions, legal questions, religious questions, social questions which concern exclusively classes other than that which it represents. It cannot simply shove these questions aside without abdicating beforehand and proclaiming its own impotence. It must, in other words, develop a creed, a code of political principles. It is not the least objection to the jargon about 'class consciousness' and the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' that, as a principle of political action, it is, in the strict sense, nonsense. It is meaningless. A proletariat dictatorship may be a plank, good or bad, in a political programme. It cannot be the programme itself. It cannot be a political principle till you know what the proletariat is going to dictate. And the moment that is determined, the movement ceases to be a movement simply for the dictatorship of the proletariat. It becomes

progressive or reactionary, Liberal or Tory, a movement backwards or forwards, at any rate in a definite direction, consciously understood and proclaimed.

What is the precise direction of the Labour Party? How far is it really different from the course which Liberalism—at any rate, the more progressive Liberalism—desires to pursue? How far is it revolutionary? The catchword, no doubt, is Socialism. But what Socialism? The old State Socialism is apparently dead. Guild Socialism is a faded shadow of its former self. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's recent speeches and Mr. Snowden's earlier pronouncement make it appear that what is aimed at is a very slow, cautious process towards a distant ideal, rather vaguely defined. Most Liberals would support the immediate measures proposed: nine-tenths of the Labour programme as announced at the last election is for practical purposes identical with the manifesto issued by the Liberal leaders. The difference, then, is in the ideal; but how far is the ideal really supported by the rank and file of the Labour Party?

This is the test question which will seemingly determine its fate. The war has immensely increased the power of the Labour Party. It has shaken the old aristocracy and raised up a plutocracy incomparably weaker, regarded as champions of property's rights, than their forerunners. It has shaken the old sentimental attachments of the middle class and forced sections of them reluctantly to become realists in politics. It has raised greatly, despite some appearances to the contrary, the whole status of the hand-worker. There are limits to the power even of snobbery. It is not really possible to tell a man he is a hero for digging ditches and setting up fences one year and base and mechanical for pursuing precisely the same avocations under different conditions the next. It turned the Labour Party for the time being, owing to the unpopularity of the Coalition and the temporary break-up of Liberalism, into something rather like the German Social Democratic Party before the war: a party of opposition combining the strangest and most ill-assorted elements —Radical intellectuals dreaming of a new way of life and disgruntled middle class voters dreaming of nothing but the difficulty of paying rent and school fees, and of the desirability of not being turned out of their houses; women angry because they were charged too much at the grocer's, miners angry because they were paid too little for their work, and ex-soldiers angry because they could get no work at all. A common indignation united them effectively enough for the time. What is the common policy which is to unite them permanently?

All political parties contain, of course, a great deal of political 'water.' There are thousands of Conservatives who vote

Conservative for reasons which have little enough to do with constitutionalism, and thousands of Liberals who vote Liberal for reasons which would make every particular hair on Mr. Asquith's head stand upright. The difference in the case of the Labour Party seems, to an impartial onlooker, to be this. The intellectual and spiritual driving force of the party is not only imperfectly understood by the rank and file—that is common to all parties which have any such force—but its aims are positively antagonistic to their real desires. It is perhaps a light matter—though it is true—that the real political gulf between, say, Mr. Clynes and Mr. Kirkwood, is certainly immensely broader than that between Mr. Clynes and the more progressive type of Liberal. But it cannot be a light matter that the world of which the abler Labour intellectuals are dreaming should be a world with which any ordinary miner or steelworker or cotton spinner would have nothing at all to do. These Labour intellectuals not only do not think like working men, they are not only intensely and absorbingly interested in things in which working men take no interest, but they hate and despise the things in which ordinary working men are interested. Beer and sport and sensationalism are anathema to the new Puritanism which is the fiery heart of the modern Labour movement. I am not denouncing this Puritanism. It is in many ways a fine and even a noble movement. But it is not in the least a representative movement. If it could succeed by the violence which some of its supporters occasionally seem to advocate it would be promptly and violently destroyed; and foremost among the destroyers would probably be the solid phalanx of working class voters who troop to the poll to-day to vote for 'Socialism,' not because they believe in it—except the Chinaman, the Englishman is the most incorrigible individualist in the world—but because they are working men.

STUART HODGSON.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

II. The Pessimists and Labour

How often, in the course of our stormy and tempestuous history, has the cry of Ichabod been heard! It was useless to remind the prophets of evil that the cry had been raised over and over again in the past, yet nevertheless England survived. All such consolation was rejected; there was to be no balm in Gilead. Each time that the voice of lamentation chanted the funeral dirge of the British Empire it insisted that, if former prophecies had miscalculated the date, this was beyond doubt the end of all things, the irretrievable catastrophe, the complete ruin of England. The great Reform Law of 1832 was ushered in to the accompaniment of the *Dead March* in *Saul*; garments were rent at the Catholic emancipation—the profanity of allowing adherents of the Church of Rome to sit in a British Parliament—dismay and sullen despondency filled the hearts of the people when even Jews were made eligible for that sacred assembly; the repeal of the Corn Laws was heralded as the final blow to the agricultural interest, the backbone of the nation's existence; and in recent times we were warned of the lamentable, if not fatal, consequences that would ensue if the franchise were granted to the militant and law-defying suffragettes.

What foundation was there for all these alarums and excursions? Were these periodical fits of anger or despair justified by results? In spite of all the changes and chances that have perplexed us, in face of all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, we still go on; the country still exists. The fear and anxiety on each occasion were due to the natural conservatism of the people, the instinctive dislike of new and untried policies, the tendency to take *omne ignotum*, if not *pro magnifico*, then *pro terrifico*. Prejudice stood in the way of clarity of thought. The heart too often ran away with the head.

> Æquam memento rebus in arduis
> Servare mentem,

said the sound philosopher Horace. In trying circumstances we

should preserve a level-minded attitude. Looking back calmly and serenely on all these dread forebodings, we lightly wonder what the trouble was about. Things that then seemed new and strange are now so familiar to us that we regard them as a matter of course. In Bulwer Lytton's *My Novel* of a century ago he makes his characters dwell incessantly on the perils that are before this country ; and we are puzzled to know what he is referring to.

> When falls the Coliseum Rome shall fall,
> And when Rome falls—the World,

wrote Byron. The Coliseum is in ruins, Rome has long since exchanged a temporal empire for a spiritual hierarchy, but the world stands firm.

> Incolumi Jove et urbe Roma.

Outward appearances, forms and observances may alter while the actualities remain, the characteristics of race continue. '*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*' There is no need to work ourselves up to a state of frenzied agitation whenever new views and ideas force their way to the front. As Hamlet said :

> Bless'd are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stops she please. Give me that man
> That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
> In my heart's core.

Tennyson was not one who always looked for an unclouded sky. He could see that storms were likely to arise. But if our fathers have weathered storms in their time, so can we in ours. While he warns us of the trials and tribulations that we may expect, he defines the attitude that we should adopt when troubles come :

> Tumble Nature heel o'er head, and yelling with the yelling street,
> Set the feet above the brain, and swear the brain is in the feet.
> Chaos, Cosmos ! Cosmos, Chaos ! who can tell how all will end ?
> Read the wide world's annals, you, and take their wisdom for your friend.
> *Hope the best*, but hold the Present fatal daughter of the Past,
> *Shape your heart to front the hour*, but dream not that the hour will last.

An old adage tells us that lookers-on see most of the game. This is often the opposite of the truth. Those engaged in a life-and-death struggle know their own heart, are conscious of their own pertinacity, when the looker-on holds that by all the rules of war the game is up. Here is an extract from a friend's diary in France (November 1917) during the war :

> The Germans' counter-attack at Gonnelieu. A scare among the war correspondents, who see all things red and fear the end of the world at least. . . .

Yet, so this friend lately told me, 'I never heard the actual fighting men—the men who had to go over the top—predict the end of the world!'

This is not unnatural. The soldier has to act; and the need for instant action wards off an attack of vapours. The onlooker, condemned to inaction, writhes in his soul as he helplessly views the slaughter. Thus it is that armchair critics who have not to go out and take an active part in the battle for existence are ready to talk about the end of the earth, the collapse of civilisation, and the extinction of the human race.

Macaulay, in his essay on Ranke's *History of the Popes*, gives us a forecast of a dim and distant future, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. Macaulay was a patriotic Englishman, and his little sally of fancy is not to be taken seriously. Were it otherwise the abruptness of the statement would be tantalising. We should want to know the history of the cataclysm. The brilliant and versatile author might have gone on to depict a decrepit old man, the last survivor of a once flourishing and wealthy people, who would take the place of Father Æneas reciting the downfall of Troy to Dido. He might commence his narrative in almost the identical words:

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem,
Trojanas ut opes et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danai; quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.
Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros,
Et breviter Trojæ supremum audire laborem,
Incipiam.

The part of the weeping dotard might be played by the popular comedian Mr. Alfred Lester, who by his permanent aspect of the most profound melancholy has for years compelled smiles from the stalls and convulsed with unquenchable laughter the gods of the gallery, as Vulcan did the gods of Olympus.

Ἄσβεστος δ' ἄρ' ἐνῶρτο γέλως μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν.

The comedian's melancholy is a delightful pose. When he sings:

Every cloud is silver lined;
I've often said to myself, I've said,
Cheer up, Culley, you'll soon be dead,
A short life and a gay one,

the audience shouts for joy. But is not this studied pose to be found off the stage as well as on it? Are there not croakers, living sumptuously in purple and fine linen, who for reasons best known to themselves think it desirable to ape this phase of despairing sadness?

There was plenty of room for croakers in the days of the old Roman Republic when Hannibal had successfully invaded Italy and defeated at Cannæ a large army composed of the flower of Roman manhood. Negotiations had been in progress for the sale of certain lands at Cannæ, and Hannibal's forces were encamped thereon. Was this a time for buying and selling? One might have expected that the transaction would at least have been postponed, if not wiped out. But what did an insignificant detail like the temporary presence of an invader matter? There were buyers as well as sellers, and the business was quietly completed just as though Hannibal had never set foot on the sacred soil of Italy. Desperate croakers we had after the Transvaal war, when self-government was granted to the rebels who had been in arms against us. And what was the result of this act of magnanimity? In the Great War the Dutch generals who had fought us, Smuts and Van de Venter, distinguished themselves as daring and successful commanders of British armies! Each time that Mr. Gladstone took office as Prime Minister of England the croakers had a busy time. Mr. Gladstone, they insisted, was the Great Beast of Revelation, and he would certainly either die in a lunatic asylum or ruin his country. Never in all our island history did the nation enjoy such marvellous prosperity as in the reign of Queen Victoria. But who can say that this prosperity was greater under Mr. Gladstone or under Lord Beaconsfield?

A century and a half ago Lord Chesterfield wrote:

> I only stare at the present undecypherable state of affairs, which in fifty years' experience I have never seen anything like.

'Undecypherable'! 'I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.' What would my Lord have said to the spectacle, with which we have been regaled of late, of three parties each seeking office, but none able to form a majority, and each at deadly enmity with its rivals? We are irresistibly reminded of an historic parallel. In Marryat's *Midshipman Easy* the gunner, Mr. Tallboys, settles an affair of honour by means of trigonometry. A duel between two combatants is simple enough. But between three? Mr. Tallboys has a brilliant inspiration. An equilateral triangle has three equal sides, and the duel between three can only be fought on this principle!

> In this figure [he explains] we have three points, each equi-distant from each other; and we have three combatants—so that, placing one at each point, it is all fair play for the three; Mr. Easy, for instance, stands here, Mr. Biggs the boatswain here, and Mr. Easthupp the purser's steward at the third corner. They should fire with the sun; that is, Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, Mr. Biggs fires at Mr. Easthupp, and Mr. Easthupp fires at Mr. Easy. So you perceive that each party has his shot at one, and at the same time receives the fire of another.

In this way was arranged the famous triangular duel. History has been repeating itself.

Never has there been so formidable a plethora of dark forebodings as now. The advent of a Labour Government, we are told, means the end of all things. Human liberty and the present organisation of civilisation are doomed to immediate destruction. Ruthless, implacable revolution is to overwhelm us. The revolutionary Socialists are out to wreck the interests and the industries of the country. The Labour Party is synonymous with the Socialist Party; it is pledged to 'the class war,' and it has officially taken the Communists to its bosom. In foreign affairs, at least, it has accepted the authority of an alien German-controlled 'Internationale.' The value of all stocks and shares will immediately fall to somewhere in the neighbourhood of zero under the shadow of the Capital Levy. The leaders of the Labour Party are credited with all the unscrupulous devices and Machiavellian schemes of Lenin and Trotsky, and we are on the verge of a veritable Bolshevist revolution. The Church will be maimed and crippled, if not altogether extinguished. The secrets of the Foreign Office, the Home Office, and of every State department in the possession of subversive fanatics, the Empire will be undermined, the *entente* with France finally broken, and the triumph of Germany assured. Our food supply will be cut off, for, with the annihilation of capitalism, the great provision houses, which, with the aid of the banks, have hitherto bought and paid for in advance, in a stable currency, cargoes of flour and meat, will find it impossible to continue their operations. There being but a few weeks' food reserves in the country, prices will go up with a rush, and bread-rioting will begin. The abolition of the private property system means that there will be nothing to buy and no money to buy with. A few months of a Socialist Government will be enough to bring the collapse of the whole British *régime* in India. The loss of India will be followed by the funeral of the Lancashire export trade to that country. (This particular moan needs a passing comment: Do we *force* India to buy goods from Lancashire now if she does not wish to have them? And if India obtained self-determination, would she cease to buy the products of Manchester if she wished to have them?) As to assurances that Messrs. MacDonald, Clynes and Thomas are really three well-meaning gentlemen, and will behave quite nicely, we are told that they have been hurriedly putting on sheep's clothing and trying to look as if butter would not melt in their mouths. In any case, they are in the hands of the extremists and wild men of their party, whose one object is destruction. Truly a formidable list of projected infamies and disasters!

Sunt lachrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

If all these dread forecasts are correct, we can say with Sophocles:

> *μὴ φῦναι τον ἅπαντα νι—*
> *μᾷ λόγον το δ' ἐπεὶ φανῆ*
> *βῆναι κεῖθεν ὅθενπερ ἥ—*
> *κει πολὺ δεύτρον ὡς τάχιστα.*

It were best never to have been born, and next best to depart as soon as possible to whence we came.

Apart from all this rhodomontade there are undoubtedly grave reasons for anxiety. It is difficult to look forward with confidence to a Government composed of men who possess no training in administration, no experience of the conduct of parliamentary business, and who are committed, it may be, to a programme which includes wide and far-reaching changes in existing fiscal and economic methods. The advent of such a Government constitutes undeniably a leap in the dark. But if there are wild men on the one side, there is wild speaking on the other. A good cause is ill served by exaggerated statements. Nothing is to be gained by continual groans and moans of 'Woe! woe! woe!' in the manner of a Greek chorus. In these days the walls of Jericho are not going to fall down flat by the blowing of trumpets. The discordant sounds remind us, indeed, not so much of the trumpet as of the megaphone, for which instrument the lower deck of a British battleship have provided a coarse and sarcastic appellation. We can more profitably gauge a difficult and perplexing situation by preserving a spirit of philosophic calm than by indulging in hysterical and panic-stricken denunciations. The responsibilities of office have a very sobering effect on visionaries and enthusiasts. The utterances of an electoral campaign are extraordinarily ephemeral, even those of men who have held high office. Were we not solemnly assured in the General Election of 1918 that the Kaiser would most certainly be brought to trial, and that the uttermost farthing would be extorted from Germany? What has become of those promises? We look back on Lord Beaconsfield as one of England's greatest Imperialists. But in 1853, as Mr. Disraeli, he said: 'Those wretched colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks.' Hardly credible it seems; and yet it was true. '*Quantum mutatus ab illo*' in later years, ripe in experience, inspired by genius, taught by facts. We think of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain when Colonial Secretary as a splendid patriot and Imperialist. But in his younger years he was a pronounced Republican. May we not then be permitted to take with several grains of salt the irresponsible utterances to which the Labour leaders and their followers have from time to time given voice in the heat of their party meetings? If statesmen and politicians are to be tied down to their past expressions, which of

them, as Hamlet put it, would escape whipping? A Labour Government is to be judged by what it does, and not by everything that its members have said in times past.

It is at least open to doubt whether the dismal prognostications of all that a Labour Government may do are held by the bulk of the population, or are even very widely spread. It does not seem that they are shared by the leaders of the two older parties. Were it so, it might reasonably be held that, in spite of all their differences, they would be ready to join ranks against their common enemy, instead of allowing so deadly an opponent to assume a commanding position. They could not be so unpatriotic as to surrender the country to the forces of destruction, if that was what they considered the Labour Party to represent, while it was in any way within their power to prevent such a violent catastrophe. It is a fair deduction that they are not dominated by the apprehensions which, in many quarters, are expressed with the extremity of violence. For the pursuance of some definite policy Conservative and Liberal leaders might come together. But they evidently feel a reluctance to unite with the purely negative object of keeping from power a party which has attained its position by constitutional means, just because it is 'Labour.' Such a proceeding would be a challenge to the British love of fair play. It is a boomerang which, sooner or later, would rebound with disastrous effects on to the heads of its authors. It would create an unfavourable, an unfortunate, impression. No, their feeling would seem to be that, sooner or later, the Labour Party must come into power, and it is just as well that they should at an early date become acquainted with the complicated machinery of administration, realise that a Government is not omnipotent, that it has not at its disposal unlimited pecuniary resources, that it cannot obtain them from an unwilling country, and that, while all reasonable actions would be received with an open mind and without prejudice, any proposals coming into the category of wild-cat schemes, or even overstepping the boundaries of ordinary propriety, would be opposed tooth and nail by an Opposition that would speedily displace them from their position.

I hold no brief for Labour, and recorded my vote at the General Election for the Conservatives. Much of the Labour Party's programme is repugnant to me. Neither should I find it at all palatable to see the affairs of the country once more in the hands of either of the late Liberal Prime Ministers. But, apart from personal predilections and opinions, where is the necessity to credit one's political opponents, of whatever party, with the vilest treachery to their country, the blackest malignity towards the mass of their nation? People may hold the most widely divergent views

as to the best means of securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number, or, for the matter of that, the greatest happiness of everyone. Some of the measures designed to secure these blessings may prove right, and some may prove wrong. But the motives which inspire their promoters may be equally laudable. The Labour leaders have reminded us in moderate and well-chosen language that they too are Britons, that they are constitutionalists, that they are second to none in loyalty to the Throne, that they have experience, if not of parliamentary procedure, yet of vast organisations ; they beg us not to imagine that they are devoid of patriotism ; and they venture to claim a degree of the political common-sense which foreigners have noted as a trait of the English people. What exactly is to happen, what developments may arise, it would be rash to prophesy. The friends and supporters of a Labour Government may find many of their most sanguine hopes rudely dashed to the ground ; and as a corollary the pusillanimous fears of its opponents may prove proportionately unreal and groundless. Let doubters and cavillers take courage and hope for the best ; and so long as Labour shows itself temperate and prudent, let it be given fair play and full opportunity of displaying its capacity to carry on the King's government. It cannot be asserted that since the war the record of either Conservatives or Liberals has been particularly brilliant or successful. In the ordinary course of business it may be doubted if a Labour Government could be less efficient than its predecessors. It has a right to claim a fair trial, and scrupulous avoidance of captious opposition. Should, after all, the wild men and extremists of the party impose their views upon their leaders, and initiate a system of wrecking, then a union of the two older parties to force their resignation would be more than justifiable : it would be imperative.

Is the studied moderation of the statements made by men like Mr. Thomas and Mr. Snowden nothing but a cloak for the most villainous schemes and machinations ? Surely that this is so is a gratuitous and unwarranted assumption. They might at least be given the benefit of the doubt. The danger is that the tail may wag the dog. But it is not exactly necessary to take such an eventuality for granted. In June last year Mr. Snowden wrote as follows on this point in the columns of the *Morning Post :*

> If Labour gets a majority it will be because the electors rightly believe that it will be the sane, common-sense, and moderate elements of the party which will control its policy. And this will be a conviction justified by the facts. If we get a Labour Government in this country it will be a Government which will pursue a constitutional course, acting always by the democratic authority of a popular mandate given by an electoral majority.

Mr. Snowden goes on to say:

> I know there will be strong pressure from certain quarters to serve the interests and meet the claims of certain sections of Labour. That will be its greatest difficulty. Its success, and its claims to be a Government of the people and not the Government of a class, will depend upon the extent to which it resists the demands of sections of Labour which are not justified on the grounds of public welfare.

Mr. Snowden expresses his confidence in the ability of Labour leaders to control the extremists among their followers. All this rings true. If it is nothing but camouflage, the disguise is very artistically put on.

We of the older constitutional parties cannot be expected to welcome the advent of a Labour Government with joyful acclamation. It is too sudden a breach with the past. While not overcome and prostrate with black forebodings, we are by no means free from certain fears and anxieties. All that can be said is that, as Englishmen, it behoves us to play the game, give Labour a fair trial, and beware of conjuring up a pose of depression, an attitude of despair, which the probabilities hardly demand. What the future may bring us is unknown. It lies on the knees of the gods.

ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται.

But

> Of all the passions, fear is most accurs'd.

E. C Cox.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

III. *Ex Parte*

An election makes many people busy, sets a great multitude talking, and gives a few people to think. There is, one must admit, a portentousness, a sententious smugness, about general remarks of this kind that gives offence. They put everyone and everything in his place too neatly and completely. What is said may be true, but what is the object of saying it? Yet there is some object. It is very difficult in an election or at any other time of excitement for those who are excited to see things at all as they are. For one thing, they do not want to see things as they are, which much adds to the difficulty. But we are all agreed, on our lips or on paper, that we ought to try to see things as they are, that we ought to try to see both sides, and most people, especially incurable partisans, will tell you they do see both sides, and that it is precisely their seeing both sides which accounts for the intolerance of their convictions. It is because they are able, without any difficulty, to discern the exact truth that they know the other side is entirely wrong. Most of them honestly believe this; honestly, that is, in the sense that they truly do not doubt, probably because they have not thought. This sort of person develops a moral antipathy to doubt of any kind; doubt becomes in itself wicked. He much prefers the person who is the contradictory of his own view, though necessarily a lost soul so far as the controversy in question goes, to him who has not made up his mind, who stops to think before he acts. This man he puts in a lower pit than the out-and-out opponent. There is a still more abandoned category—the person who has come to a definite conclusion that all sides are equally bad or are equally good; he goes straight to the bottommost pit.

There is something of a right instinct in this full-blooded loathing of the doubter, for, as we all know, mere scepticism can do nothing. On the other hand, there is very little of it; indifference is quite another matter. On the whole, scepticism, whether political or ecclesiastical, or whatever its medium, is rare. It would be well if there were more of the sceptical or inquiring turn

of mind; it is not exclusive of the constructive mind, though the two may not find it easy to live together. One usually 'downs' the other. Rightly, of course, scepticism should be the handmaid to belief, to construction. What would be the effect on party politics if it usually were? Would there be any parties left? Would there be any strong partisans, 'good party men,' if no one joined a party or remained in it who had not thought out his position deliberately and honestly? Suppose he asked himself, What is a political party? what is its justification, and what in fact its reason of being? Does it really stand for principles, and for principles only? If so, what are these principles? Are they, when submitted to honest and close scrutiny, principles at all? Are they not, in fact, the creations of mere opportunism? Does the history of parties, more especially of the party our political self-examiner has been accustomed to vote with, bear out the assumption that parties are the embodiment of principle and exist to be its safeguard? Even if the inquirer is satisfied, after serious effort to get at the truth, that parties have come into being as the guardians of political principle, does not the organisation sometimes outlast the 'cause'? Does not the body of the party, reversing the order of things with man as a living soul, often persist and even grow after its soul has decayed and even ceased to be? To vary the metaphor, does not party as a machine go on working long after the impetus which set it in motion has died away? It works, but has nothing behind it. Does not party, which is supposed to stand for principle, very frequently, perhaps usually, stand for a policy and a 'cause' entirely different from and incompatible with causes which it has stood for in the past? The name goes on unchanged, and the unsuspecting partisan goes on supporting his party, not realising that he is supporting principles the party was originally intended to suppress. Do not a multitude of considerations other than political go to determine his party position? Does not personal advantage, personal ambition, come in? Is he not really run by the party machine more than by any views or wishes of his own? And is not this machine driven by skilled experts who have nothing to do with political principles? Is not the party leader often driven, perhaps we should say compelled, to take up or oppose some suggestion because it would be to the advantage of his party when but for party he would not have thought of doing anything of the kind? He may not be doing anything directly dishonest, nor doing what he knows or secretly thinks to be hurtful or certainly not the best; but he is acting from regard to his party, not from regard to the public weal, not from faith in the merits of the plan. Having pondered all these questions and done his best to give a reasoned, unprejudiced, informed answer

to them, can our friend conclude that party has much to do with principle ?

If he is a hardened partisan, he may, for then he will contrive somehow to make his answers square with his partisanship. But they will not be honest answers, though he may be wholly unconscious that they are dishonest. But, barring the blind party man, I do not see how anyone can come to the conclusion that party and principle have at best more than the most accidental relation. Certainly my experience has been that those who try to answer such questions as these independently soon abandon the assumption that party and principle go together. Their defence of the party system goes on different lines. They take refuge in asserting the obvious impossibility of practical politics always agreeing with strict principle. It is absurd, they say, to put questions like these, or to expect practical men and women to answer them. Why, if the ordinary voter spent his time thinking over this sort of question and worried his head about the answer, politics could not go on at all. If everyone waited until he had found a satisfactory answer or an answer that satisfied himself, nobody would vote at all. We must be practical in these things. But that is exactly what I was saying. I agree that the whole thing would break down, if we seriously tried to run party politics on principle or even on reasoned lines at all. But if it is impossible, and we admit that the business of elections and of Parliament is very largely a fiction, we must expect to pay the price. We ought surely to consider whether we are not paying too high a price. Is it well or the best we can get in this world to run our national affairs on a system rooted in unreality—in the assumption that the rivalry of parties is a contention for principle and is based on intelligence, whereas parties have in fact but an accidental association with principle, and most party action is not intelligent at all ?

It is often said that party is a necessary evil. This is shifting the ground, as is the other plea that party is necessary to a parliamentary system, which may be only another way of saying it is a necessary evil. That the parliamentary system could not work without party is true enough, but that proves nothing, or only that Parliament and party, unlike party and principle, are inseparable. To say of anything that it is a necessary evil (it is often said of examinations, as of parties) is to give away all morality. It is almost a contradiction in terms. That which is necessary can hardly be evil. If that which is bad is unavoidable, then the game of morality is up. We are involved in a vicious circle from which there is no escape except in the denial of one premiss or of the other. Either the thing is not necessary, or it is not evil. A non-moral system might have no difficulty in

admitting the conception of a necessary evil, but unfortunately it would also exclude the conception of evil altogether. Whatever may be argued philosophically on the point, the idea of a necessary evil is a fallacy as urged in excuse of party, for those who urge it are saying what they would deny if expressed in other terms. They would certainly say that it was wrong to charge a man with evil conduct who had done only what it was impossible for him to avoid doing. In that case they would say it was not evil; it was only unfortunate or sad. For the same reason party, if necessary, is not evil. But they do not want to say that, for they are convinced that party is an evil. Therefore they must take the alternative and admit that it is not necessary; and their excuse for party is gone. They are in a bad plight dialectically. They know party to be bad, but they do not know how to do without it, and so try to excuse it, and break down in the process. The truth is that party is not necessary.

Were it a question merely of the externals of an election, party as a phenomenon need not trouble us much. A great deal of bad taste, a good deal of bad language and bad manners, this one could put up with as only for a time. It does not matter very much that every party leader proclaims his own as the only party and, if of the Lloyd George kind, himself the only man. It does not matter very much if election bills declare everybody's policy respectively to be the only remedy for every ill. All this deceives nobody. It is all mere advertising, in the spirit but not in the ingenious form of the advertisements of patent medicines or baked beans or cedar mops. We pay little attention to the self-recommendation of advertisements; we need pay little more to the recommendation of their wares by politicians. Everybody understands that it is part of a game, rather a childish game certainly, but harmless. It would be better were the tone higher, no doubt, but the tone of election times is never high and never was high. Certainly the conduct of election fights in pre-Reform days can in no way be held up as an example for a democratic electorate to profit by. It is true that as soon as a general election comes in view the tone of the whole daily Press perceptibly drops. Men and women degenerate too. They take on a distinctively, which easily grows into an aggressively, party attitude—an attitude offensive both in the strict and vulgar use of the word. It is quite curious to see how two very good friends of opposite ways of thinking politically will be talking in the most amicable way, when suddenly an unseen political snag is struck against. Each assumes his party figure; he throws himself into an attitude of defence and puts on a stiff, if not an actually fierce, look. It is just like two dogs walking round one another in quite a friendly way, when suddenly their hair goes up and they stand firmly at

attention. Then look out. These same people differing on quite as weighty matters where party does not come in will neither show nor feel any of this *sæva indignatio*. Indeed, even on a question before Parliament, if they are agreed that it ought not to be a party question at all, they will be able to talk reasonably and keep their tempers. But let it be a party matter, and they cannot. It is not difference of opinion that upsets them, but difference of party.

Morals as well as temper are affected by an election. Men will steer much nearer the wind during an election campaign than at ordinary times. A striking instance of the corruption of good manners by the election temper was given the other day by the *New Statesman*. This intellectual review early in the 'campaign' declared plainly that the Capital Levy was not practical politics, but advised Labour candidates to keep it in their programme, because it was a very popular cry. This aberration from the *New Statesman's* usual 'high intellectual way' so shocked some of its readers that it was deemed necessary to explain the passage in a later (post-election) number. As the *New Statesman* thinks the idea of a Capital Levy sound enough, it could see no harm in votes being obtained by putting the Capital Levy forward as part of an immediate practical programme, though it was certain the proposal neither would nor could be carried into effect for an indefinite time, and that not a vote would have been got had the Capital Levy been put forward as a good idea but for the present impracticable. 'But the Labour leaders believed it was practicable.' Just so; why not get the benefit of their mistaken credulity? At any other than an election time the *New Statesman* would have seen very good reason why not. This may seem to be making much of a small matter, but it is significant, for of all papers one would have thought the *New Statesman* would be the very last so far to fall below its own standards. If so respectable a review thus forgets itself, what are we to expect of the common horde of papers and scribes?

Surely, too, nothing but the demoralising atmosphere of an election could have tempted Conservative employers of labour to announce publicly during the course of the campaign that they would take on so many more men if Mr. Baldwin's Protectionist policy were adopted by the country. This was bringing quite illegitimate and undue influence to bear on the election. It is all very well to say that it was meant only to show in a practical way what would be the effect on unemployment of the Government policy. The out-of-work voter would take it to mean simply, 'If you vote my way, I will give you a job.' No unemployed man living in the district where one of these firms carried on business could be expected in such circumstances to give an independent vote. It

is not unlikely, I admit, that some unemployed men, offended by the unfair attempt to influence them, would give a directly contrary vote to that expected, but this in no way exonerates the employer. The illegitimacy of their action would have struck any of these employers at any other time, but it is the peculiar subtlety of electioneering temptation that it always provides an honourable excuse for doing the wrong thing, or at any rate for not doing the best thing, not following the more excellent way. We all know the 'You cannot fight an election in kid gloves' sort of excuse; and the man for whom that is too crude a plea may yet be caught by the insidious argument of the urgency on patriotic grounds of winning the election. Most voters really believe that the victory of their party is very good for their country; hence small or doubtful considerations must not stand in the way. The advocate in the partisan elector becomes supreme, indeed swallows him entire. He soon persuades himself—unconsciously—that all is fair in elections. He seldom hesitates to do a little wrong for a great right. Poor man, he is the victim of the intensity of his convictions. His moral fervour is the undoing of his moral character. One sees this especially, and it is rather sad, in the advisedly religious politician; I mean by that the really religious man or woman who makes his politics a part of his religion. The classical instances, I should say, were the Nonconformist Liberal—the keen disestablisher—of Victorian days and the Radical, now Socialist, High Churchman, especially if parson too. Few of any electioneering experience will deny, in the cool, that the political Nonconformist was—the type is passing—by far the most bitter, by far the sourest, element in politics. Almost as difficult does it seem to be for the type of Churchman I have mentioned to keep his party out of sight. In season and out of season—certainly in the pulpit as well as out of it—your Radical High Churchman insists on his politics. One minute in his presence, or a single remark, is enough to bring out his party. Many who agree with these men's ecclesiastical and theological position have often regretted the aggressiveness of their partisanship. It has diminished from the good influence of some not only distinguished but really great men belonging to that group. The Conservative who is concerned only to conserve property, though he calls it saving the country from Socialism, much resembles these intransigeants—at any rate outwardly. Neither is he at all a rare type.

These perfervid politicians—Nonconformist and Anglican alike—have persuaded themselves that their party is a moral force and other people's party—or parties—an immoral force; hence the justification for intolerance *in excelsis* and moral condemnation of all whose politics do not agree with theirs. Their concep-

tion of parties raises party contest to such white heat that anything may be (and certainly is) excused. It becomes so necessary —in the interest of the people and of society, of morality, of religion (they would hardly hesitate to say, in the eyes of God)— that their party should prevail that they go all out for victory at any price. Part of that price is manners and morals. Burning conviction of the righteousness of their party will drive men to say and do questionable things to help that party quite as much as self-interest will, or patriotic sentiment. Patriotism, indeed, does not produce the bitter type of politician at all. It is sad, but it is true, that some of the best men produce the worst type of politician. An utterly false view of party, false even in its conception, sinks them in a fallacy they can never struggle out of. Parties are neither moral nor immoral. To attribute to a man or woman moral virtue or vice because he belongs to this party or that is to poison the springs of political life and make it almost impossible. Common sense tells us all that a man's views are not to be confounded with his character. We may be the dearest friends of men whose views we despise or detest. Therefore it is absurd to rate party differences very high or to allow them to affect the other relations of life. Happily, not many of us are such fools as to do it. If we were, electioneering would be a good deal lower business than it is.

The most unfortunate aspect of an election, which the 'righteous' type of politician, so far from correcting, especially emphasises, is the predominance of advocacy. Predominance is too mild a word; universality comes nearer the truth. Judgment—any attempt at or desire for impartiality—is nowhere. At any rate, it is so much obscured that it is hardly discoverable. No doubt there are a handful of people who have not made up their minds on the issues to be decided and would like to have the facts fairly put before them. But their small voice is drowned in the hubbub. As if any political leader, any candidate, could stop to consider them! In truth, the business has got quite past that stage. It is not a question of deciding an issue, but of getting a decision carried out. Nothing now concerns any party but what will help that party to win. Shamelessly, if it is a question of shamelessness, all the party leaders put on the advocate's robe and argue the case for their party. It is not to be expected that any candidate will do otherwise. The whole Press joins in a furious orgy of advocacy, not varying much from its ordinary use, but in louder tones. The average elector also plays the advocate. Good advocacy is a great help towards getting at the truth, and there would be no objection at all to the leaders and candidates on both sides being advocates, if only there were a judge, and the electorate were of an open mind instead of being mainly advocates them-

selves. Think of the position of the elector when he goes to the poll. He has to give his vote on a number of different issues; he has never tried to get at the truth for himself; he has heard and read the case over and over again from the point of view of one side; he has never heard the other side; he has never heard or read any impartial or attempted impartial presentation of the issues; and he is supposed to give an intelligent vote! What does he do? He cuts any attempt to understand the issues and votes straight with a party or according to his personal interests, should they be affected. Compare the process of a general election with the process of a trial by jury. In a trial the jury have no personal interest in the result; they approach the issue with no preconceived ideas, with an open mind; they are present during the whole of the proceedings; they hear all the facts on both sides; they have the case put before them by a trained advocate on one side, then by a trained advocate on the other side. Having themselves heard all the evidence, helped by the trained and impartial intelligence of the judge, they now know the very best that can be said for both sides. Lastly, they have from the judge, who has himself practised as an advocate during most of his life and thoroughly understands the game, a just statement of the case and a review of the evidence. Is it strange that the jury's verdict is usually, in fact nearly always, right, and the verdict of a general election nearly always—well, at any rate uncertain?

Unless the body politic can develop some organ to fulfil the part of judge, and the electorate will take the trouble to hear both sides, the result of a general election cannot be on merits and must be largely a matter of chance, or rather of the efficiency of party machines. One has hopes of education as a remedy for the unwillingness or incapacity to hear both sides. But at present education is no match for the newspaper and the party machine. In many schools serious effort is made to give the children a rational and not a partisan view of public affairs. It is perfectly possible and should not be very difficult to interest boys and girls of the higher forms in public questions without bringing in party. But, unfortunately, most boys and girls are already little Liberals or Conservatives before they get to school, and most teachers are very far from attaining the Olympian heights whose serenity parties do not trouble. Most teachers would not deliberately give a party tone to a talk with pupils on public matters, but many do so unconsciously, while a few do it deliberately and, they would say, conscientiously, from the fervour of conviction that their party is right. These are a hopeless case, and should not be allowed to touch on politics in presence of a class. Generally, schools might do a great deal more to encourage and cultivate an

impartial habit of mind. The feebleness and unintelligence of merely following a lead instead of thinking for yourself should be shown in strong colours. Boys and girls should learn to despise party machinery and all that it connotes. I could never understand why our copy-books taught us that 'We must not be neutral.' Seeing that both sides may easily be wrong, or one as right as the other, it seemed to me the neutral man had a very fair chance of coming out top. As a practical warning the old Greek saw is especially superfluous, seeing that no one is inclined to be neutral, and it never pays to be neutral, for the one person whom all parties hate is the man who joins no party. Everybody can find a hole to creep into except the impartial man—the one man who wishes to see things as they are, who wants the truth.

Yet nothing is written more plainly across history than the disaster wrought by party. Necessarily, for parties exist to differ; their main function is to discover differences, and if they are not there, to make them and then stimulate and exacerbate them. Party keeps apart men and women who but for party would have no difficulty in agreeing. Men and women of good-will, and the great majority are of goodwill, can nearly always develop an agreed course, if they want to. That course, which need not be a compromise, is likely to be better than a course forced by one group on another. It is at any rate more likely to be continuous, and continuity is at least as necessary to the success of a policy as intrinsic merit. What chance has any policy if it is to be uprooted after five years and a new policy planted in its stead? Look at the amount of work, work of preparation, done with the utmost care in the departments, only to be absolutely thrown away by a change of Ministry. No undertaking but the nation could survive such bad economy. A dozen able men of goodwill, selected indifferently from all parties, given twenty-five years' continuity to their efforts, would successfully, or at any rate workably, solve many, if not most, of our political difficulties. It would be interesting indeed if we could compare the policy various statesmen, now party leaders, would recommend, had they no party and no elections to consider, with that which they now put forward. The difference, we may be sure, would not be small. No subject could better illustrate the misfortune and the futility of party treatment of political questions than the whole matter of tariffs. It is admittedly a complicated question, demanding expert knowledge. On its principles there is a good deal of general agreement. Most Conservatives admit that the general theory of 'Free Trade' is correct, but that it has to be fitted to facts. The actual case may demand a tariff although it be wise, as a rule, to avoid tariffs to the utmost possible degree. Similarly, most Liberals and probably nearly all Labour

men, however fervently they believe that Free Trade is the only possible and only arguable general economic or fiscal policy, are willing to concede that there may be, have been, and probably are circumstances in which a tariff is justifiable. So that both sides are nearly at one on the main question; the disputable point is whether the particular case falls within the category of exceptions to the general Free Trade rule. Are the facts such that only a tariff can meet the necessity? In the last election the point really was whether the admitted trade disadvantage this country was suffering from in comparison with France and Germany could be best met by a protective tariff; and if it could, would the gain in employment more than compensate the working classes for any possible loss they might suffer from higher prices resulting from Protection? This is obviously a question for calm and careful argument—a question on which sane and honest people could easily and honestly differ. But being a question largely of fact and all of detail, it is one on which those who had come together willing to agree, and honestly trying to agree, would almost certainly find that they could agree. Were it possible for the King to reserve the tariff question and hand it over to a commission of, say, twelve selected men, or ten men and two women, with full power to settle a tariff policy for twenty years, can anyone doubt that they would succeed in agreeing on a plan? It would be amusing to compare the prominence given by this commission to particular aspects of the subject with that given on platforms during the election. The various cries would hardly know themselves, sinking to *pianissimo*. Surely this very sober, hard, clear-cut issue could have been discussed before the people soberly, without heat, and without our calling one another names? Why not try to make the country understand what the issue was? But that was not the object. Who was concerned first, even if last, to make his hearers understand the tariff issue? His concern was to make them turn out or keep in the Conservative Ministry. The tariff question was made a piece in that game. One side accordingly says, If you don't have Protection you will starve for want of work; the other side says, if you do have Protection you will starve from high prices. The untutored voter, confronted only with a choice between two ways of starving, apparently preferred the risk of no work. He might have food though he did not work, but work would be no good if he could not get any food with his pay, owing to high prices. It is painful and to me humiliating to think that the terribly real question of unemployment, with all that it means to the whole people, should be treated, as it was treated, as a counter in a party game. All parties were guilty, but especially, I thought, the Liberal leaders, themselves led by Mr. Lloyd George. But I am a Conservative, so perhaps I am

not able to judge. Anyway the tariff question *was* treated from a party point of view, and no effort was made to put the issue fairly before the country. No doubt the result of the election might have been the same if the issue had been fully explained, and the people had understood it. I am sure I do not know; but I do know that to put the question fairly or unfairly, honestly or dishonestly, to bring out or obscure the truth, was a much more important matter to the country and in itself than any result the election could have. We are all agreed that in the long run it is character that tells most. If then we are sensible men, if we care for the people, if we are patriots, if we are Christians, why do we not conduct elections in a way that will strengthen instead of weaken the national character?

The immediate explanation is clear, whatever the ultimate cause. It is because we let the issue be one between parties rather than between policies. For the present there is small hope that parties will make room for anything better, though the Referendum is a practical suggestion that, as it seems to me, must make in favour of real political judgment as against party predilection, and in that way the power of party will be diminished. But if party must go on, at any rate for a long time, it is possible for the members of a party so to conduct themselves as to make it obvious that they know that a party is a means, not an end; that it is an instrument; a servant, not a master. They can decline to prefer a party statement to a statement of the whole truth, so far as they know it. Though belonging to one party, they can wish and try to understand the point of view of other parties. They can make it a rule to support any measure they approve of, no matter what party is carrying it out. They can take care that, while generally loyal to their leaders, they do not sink into mere items.

All this is, no doubt, very simple and elementary, almost copy-book morality for politicians; but it would make a mighty difference to the world if they observed it.

HAROLD HODGE.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

IV. Stalemate and the Sequel

Whatever can be said in support or otherwise of those responsible for the conduct of the last General Election, it cannot be disputed that they have succeeded in creating a situation which, as far as this country is concerned, is unique. So skilfully have they argued, with such vehemence have they fought, that they have divided the politically minded of the country into three powerful groups, of almost equal strength, not one of which apparently can make up its mind in regard to the others which is the more villainous, which, entrusted with administrative responsibility, would bring disaster in the shorter time to the country.

It is the object of this article to endeavour to assign responsibility for the present position, to show that it would be hard to imagine one with more promising possibilities of real trouble, and to point out obstacles standing in the way of a solution.

I concur with the view that the most vigorous steps should be taken to find a solution. Nevertheless I am convinced that, unless the facts governing the situation are critically examined, a workable scheme will not be found.

The most difficult obstacles barring the road to a solution are the Conservative and Liberal organisations. It is as easy to demonstrate this proposition as it is to show that these two parties—in one form or another and under one name or another—have done yeoman service for over 200 years. In order to make good the one proposition, indeed, it is necessary to establish the other. For the purposes of both it is necessary to adduce arguments in support of the two-party system, and to indicate the morass to which a three-party system would of a certainty lead us.

It really did not matter what the two parties called themselves as long as there were not more than two, as long as their organisations were strong enough to crowd out or absorb smaller groups. Constant source of merriment for our satirists as the division always was, it remained because it served an essential purpose. It enabled the individual voter to express himself more effectively than any other known system. It ensured reasonable security of

tenure for Administrations, and was a real bulwark against revolution. The main body of the electorate attached themselves to one or another of these ready-made, convenient and permanent organisations according to their views on the main issue of the moment. There never was a time—until 1918— when the two groups were not diametrically opposed to one another on this main issue, and when, in consequence, they failed to provide convenient rallying grounds. Neither of them at any time was wanting in some outstanding personage known to the electorate as an alternative chief Minister of State. Even the most ignorant voter, therefore, realised that he had a voice in regard to—

(1) The choice of a First Minister.
(2) The main issue of the moment.
(3) The member to represent his own particular constituency.

That the First Minister was the almost direct choice of the majority of the people is indisputable. He, in his turn, had the appointing of the Cabinet, a committee probably endowed with more complete power than any in Europe. The Government might be good, bad or indifferent. It was, nevertheless, the choice of the people. A revolution was a logical absurdity. What justification could there possibly be? In order to attain any reasonable purpose one had but to persuade a majority of the electorate of the wisdom of the course proposed. Would-be revolutionaries were opposed by an open door. Dynamite was a superfluity.

That the electorate went wrong from time to time, both on the question of desirable legislation and the most suitable Administration, is probably true. The fact remains, nevertheless, that, with very few exceptions, the Government was not only the choice, but truly representative, of the people. This was the real source of its power.

It was endowed, too, with security of tenure sufficient to enable it to grapple with successive problems as they presented themselves. It had no excuse for languor or feebleness, but, on the contrary, every incentive and encouragement to show initiative.

If its authority were challenged, it could always appeal to a House of Commons well disposed towards itself, a body containing a majority of those of the same political colour, whose credit was largely wrapped up with the credit of the Government, who had a personal interest in presenting the case of the Government in as favourable a light as possible, whose defeat might personally involve a considerable financial outlay and possible loss of membership of a great institution.

To sum the matter up, the system ensured:

(1) An effective Administration with reasonable security of tenure.
(2) A Legislature with a clear mandate on the main issue of the moment.
(3) A machine of government created by the hands of the people which, regarded either from the administrative or legislative point of view, was capable of motion.

No electoral system could hope to provide more. No real attempt—it is suggested as a direct consequence—has been made to dispute the authority of Parliament since the two-party system gave it a representative character. No one with any show of a following dared to assert that force was necessary to give the people what the majority desired.

How, then, can it be argued—is it nonsensical, a cheap and idle paradox, to attempt to argue—that the two parties, which for more than 200 years have been of public utility, now, standing admittedly for the same principles as heretofore, have become a source of danger ?

The answer is that it is because they have not radically changed, because they *do* stand for the same principles as heretofore. If Socialism were even an ultimate ideal of the Liberal Party, the position might be otherwise. They are, in a word, obstacles in the way of that to which they owed their utility They will no longer facilitate, but render more difficult, the decision of the electorate on the main issue of the moment; they will not assist to make the Administration strong and reasonably secure, but render its tenure weak, its position insecure; by the very strength of their organisations they will paralyse the machine of government.

If that machine refused to work over a too lengthy period of time, we can be quite sure that some would be heard to cry that it should be scrapped. In the absence of a clear and just alternative, force would be the argument. An attempt would be made to erect by force some machine capable of functioning. Reaction and revolution, each of them, would have its sorry day.

The war, of course, brought the change. It gave remarkable impetus to the socialistic ideal, and the year 1918 saw what was really a new party, fanatical, numerically strong, completely organised—a party which, whether we like it or dislike it, has come to stay for at least one generation. Bold and challenging, it presented a new issue—the retention or abolition of the individualistic system.

For the first time since their inception the two historic parties, to their intense embarrassment, found, try as they might, that they could not disagree on the main controversial issue of the moment. They longed to be again at one another's throats. It

was, however, difficult to find a reasonable excuse for such bloodthirstiness. Only one course was possible. A blind eye must be turned to inconvenient facts. The very existence of the issue must be denied. Mr. Asquith did not hesitate. Sword in hand, he plunged into the fray. The Conservatives followed suit four years later. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*

The course taken by the Coalition must be examined, as those, a rapidly growing number, who, by their letters and articles, appear to agree with the general conclusions of this article, have a convenient habit of ignoring difficulties created at the end of the last year of that misrepresented and much-abused combination.

Even members of the Coalition hesitated to acknowledge that a new issue—with formidable forces behind it—had arisen. They based their arguments for its continuance mainly on the need for reconstruction carried out on non-party lines. Generally speaking, arguments which were neither logical nor completely honest were preferred. There was some confusion of thought, but more political cowardice. Politicians hated having to agree that the great historic parties were combining against another party calling itself Labour. They would probably have had no hesitation or difficulty if the same party had called itself Socialist. They knew that, in fact, they would not be combining against Labour. They knew also, however, that it would be strongly argued that they were.

Whatever arguments against its continued existence could be adduced, the Government was as strong in the saddle as ever in the early days of 1922. The suggestion of an election in February of that year, indeed, was denounced by opponents as something closely approaching treachery. No person moderately well informed had any substantial doubt as to what the verdict of the country would be. Even at that time, nevertheless, a subversive movement was on foot destined ultimately to have consequences so far-reaching that it is hard to over-estimate them. The underlying causes which gave impetus to this movement do not appear to be universally appreciated.

Inside the House of Commons itself the partnership was so close that it is true to say that if the political colour of individual members had not been known one could not by their speeches, votes or actions have distinguished Liberal from Conservative. The barrier once broken revealed the fact that those living next door, so long regarded as alien and objectionable, were, in fact, first cousins. In the Cabinet itself purely party differences, it is believed, were unknown.

A very different state of affairs existed in the country. Every considerable town had its separate organisation, and usually its separate Press. From time immemorial it had been the main duty of these bodies to magnify differences between the parties,

The due performance of this duty was the condition precedent for the subsidy upon which their very existence depended, and here let it be said that, in whatever respect they failed, they gave full value in this direction. For a time apology and excuse for the unwelcome partnership sufficed. The time was rapidly approaching when, first behind closed doors and afterwards in the open, denunciation of the tiresome colleague could be indulged in.

There was hardly a newspaper, either in London or the country, which supported, or even troubled to put the case of, the Government. They, too, fought for the interest of the party to which they were attached, failed to emphasise common interests, and pressed continually to the front points of difference.

What happened in the Government itself has not been revealed, but this much is certain. The leaders of both groups recognised the position as it really was. They realised that the difficulties were formidable, but were convinced probably that they were not insuperable. In any circumstances the utmost good faith was necessary.

Effect could probably have been given to a decision that the leader of the Conservative Party should take over the post of First Minister in January or February 1922. It is common knowledge, indeed, that Mr. Lloyd George urged and would have welcomed such a course, and only consented to continue upon a pledge being given that the leaders of the Conservative Party would give him unqualified support. No one dreamt of the possibility of the Conservative Party a few months later repudiating their leaders in order that they might evade performance of a pledge from which they had taken full benefit because temporarily it was embarrassing.

The Die-Hard movement in the House of Commons, which always stood for the break-up of the Liberal-Conservative alliance, was at first confined to half a dozen members. The Irish Treaty, however, gave it considerable impetus, and the early days of 1922 saw it reinforced by over thirty members of the frankly reactionary ultra-Conservative type, all of whom represented unchallengeable Conservative seats. Shrewd enough to observe the growing feeling in the country, they saw in the event referred to the possibility of a cry which could be effectively exploited. It was freely whispered that the Conservative Party had been betrayed, and support was promised from unexpected quarters. When the House broke up in August, nevertheless, the bulk of the Conservative Party would have been amazed if they had been told that within a short period of time Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Balfour would be jettisoned, and pledges which they had given to the Prime Minister dishonoured.

Of the historic Carlton Club meeting in November it is

necessary to say little, except that it was an event of first-class importance. The feeling of those that opposed the resolution was expressed by Lord Balfour: 'There are some things that a gentleman will not do.' The Conservative Party, in council assembled, had decided to break faith. Friends in fair weather, they had not been able to stand the test of foul. Never again in our generation would any group treating with this great and historic organisation be able to free its mind from the effect of this meeting. 'It is always possible,' said Mr. Lloyd George, speaking at Manchester, 'to kick a friend and guest downstairs. It is not so easy to whistle him back again.'

In the early days of 1919 there is no doubt that Mr. Bonar Law not only believed in the necessity of the Conservative-Liberal alliance, but realised the importance of bringing them together into one organisation which was neither Conservative nor Liberal. It is true that at the Carlton Club meeting he obeyed a last moment impulse and supported the resolution. It is most improbable, nevertheless, that he did more than bow before the storm. His action otherwise would have been an abandonment of the logical basis upon which his conduct of affairs during the previous four years had rested.

His subsequent actions support this view. Endowed with power, he declared immediately that for a time he should avoid controversial issues, and more particularly the fiscal issue. Had he lived no doubt can be entertained that he would have done so. He probably saw that, although the meeting referred to had rendered well-nigh impossible the coming together again of the official organisations, the continued prosperity of the country was threatened if men thinking in the main alike refused for ever to work together in a common cause. He intended to give time its chance.

Even if he had lived it is doubtful if he would have been allowed to carry out his policy. The Die-Hards had won a great victory, and had no intention of letting the grass grow under their feet. The election of October 1922 secured a substantial Conservative majority. It was clear, they argued, that the country wanted a policy essentially Conservative. They omitted to remind themselves that the Liberal Party were disunited, and their organisations (for this reason and for the want of a good fighting cry) in a chaotic state.

In six months they had fully established their position and raised high again the standard of Protection. Nothing more was necessary to complete the work previously begun. They reconstituted the Liberal Party as an effective fighting force in a day, and the country was committed to a real three-party system.

For the purpose of estimating the possibilities of the future, it

is necessary to examine the prospects of the Liberal Party, whose absorption by the Conservative and Labour Parties respectively has been prophesied by certain superficial observers. If that were probable, or even possible, the two-party system would be reconstituted, and the particular danger insisted upon in this article—that created by three parties—would be gone. But is it even within the region of practical politics? See what happened at the last election. It is quite true that the Protection *v.* Free Trade issue brought the two wings of the party together. This happened, however, only one month before the election, and it is common knowledge that the time was too short to readjust the machinery and repair that which was rusty and out of gear. Fighting at a complete disadvantage, the Liberal Party succeeded, nevertheless, in strengthening immensely their position. In this connection it must always be remembered that the National Liberal seats were in the majority of cases at the mercy of the Conservative organisation and, for the purpose of this argument, can be regarded as Conservative seats.

If any change, therefore, in the political atmosphere is for the moment disregarded, it may be taken for granted that this party will gain, and not lose, in strength during the next four or five years. This must mean a still worse split in the anti-socialistic vote and accentuation rather than amelioration of the present position of stalemate and deadlock.

It is suggested that during the same period the Conservative Party may gain slightly in strength, but much more probably, for the reasons given, will lose. That they should have a working majority over the Liberal and Labour Parties combined does not seem within the range of possibility. The chances of either the Liberal or Labour Party are equally slight.

The advantages of the two-party system have been already discussed; we are now in a position to consider a three-party system with tangible illustrations before our eyes. Its fairness, its effect on the Administration and legislation, and its psychological effect are again the main consideration. The comparative merits or demerits of the policies of the parties discussed do not, of course, come within the scope of the argument.

If we are completely honest and judicial in our examination, we shall reach these conclusions:

(1) That the system is neither fair nor equitable, and does not enable the elector to give effect to his vote on the predominant issue of the moment.

(2) That the system must result in weak Administrations, deprived of initiative by the knowledge that they are at the mercy of, and that their continued existence depends on, those bitterly opposed to them.

(3) That the psychological effect must be thoroughly bad in that groups in a minority may genuinely believe that they represent a majority; in that groups representing a majority fail to get effect given to their wishes; in that the minds of the people, seeing Parliament powerless and impotent, will turn naturally to force.

The first proposition has been frequently demonstrated, and it is not necessary to labour it. At every election there must be some predominant issue; to that issue there are two sides only—for and against. Two of the parties must be agreed on the issue, must divide their votes between them, and, frequently representing a majority, see a candidate returned by a minority. At the recent election a side issue was thrust to the front—an issue that might well be kept outside party politics. In spite of that, it is suggested that the majority of the electorate were anti-socialistic rather than either Conservative or Liberal. It was impossible for them in very many cases to register effectively their votes. The Socialist vote was solid throughout the country. The anti-Socialists were so busy fighting amongst themselves that they allowed a minority to appoint the representative of the constituency.

This is sufficiently serious, but the effect on the Administration is vastly more serious. It would not be possible for a committee to run a respectable club unless it were conscious of the fact that it drew its authority from the members and was promised in advance a reasonable term of office. How can it possibly be expected that a committee governing a State, conscious of neither, can successfully perform its intricate and arduous duties? Appointed by a minority, confronted always by a majority of enemies waiting only for confusion to become worse confounded, its actions must be weak and timorous. Paralysed and impotent, it can only succeed in bringing the institution of Parliament into still further contempt.

From the point of view of the political Opposition, the position is of course delightful, from that of the professional and semi-professional satirists a godsend. Is it not possible, however, that the humour will fall when it is realised that stalemate follows deadlock, and that the position cannot be mended unless and until the system is ended?

It has already been suggested that the indisputable fairness of the system under which the country was previously governed, the real power of the majority to give effect to its wishes, the knowledge that each and every administrative and legislative action derived its power and force from the will of the majority, have been the main considerations which have kept in check subversive elements. They have had no excuse for action.

The real reformer—always ready to use force as a last resort—

has been moved by one other main consideration. He has always had the belief that through Parliament he could attain his ends. What, it is asked, may the effect be on the mentality of either party if even for a period of years we allow our legislative and administrative machinery to become an object of ridicule? An Administration demonstrably powerless and impotent cannot fail to be an object of ridicule.

The inconvenience and sense of insecurity to the general public and trading community in particular resulting from the insecurity of Government is a matter of comparatively slight importance. It is, however, worthy of notice.

Reasonable security of tenure can only and will only return when we have readopted a system whereby the Government is placed and supported in power by those well disposed towards itself, and is no longer perpetually at the mercy of those seeking for a convenient moment to destroy it.

A coalition of Liberals and Conservatives is out of the question. Not again in this generation will a Liberal organisation subject itself to the possibility of another Carlton Club meeting. It is hard to see how a series of quick elections, followed by an equal number of stalemates, can be avoided. We are a slow-witted and long-suffering people, with a splendid capacity, nevertheless, for crawling out of messes created out of our own folly. A solution will probably be found. None but a most presumptuous person, however, would for the moment dare to indicate even the direction from which it will come. If the Conservative and Liberal organisations could, both of them, be finally destroyed, there would be but little difficulty. We should naturally range ourselves again in two main groups, according to the predominant issue of the moment.

C. E. LOSEBY.

WALKS WITH THACKERAY—II

THE next time I met Thackeray he was waiting for me on the pavement at the corner of the High Street, just outside Palace Green, gazing at a hideous old red-headed Irish woman, sitting by her apple stall, heaped up in a ragged shawl, and smoking a short clay pipe, called, I believe, a 'cutty' or a 'dhudeen.' 'Just look at that object!' he said. 'Where on earth do such creatures come from?' I replied that she no doubt came from the Rookery, just the other side of the road. 'I've heard of that Rookery,' Thackeray said, 'and I am told it is a horrible place where nobody's life is safe; and even the police dare not go singly at night, but always go in pairs.' I suggested that we should go and have a look at it, and, though he stoutly refused at first, he presently consented on my promising to take the best care of him. We crossed the High Street, and, after walking eastwards for five minutes, turned down a side alley, which led us into a labyrinth of narrow byways, that could hardly be called streets, lined by tumbledown, one-storey houses. Most of the windows were broken, and were either void of glass or patched up with bits of paper, while the doors and steps, and footways, and gutters were filthy beyond description. The place swarmed with scowling Irish people, the women and children being almost all barefooted, and so scantily clothed that their limbs showed through their tatters. There was a dirty gin-shop at each corner, and crowding round the doors were degraded-looking wretches of all ages, cursing and quarrelling in unintelligible brogues. Thackeray watched the ugly scene with horror and disgust, and clutching my arm, said, 'Let's get out of it! Let's get out of it!' But we were not to escape so easily. Before we had gone many yards further, returning towards the High Street, a handful of mud caught me on the back of the neck, and this was followed by a good many other such favours, whilst a rattle of stones on the wall close by warned us that we might be in for more serious maltreatment. Thackeray turned round, and sternly facing our assailants, shook his walking stick at them, and told them to be off, upon which they scuttled away into doors and down areas and coal-holes, while we put on speed and got back into civilisation without further investigation of the Rookery.

As soon as he had recovered his self-possession Thackeray said, 'Well, I am glad I have seen it, for I could not have believed such a foul spot could be allowed to exist within the limits of the Royal Borough. Why should such things be, and where are our boasted reformers ?' I told him that in many parts of London the whole of the rough work was done by Irish labourers, who either lived altogether in rookeries, like that we had seen, or came and went from Ireland at the bidding of contractors for the duration of particular jobs. They had completely driven out the poorer class of Jews who in former times kept the fruit stalls and carried on most of the small street trades. Whilst I was actually saying these words an ancient Israelite, wearing three battered hats, one atop of another, and a much-patched coat, nearly trailing on the ground, having a heavily laden sack over his shoulders, passed close by us and shouted in a gruff bass voice, 'Clo'? clo'? O' clo'? Any o' clo'?' at the same time glaring at us with keen, glittering eyes, as if he expected us to undress on the spot and do a bit of business with him. Thackeray burst out laughing and said, 'Ah, there's one trade at least that the Irish have not yet driven the Jews out of,' and we strolled into Kensington Gardens, glad to be once more amid freshness and flowers and cleanliness and decency. As we continued our walk into Town our talk reverted to the Rookery, and to the problem of Irish labour in London generally. I said it would be a very good thing if the Irish could be got rid of altogether and replaced by respectable English workpeople, but I did not see how it could ever be done, unless indeed Lord Shaftesbury and his band of improvers should take the matter in hand. I was glad to hear Thackeray speak in the very highest terms of Lord Shaftesbury, for I had rather feared that he had prejudices in that direction. He said that Lord Shaftesbury was truly a man of God, entirely devoted to the helping and uplifting of his fellow-creatures, and that he differed from many other philanthropists in being thoroughly practical. Everything he had put his hand to had turned out successfully, and, what was still more surprising, had proved financially sound. 'But,' Thackeray added, 'the Irish labour problem is quite another story. Neither Lord Shaftesbury nor anybody else in this country can do anything worth speaking of to get rid of that evil. Yet events are already in motion which will get rid of it altogether before very long.' He then referred to the civil war in the United States, which, he said, would assuredly be followed by the abolition of slavery, and warming to his subject, he dwelt with great animation and evident knowledge on the new era of progress which would open for the American people as soon as that infamous institution was brought to an end. When that came about, there would be such a rush of emigration from Ireland to the United States that there would

be none to spare for London. In ten years' time an Irish labourer would be as rare here as an ancient Briton. Many a time since have I thought of that confident prophecy of Thackeray's, for it has been completely fulfilled. Not a trace of the old Rookery in Kensington is now to be found, the whole of the site being covered with handsome buildings, while the neighbouring frontage on the High Street is occupied by some of the finest shops in London; and the same may be said of all the other rookeries and Irish towns, that used to be the despair of social reformers.

Some considerable time elapsed before I saw Thackeray again. He had been very ill, and my own habits had changed, owing to my having entered King's College, London, on the literature side, and joined the anatomy classes at the hospital. At our next meeting Thackeray showed the kindliest interest in these new activities on my part, and particularly wanted to know all about the Medical School. I was rather astonished to find that he had very mistaken ideas regarding the hospitals and medical students, imagining them to be much as they were in the 'twenties, as described by Dickens in *Pickwick*. I tried to correct this view, and I think I succeeded. I had to admit that the original building of King's College Hospital, then still in use, was a wretched old place, totally unfit for its purpose, and situated, moreover, right up against Clare Market, one of the lowest purlieus to be found anywhere. It was commonly said that Clare Market could boast of a murder every Saturday night, and if that was an exaggeration, it gave a fairly correct picture of the horrible character of the place. It was entirely swept away to make room for the new Law Courts and the Bankruptcy Buildings, and no one who sees that dignified quarter to-day can possibly realise what it was like in the early 'sixties. I was able to tell Thackeray, however, that, though the surroundings were in the last degree revolting, the work of the hospital was admirably done, and the poorest and most miserable creatures were looked after there with the tenderest care. The two leading figures of the hospital were Sir William Ferguson and Professor Partridge, father of Bernard Partridge, the famous *Punch* cartoonist; and it could safely be said that two more humane men never adorned the profession in which they were pre-eminently distinguished. I described some of my own experiences whilst attending upon them as dresser during some of their almost miraculous operations, and Thackeray, evidently moved by my words, generously acknowledged that the good doctor, and especially the good surgeon, was one of the finest specimens of humanity.

Answering his inquiries as to the literature side of King's College, I spoke warmly of the lectures I was attending under Charles Henry Pearson, and Professor Brewer, the historian of

the reign of Henry VIII., both of whom he knew by reputation, and of Alphonse Mariette, professor of French literature, brother of that noted Egyptologist, the founder and director of the Boulak Museum at Cairo, whom Thackeray said he knew personally, and had a great respect for. Of Canon Jelf, Principal of King's College, Thackeray said his was a name to conjure with at Oxford, and he was the courtliest of men, and noted as having been the tutor of Leopold, the young King of the Belgians. Canon Jelf's son, George Edward, Canon of Rochester for twenty-seven years, was himself a famous Carthusian, though after Thackeray's day, and was in his time a much-beloved Master of the Charterhouse, where he died. Talking about the students, I assured Thackeray that the 'sawbones' class, such as Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer, late Knockemorff, were quite extinct, and that my best friend in the Anatomy School was Wesley, a descendant of Charles Wesley and son of the Music Doctor, Organist and Composer, he himself being a divine musician—about as unlike the *Pickwick* type of medical student as could well be conceived.

Until then I had been careful to avoid discussing Dickens or his works, having heard from many quarters that Thackeray was peculiarly sensitive on that subject; but on this occasion we were gradually drawn into a general conversation, first about *Pickwick* and then about *David Copperfield* and the whole range of Dickens' labours. Far from showing any sign of jealousy or depreciation, Thackeray spoke both of the man and of his works with the warmest admiration. He made one remark, however, which seemed to me to be extremely penetrating. He said, 'Dickens never failed except when he tried to be sentimental, but then he almost invariably became so trite and conventional that he hardly escaped falling into very commonplace cant.' Thackeray recalled several instances of this, and, as he quoted them with an effective touch of sarcasm, I thought that Dickens himself would have been the first to confess that the criticism was just.

Soon after this occurred the death of Macaulay, whose funeral procession I watched wending its way towards the Abbey. Macaulay's name and fame were in everybody's mouth. I was very anxious to learn Thackeray's opinion of him. He spoke touchingly of the loss the nation had suffered by the close of such a splendid career in politics and letters, but he went on to say that he did not think Macaulay's *History of England* would be his most lasting monument. 'As a literary composition it is superb, but it will not be relied on as a strict record of events or delineation of character; it is too obviously biased by the writer's own political views or prejudices. It is the *Essays* which show him at his best,

and they will assuredly live for ever.' I told him that I had been very much attracted by De Quincey's writings, and suggested that as an essayist De Quincey might run Macaulay close. 'No, no!' exclaimed Thackeray with animation, 'not as an essayist. *The Confessions of an Opium Eater* and its sequel, the *Autobiography*, stand quite apart; there is nothing quite like them anywhere else for profound observation and literary range, but none of De Quincey's other writings approach the standard of Macaulay. Still, as you say De Quincey is one of your favourites, I should advise you to read him through and through, and over and over again, for a young writer could not possibly have a better model. No other has such a gift of flowing into pure Saxon, and there is no better practice than that for anyone who wishes to write the best English.' There, again, was a saying of Thackeray's which sank deeply into my mind, and constantly recurred in after-years as a sort of guiding principle. As things turned out I found myself impelled by fate to earn my living by my pen in many lands in an infinite variety of literary forms. But I carried my fourteen volumes of De Quincey with me wherever I went, and always had one or more of them in daily use. The facility I gained from this practice, without any servile imitation, proved a potent bread-winner, and carried me pleasantly, instead of wearily, through many a formidable task.

. . . . .

The curfew has rung out the number of the Brothers in actual residence at Charterhouse, as it has done without a break for three centuries and more. The last red rays of sunset have faded, one by one, from the vine-clad walls of Pensioners' Court. Through the arches at the end I seem to see in the darkening gloom the shade of Thackeray, lingering at the doorway of the rooms where Colonel Newcome died.

In closing these loosely strung recollections I look back with grateful pride, and through a throng of conflicting emotions, to those happy half-hours which, at a sensitive and unspoilt stage of youth, I was privileged to pass in contact with a rare being, that white-souled giant, of whom it has been said by no mean judge, 'He made more gentlemen than any other of our time.'

EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

REG. v. MASON

ANTHONY TROLLOPE was born a few weeks before Mrs. Rawdon Crawley went to her vulgar triumph at the Duchess of Richmond's ball, and he ended his industrious and successful career forty years ago. He was, as a story-teller, a master of humour and pathos, and he interested and delighted many thousands of eager readers. Dr. Garnett, who placed many of his novels on a level with *Middlemarch*, wrote of him in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, while critically admitting some defects, '. . .. but no one has exhibited the outward aspects of the England of his day —saints and sages excluded on the one hand, and abject vagabonds on the other—as Anthony Trollope has done.' He referred also to his 'realistic power in depicting the tender mysteries of damsels' hearts and the ways and works of the rougher sex.' All this is well known to the great public who still read the novels, and will continue to read them for what they are, in spite of technical inaccuracies, but it is perhaps not unfair, without raising a dissentient voice on the main issue, to hope that a careful examination, even in a satirical vein, of some important legal errors, may prove useful, at least to the profession of the law. We can only deal with the crime and prosecution of Lady Mason.

The report of this case in *Orley Farm* is intended to be a scathing criticism of the conduct of the Bar of England, especially in criminal trials. The recent republication of the famous novel draws our attention to the fact that no reasoned reply to this attack has yet appeared in print, and we now propose to examine the grounds upon which it is made, and the legal knowledge of the writer, as shown by internal evidence. If the grounds prove unsubstantial, and the ignorance of the author more than venial, enough will have been done.

For the sake of brevity, the modern law reporter often writes: 'The facts will be found fully stated in the judgment'; and we also must refer the reader to the summing up of the learned Baron at the trial for the skeleton of the story.

In his autobiography, Mr. Trollope prides himself on the character of Mr. Chaffanbrass, and 'the talks between lawyers,'

but he regrets that Lady Mason, the heroine, confessed her crime too soon.

The crime, he says, was the forgery of her husband's will, but in the novel it was a codicil only which was fabricated. A codicil is a supplement to a will, added by the testator for the purpose of explanation, alteration, or revocation of the original contents, but Mr. Trollope did not know this, nor, of course, did his legal puppets who had such capital talks: Sir Richard Leatheram, S.-G., who thought that a person accused of forgery could not be bailed, and 'examined a few unimportant witnesses on legal points'; Mr. Furnival, M.P., who tried to buy off the prosecution secretly; Mr. Chaffanbrass, who thought that, according to professional etiquette, no counsel might cross-examine more than one witness, and had chambers in Ely Place; Mr. Steelyard, who 'opened the pleadings' in the Crown Court; and Mr. Felix Graham, who 'went special' with his first brief on his own circuit, and required to be solemnly assured by his leader that Lady Mason was absolutely innocent before his conscience would permit him to read the brief. These typical barristers perpetually confused the will, which was never challenged, or produced, or, in fact, executed, with the codicil, which, following 'the will,' 'the first will,' and 'the body of the will,' turned out not to be a codicil at all.

Both these impracticable instruments were formally proved and accepted in the Ecclesiastical Court in or about 1830 on the evidence of the surviving witnesses and of Lady Mason, who swore that she was present and saw the transaction, and in 1852, when Sir Fitzroy Kelly was Solicitor-General in real life, she was prosecuted for perjury. The novel was published in 1862. In the civil proceedings Mr. Furnival, who had carelessly borrowed his chambers direct from Serjeant Snubbin, himself 'gave evidence'; and when the lady was committed by the magistrates to the assizes in the criminal proceedings without a word of protest, and practically upon no evidence at all, he took no part, but sat on a chair close to the elder magistrate, and 'whispered a word to him now and then.' He was probably, we think, tickling him with the story of the attempt by Crabnitz (his clerk) to bribe Dockwrath, the revengeful attorney. It was, of course, a typical, if comic, incident in the life of a defending counsel and M.P. Two vital witnesses were absent, those called were not cross-examined, the codicil was not produced, the solicitors were in collusion, and no counsel appeared.

There was still a slight obstacle to the full-dress drama of the trial: the grand jury had, somehow, to return a true bill. Mr. Trollope took this in his stride without even a suggestion of Baron Maltby's charge. He seems never to have heard of

depositions, of names of witnesses on the indictment, and the freedom of the grand jury room. In his desire to set the stage for the exhibition of the chicanery of lawyers, 'the propagation of untruth for gain,' and the scandalous brutality of cross-examination, he did not pause to consider that neither the servant, Bridget Bolster, nor the custodian of the partnership deed, Torrington, the only witnesses whom the law allowed to go before the grand jury, could give a single scrap of evidence upon which they could send the lady for trial. They, however, without even seeing the codicil, promptly returned a true bill, and the curtain rose upon the final act, a trial before judge and jury which lasted for three mortal days of passionate emotion. In point of date we are prepared to say that Baron Martin must be selected as the most likely judge in real life. Before him a trial would have been impossible, or in the alternative, if possible, which is not admitted, it would not have taken half an hour. However, we have thrown into the following form our own idea of what the expression would have been of the thoughts passing through the mind of that acute and experienced judge if he had been called upon to sum up on the third day. It it has a faint echo of J. C. M. or A. L. S. about it we offer our apologies to those majestic shades. For private reasons we were unable to attend the Queen's courts in 1852. Amid a silence which could be felt, the learned Baron would have spoken somewhat as follows :

'Gentlemen of the jury, this long and interesting case—in many ways novel and dramatic—is now drawing to a close. After I have directed your attention to the facts proved, and explained the law applicable to the charge made, you may, if so disposed, give your verdict. You are at present, no doubt, slightly, if not completely, confused, but the law is clear and simple. If Lady Mason committed perjury twenty-two years ago, and you find the case proved, you should naturally return a verdict of guilty; but you should make sure of the identity of the lady. I rather think it is the one in black sitting next but one to Mr. Chaffanbrass, in the row usually reserved for counsel. Someone there, I fancy, pleaded "not guilty." It is, in general, a convenient plan at assizes to place and keep the prisoner in the dock, so that regrettable mistakes may be avoided, but this trial has not been conducted altogether on the old lines. When I first dozed I thought I was sitting at Nisi Prius, as the dock was empty, and a junior counsel was palpably opening the pleadings. Later, I found out my mistake, and wished that I had never woken up.

'As I have said, the law is clear, but I cannot venture to say the same of anything else which has taken place. Speaking entirely for myself, I have not often been so bewildered, though I

have done my best to keep awake, and to focus my attention for three days on the various phases of what I may term the phantasmagoria. I have listened to evidence on points of law, and to arguments which were not only in themselves highly improper, but which were put forward as evidence. I have listened with what I hope you thought was patience, but which was really laziness, to an argument conducted by all five counsel directed to an objection which, if it had not been raised by the Solicitor-General and argued by all, I should have called incredibly trifling, and unspeakably ignorant.

'Anyone who has read the story of Susannah and the Elders knows more about cross-examination than counsel representing the Crown.

'Indeed, the general exhibition of legal learning has been most remarkable.

'I have heard wills and codicils called deeds, devises called bequests, deeds called absolute deeds, slanders called libels, a partnership deed called a separation deed, and executed like a will; and I have seen jurors excluded from your body upon the objection, made in open court by the attorney for the defence, that they came from Hamworth, because one of the minor witnesses for the prosecution practises there in the law and gossips with his acquaintance. I should have remonstrated at the time, but I thought I must be asleep. This impression was by no means removed by the opening speech for the Crown.

'Enough of this, however, for the present.

'Sir Joseph Mason died many years ago, and left a will, which was duly proved. A codicil was put forward by Lady Mason in the interest of her infant son and one Miriam Usbech; and this was contested by Mr. Mason, of Groby, the elder son. You have seen the codicil. A trial took place. Lady Mason swore that she was present at the execution, and saw all the four signatories sign. She won, the will and codicil were confirmed, there was no appeal, and the controversy slept for over twenty years, during which Mr. Dockwrath married Miriam Usbech, spent her 2000*l*. legacy, and became the father of sixteen children. He then lost the tenancy of two fields at Orley Farm owing to young Mason coming of age, and he determined to ruin both him and Lady Mason. I do not pause, gentlemen, to analyse motives, or to speculate on the mental and moral effect of suffering twins twice. That belongs to the domain of forensic medicine. Mr. Dockwrath found a copy of the only deed which has been shown you, and eventually the original, produced here by Mr. Torrington, and these proceedings were the result.

'The case for the prosecution is that Lady Mason swore falsely, but neither before you, nor before the grand jury, nor before the

magistrates, did they offer any evidence that she swore at all. A trifle like that is, of course, often overlooked by law officers, who have so much to think of; and the defence, with the tact and courtesy which always distinguish defending counsel, amiably supplied the deficiency, instead of submitting that there was no case. You may well ask why I did not stop the trial at some time or other. Why, indeed? The air is full of such mute interrogatories!

'I know by the customary channel—my excellent clerk—that Lady Mason consented under the advice of her chief champion, Mr. Furnival, to be committed for trial from the loftiest motives of personal delicacy and the natural desire for privacy, and that the grand jury found a true bill because they wanted to hear Mr. Chaffanbrass cross-examine the Bolster woman, but I have always understood that, at some time or other, evidence of the offence charged must be given, if there is any. If none, then evidence of some other offence is picturesque, if not, strictly speaking, useful.

'The law is clear, but the practice varies with every novelist —I mean every law officer.

'The best evidence, gentlemen, I am sure we are all agreed, was that given by the Solicitor-General and Mr. Furnival, the two leading counsel. Sir Richard Leatheram's minute description of the actual forgery of the codicil, a felony which, as you know, was not, and is not, charged against the lady, was, without flattery, better than a circus, and his elaborate, if hazy, forecast of the convincing testimony of the handwriting experts whom he knew he could not call, was, if a little unusual, a masterpiece of forensic art, and eluded even the vigilance of Mr. Furnival, who seemed to me almost too obliging. No doubt he had his reasons; he meant to give evidence himself which was quite as irregular. His personal tribute to the character of the prisoner in the dock—I mean the lady in black, not in the dock—unless she is merely a friend of Mr. Chaffanbrass, in which case I apologise. And what eloquent and convincing testimony it was!

'How clever, too, was that roguish reason for not calling sworn evidence to character! There were plenty of the best people in the county, Mr. Furnival said, ready to swear to the spotless reputation of Lady Mason, and to convince those of you foolish enough to imagine, after seeing the codicil, that forgery was even possible, that she spoke the truth at the former trial, but these highly respectable but shy witnesses, so convincing on the horizon, gentlemen, were not called into the box. Why not? Because Mr. Furnival, as he says, did not wish their innocence and modesty to be sullied by cross-examination! Behind the forensic fencing, gentlemen, what is really conveyed to you by that strange

innuendo? Why, that these people might be asked, perhaps, whether the boldest and cleverest woman of her generation had confessed, or possibly boasted of, her heroic sacrifice. One or more of them might have heard from her those details of the midnight scene which are so well known apparently to the Solicitor-General. A woman might boast of it, even if no one could believe her.

'Mr. Furnival's own evidence is fortunately not open to cross-examination, that frightful system of torture, oppression, and injustice. Can you conceive anything more cruel and barbarous, and likely to propagate untruth, than such questions as might have been put to the eminent counsel if he *had* gone into the box?

'I can imagine your horror if he had been asked, for instance, whether he had himself tried to buy off the prosecution, whether he had sent his own clerk under an assumed name to offer Dockwrath—that evil genius of futile discoveries—one thousand pounds to block Mr. Mason's attack on his stepmother. What imputations! and suppose he had had no answer ready? Such a crime on his part would have been, you say, too ridiculous for suggestion, but at least it would have been physically possible, which Lady Mason's forgeries were not.

'If these counsel were not so eminent, it would be my duty to tell you that their speeches were both of them grossly unprofessional, but what was still more staggering to one versed in the old ways was the Solicitor-General's objection to the introduction of matters upon which the prosecution was itself founded. He is, indeed, no ordinary advocate. I speak from a long experience, and I say so. No ordinary advocate would have called Mr. Dockwrath as a witness at all. He had no necessary evidence to give, and was bottled full and to bursting with matter very damaging to the prosecution—a champertous agreement, revenge, malice, hatred, I know not what—but counsel knew that where all your relevant evidence put together does not make out a case it is a sign of weakness not to call a few make-weights; and he was naturally acute enough to appreciate, having himself advised on the case, that the total sum of Torrington and Bolster along with the egregious Kenneby, who was not called before the magistrates, was, in the scales of justice or the eyes of a jury, about one pennyweight, or rather less. Torrington produced a deed, which you saw and yourselves compared with the codicil, but nothing was proved about it. It is the sole excuse for reopening the attack on the lady after twenty-two years. Although none of the learned counsel were alive to the fact, it proves nothing by itself: neither Kenneby nor Bolster proved its execution, or their own signatures, or anything else, and I am not surprised. Nothing could surprise

me now, but I must observe that the plausibility (if any) of the suggestion that Bolster wrote her name on the deed twenty-two years ago, and not the codicil, fades away when it is realised that whatever she did was done in the presence of four, if not five, people met together for some solemn purpose. She was *never even asked* whether Lady Mason was present. Kenneby was not asked. Another trifling oversight. A signature to a deed, legally unnecessary, is by custom an important matter, and in practice requires a witness. If the two partners did not sign together, two witnesses would be required, Usbech for Sir Joseph, I suppose, and someone else later for Mr. Martock. Here we have two strange and quite unnecessary witnesses brought into Sir Joseph's room together, and all the formalities of a will. To attest what? Counsel all call a codicil a deed, so I suppose they think every deed a testament.

'About the formalities of the will itself, its date, and the names of the witnesses, we know nothing, except that Bridget Bolster had nothing to do with it. I have been puzzled about it because Lady Mason admittedly copied out both the will and the codicil, and when she forged the four names on the codicil, where did she get them from? What evidence is there that she ever had in her possession, or saw, or heard of, the deed which was handed over by Usbech to Martock and remained in his possession and that of Torrington, his executor?

'She chose the witnesses absolutely at random, and very carelessly, and took the date at haphazard. So far as she knew, Bolster had never witnessed a signature in her life, or signed her name to a legal document, so her feigned signature could not possibly stand, and the lady had every reason to suppose that Kenneby, as a professional man in the employment of Usbech, and in love with his daughter, the legatee, Miriam, would, as an honest man, utterly deny a solemn testamentary transaction which in fact never took place, and did not benefit him in any way. He could not have forgotten it. No one will deny that he was the worst witness who ever was called upon to give a simple piece of evidence, but he is alive and sane.

'You remember, gentlemen, the striking picture of the midnight crime drawn by the Solicitor-General: the young mother, scarcely more than twenty years of age, forging the codicil or the will—there is no clear distinction made between them by the prosecution or the defence; over and over again the question of her forging the will has been discussed, though we know that the will has never been impugned before; it is not even produced—the good mother sacrificing herself from the highest and purest motive, a passionate desire for justice even at the price of crime, with the very real risk of a felon's death; but the learned, and

indeed eminent, counsel gave her credit for too little. What she did, the audacious robbery of her stepson, was not only heroic, but quite impossible; it was beyond the power of mortal woman. My brother Arabin, who used to try prisoners in the City of London, once said to a woman who was convicted of a smaller robbery: "You have disgraced even your sex; you must go abroad." I wonder what his trenchant wit would have made of this case. Let each one of you imagine himself in Lady Mason's exact position, at her tender age, in her social, and protected, and ignorant position, and, as I have just said, alone and at night, under the shadow of that death which was surely coming to her generous and helpless husband. What did she actually and physically do, if her accusers are right? She first composed and wrote the legal phraseology of the codicil, words which she knew would be most carefully compared with those of the will, if anyone questioned their being the words of the old solicitor, and such a doubt would be raised by the first glance. The phrasing of the legacy to Miriam Usbech alone, with its words of art and its references to the widow's portion already bequeathed, out of which it was to be paid, was an impassable barrier, and its introduction was, you remember, entirely gratuitous. Read it. Is that the composition of an agonised young woman who knew less about legal writing than you do?

'But suppose that barrier passed. She then signed her dying husband's name, but with what shuddering agitation! As with trembling hands she formed the different letters she knew not only that she was committing an odious crime, but that it was actually a capital offence. Fauntleroy, the banker, had been publicly hanged for it only half a dozen years before, and everyone in Kent knew that within no more than two years Captain Montgomery had only escaped the same fate by taking prussic acid in the condemned cell. I see some of you remember that. You may also remember that in the very year of this codicil the death penalty for many forgeries was abolished, but not for this particular kind of forgery. That change was made seven years later, though no one was, in fact, executed during the intervening period.

'What thoughts for a young woman feloniously writing another's name, a model wife with a young baby! And, above all, how did she hope to escape detection?

'She may have been mentally capable of any crime—some women are—but surely not of a crime so clumsy and so obvious that it positively invited instant exposure. That is not cleverness, but mental disease.

'I have, however, only dealt with the least part of her supposed folly.

'All this is of minor importance. As regards her husband's name, we may assume that she had something to copy, if, with her genius, that was necessary: we might even go so far as to suppose that she had also obtained a specimen of Usbech's signature, shaky with gout; but having copied that with a feeling of satisfaction that he, at any rate, was safely dead, she was met by the real crux of the situation. No other possible witnesses were dead, so she had to choose two living ones, and she chose Kenneby and Bolster to complete her task. Why, Heaven knows. She signed their names so cleverly that they clearly recognised the writings as their own, and no handwriting expert could be called to say they were not.

'A date was added entirely at random: one day was as good as another so long as she chose one when Usbech was doing business; and she rose triumphant from her delicate and unusual task, but as certain of instant detection and exposure as a fox in a noisy hen-roost.

'Gentlemen, she was not indicted for forgery. Why not? A story is going about, and has reached me through the ordinary channel, my excellent clerk—it may also have reached you through the amiable Dockwrath outside the court—that Mr. Mason, of Groby, refrained from making the charge of felony out of mercy, forgery not being a bailable offence, like perjury, or out of prudence, because such a terrible accusation would create a feeling in the lady's favour, and might even influence you and me, and pervert the course of justice.

'All nonsense, gentlemen, of course. No one could connect the word "prudence" with this prosecution, and even the learned gentlemen responsible for it can hardly have advised Mr. Mason that the one crime is more bailable than the other. It is not. Even Law Officers know that. No. The real reason is that just as this complicated and extravagant suggested forgery would have been greeted with ridicule by the first person to whom Lady Mason dared to show it, so a false charge of felony on such flimsy grounds would expose Mr. Mason to an action which would cost him thousands. Even he, blinded by malice, avarice, and the hope of revenge, could not believe that his stepmother forged the codicil herself.

'Now to conclude. The lady is charged with perjury, but as no single positive fact has been proved before you, not one, large or small, which is inconsistent with the genuineness of the codicil, with her entire innocence, and with the decision of the Ecclesiastical Court, which was not appealed against, I think that, even without identifying the accused person, you might now safely say that whoever here is charged with whatever it is did not do it.

'This ill-starred indictment, solemnly prepared even before

the information was sworn, "pressed for" before the magistrates, who had no more to do with the indictment than I had, and finally handed to the grand jury with only the names of Bolster and Torrington upon it—this sorry parchment must pass away into limbo without even the merit of being historically possible.

'If ever there was a prosecution founded entirely on a revengeful desire to defame and persecute the innocent, and carried on by brazen effrontery and misconduct alone, this is that case. Hence the natural reluctance of a high-minded young counsel to soil his dainty hands with the defence.

'Gentlemen, consider your verdict.

'You find the prisoner not guilty. I respectfully concur. Now I must protect you and the community at large from the effect of this trial on your minds. I release you all from jury service for twenty-two years.

'If the prisoner is in court, she may go; if not, she should be informed of the result.'

Our friend Sir William Anson, who did not deal in romance, wrote that a patent physical or legal impossibility avoids a contract; so it does a felony or a fishing story—one of the most difficult things to avoid.

A confession of an impossibility is as sterile as a building scheme. It is not even a ground for prosecuting a prisoner upon a different charge. The great legal and only woman writer says (see *Malaprop on Female Crimes*): '*Confessio unius non debet bis vexari.*'

There was only one execution; what Mr. Trollope called a codicil was a clause, repugnant in character, fatuous in imagination and febrile in art, which followed the will, the body of the will, 'the first will,' and preceded the one attestation clause. He did not know what a codicil was.

Still less did he contemplate the clear legal position that if Kenneby and Bolster did not effectively and properly sign there would be an intestacy, and Mr. Mason would be an actual loser, for though, as heir-at-law, he would take Orley Farm along with Groby Park, he would have to share the ex-Lord Mayor's amassed wealth or personalty not only with his half-brother and with the widow, but also with those shadowy sisters who are only faintly heard, off the stage.

F. NEWBOLT.

'UP-TO-DATE' MUSIC

'WHAT'S wrong with music?' The question was recently addressed to a number of leading musicians, and their replies (as printed in a popular weekly paper) were significant. For one and all, though adopting in other respects widely different views, agreed that the leading characteristic of modern music is its essentially 'experimental' nature.

Thus Sir Charles Stanford used the simile of bye-paths—bye-paths which, 'though often fascinating in themselves,' have none the less 'a surprising way of ending in nothing at all.' Sir Henry Walford-Davies spoke of a 'spirit of adventure' which 'will become wholly commendable as soon as it is matched with mental mastery and clear vision.' Sir Landon Ronald wrote: 'I am hoping and believing that we are passing through an experimental age, and that things will find their level later on.' According to Mr. Eugène Goossens, 'our art has progressed more rapidly in the past fifteen years than at any other period of its existence,' and 'much of this development is on the right line.'

In every instance, it will be noted, the suggestion is the same. For good or ill, modern music is nothing if not experimental and adventurous. And this is, of course, only putting very guardedly and mildly what others would say—and have said—much more strongly. Take, for instance, the opinion not long ago expressed by Sir Thomas Beecham, who is certainly not to be suspected in a general way of 'reactionary' leanings where music is concerned: 'I do not think that ever in the history of music was there so little good music being written and so much bad music. In the last two or three hundred years we have never yet struck such a rotten patch.'

If, therefore, one asks: 'What's wrong with music?' it is scarcely to be regarded as a begging of the question, since there is such general agreement as to the unsatisfying character of so much of that which is being given to us nowadays by modern composers. Turn whithersoever you like, and you find the same thing. In all countries the more 'advanced' composers are writing music which is not merely 'caviare to the general,' but more often than not completely incomprehensible even to the

most accomplished musicians of the day—music which not only sounds hideous to the ear, but which the most profound students and most learned theorists find it impossible even to begin to reconcile with any of the principles upon which European music has hitherto been constructed.

It may be recalled in passing, by way of illustration, that Professor Corder once took a piano piece of Schönberg, wrote it out backwards, and then successfully defied anyone to say which of the two versions was the right one. Other composers have written works for the same instrument which require the use of the fist and the forearm, and in some cases blocks of wood, in order to strike certain of the 'chords,' while orchestral compositions have been gravely submitted to the judgment of the world which employ among other 'instruments' iron chains, typewriters, revolvers, sledge-hammers, and I know not what else.

That difficulty is to be expected in understanding and enjoying all new music of serious aim goes without saying, and the whole history of the art affords evidence to this effect. Hardly a composer of any eminence has failed to puzzle his contemporaries at first. Nor is there any difficulty in accounting for this. For the raw material of music, unlike that of any other art, is undergoing a process of continuous development, and each generation, building on the efforts of its predecessors, necessarily produces results more or less unlike anything that has gone before. Lord Balfour put the matter quite truly when he observed many years ago, in his essay on Handel, that, whether or not the music of one age were greater than that of another, it seemed to be a law of Nature that it must at least be different. Hence, therefore, the difficulty invariably experienced in understanding any new music of real value at first, for it will be almost inevitably unlike, more or less, any that has been previously known.

When, however, the differences take such shapes as are sometimes encountered nowadays, it becomes a question whether the ordinary explanation of the matter can hold good. So far as the general hearer is concerned—meaning, that is to say, not the man in the street, but the cultivated musical listener—they make no nearer approach to music as it is commonly understood than the random operations of a child banging the keyboard with his open hand. The effect produced is, indeed, positively comic at times by reason of the elaborate pains seemingly taken by the composer to avoid any combination of notes which could conceivably afford any pleasure to the ordinary ear. Certainly, if such collocations of tones as make up some of these compositions constitute music, then it is open to anyone to become a composer forthwith.

At least it must be said that, if the practices of to-day repre-

sent merely the normal developments of the art analogous to those of the past, it has never been so difficult to trace any intelligible connection between the old and the new, between the music which is accepted and that which we are asked to accept as its legitimate outcome. Although the great masters of the past all advanced also on their predecessors, their developments have never involved hitherto such an utter and absolute break with tradition, such defiant and deliberate disregard of the practices of their forerunners.

As the late Sir Hubert Parry once put it, modern composers of a certain school seem to be writing deliberately, not for the present day, but for the generation after next. But the mischief of it is that they persist none the less in inflicting the product on their contemporaries. The remedy, it may be said, is simple. Let futurist music be left to the enjoyment of the future. 'Sufficient unto the day,' etc. Let posterity take care of itself. There is no need for us to 'reach a hand through time' and attempt the appropriation of delights destined for the enjoyment of our successors. But, unfortunately, this is not advice which carries one very far.

If one asks what is the explanation of this state of things it is not very easy to provide a satisfactory answer. Why is it that modern music takes such questionable shapes? Are the composers writing it sincere? Do they really consider that the compositions which result are genuinely beautiful? Are their auditory faculties so totally different from those of ordinary men —even ordinary musicians—that what sounds impossible and hideous to the latter is replete with beauty and significance for them? Is this twentieth century *Nuove Musiche* really that which we shall all come to understand and enjoy in due course? Or is it merely a morass into which its practitioners have been led in the vain pursuit of unattainable conceptions and from which they cannot too soon get back to solid earth again?

It is really very difficult to answer such questions satisfactorily, as it is indeed to write or argue to any useful purpose about music at all. For precisely because music is the most intangible of the arts, so does it lend itself least readily to intellectual analysis and verbal discussion. You cannot actually prove even the best music to be good or the worst music to be bad. And in the same way it is impossible to demonstrate by any process of reasoning that Beethoven is greater than Gounod, or that Mendelssohn is not the equal of Wagner. It can only be said that all educated musicians are agreed on these points.

One may recall in this connection the well-known story of Mendelssohn trying to convince the aged Goethe that Beethoven's C minor symphony was really great. Goethe would have none

of it, and Mendelssohn's only argument was to go on playing bit after bit on the piano until at length the old poet gave in. And that, in fact, is the only kind of argument which really counts, or which ever convinces, when music is in question. What sounds right, as Schumann said, is right; and conversely what sounds wrong will never be whole-heartedly accepted by any hearer as anything else.

All sorts of rules have been laid down from time to time by learned authorities with the object of determining in a scientific manner the difference between good music and bad. But how little practical value attaches to such abstract principles is proved by the blunders which have been made by each successive generation when dealing with all the greatest composers of the past. In the last analysis the judgment of the most erudite pundit upon any given work amounts to nothing more than that expressed in the familiar formula of the humblest amateur—'I know what I like.'

Nevertheless, 'there are chords,' as Mr. Guppy said, and musicians would be more than human if when confronted with such manifestations as those with which their ears are assailed on all sides nowadays they did not try to seek an explanation of them. Unprofitable as the result may be, therefore, one may hazard a few tentative conclusions and suggestions. And, in the first place, I would venture to lay stress upon the enormous influence of fashion.

Musicians are by nature nothing if not imitative. Let a new master appear, and all the smaller men will be after him at once, trying to 'catch his great accents,' but succeeding as a rule in merely picking up his external tricks and mannerisms. How our own composers were obsessed for generations by Handel, and later in turn by Mendelssohn and by Brahms, is known to all; and if to-day the same assimilative tendencies are to be observed, not in England merely, but all the world over, this is only in the natural order of things. Hence, so far as these recent developments are concerned, it needed only a few extremists to show the way, and the smaller fry could be safely relied on to follow. And this seems to be just about what has happened.

As to the actual initiation of what has been called the Modernist Revolt, probably Richard Strauss had as much to do with the matter as anyone. For he it was who may be said to have first realised the possibilities—alike artistic and commercial—of the startling and the sensational in serious music. To-day, of course, he has long since been outclassed and outpaced by later and still more audacious practitioners. But in his time he was regarded as absolutely the last word in violence and sensationalism, and no one will need to be reminded of the tremendous amount

of discussion which he excited in consequence. Something of the same sort had happened a generation earlier, of course, in the case of Wagner, who was, it is hardly necessary to say, a vastly bigger figure and also an infinitely more important innovator than Strauss. But, from the point of view of newspaper notoriety and 'publicity' in general, Wagner was rather before his time—heavens! what should we not have made of Wagner nowadays? —and it remained for Strauss, therefore, as I have said, to realise for the first time to the full the possibilities of musical sensationalism and thereby to usher in that period of deliberate and self-conscious extravagance which is yielding such astonishing results to-day.

I say 'self-conscious' advisedly, for herein it is, I think, that most of this 'advanced' music of to-day differs so fundamentally from that of the older masters. This is an age of 'stunts' and self-advertisement, and musicians are no more free from its influences than the workers in any other field. To attract attention at all costs, to secure notoriety, to be talked about and discussed—these are the motives everywhere operating nowadays. But these are results which, in the case of music, can only be attained with the utmost difficulty by keeping to the accepted ways. To do anything great in music on established lines requires indeed nothing less than genius. A really inspired master can do it, as Brahms proved in the last generation, and as Elgar has shown again in this; but it is quite beyond the capacity of the smaller men. Write nonsense, however, be extravagant, preposterous, outrageous, and you will attract attention at once.

Here, therefore, is the temptation, and I am afraid that too many are succumbing to it at the present time. 'Music as we have known it is finished,' they say. They, at any rate, cannot do anything more in this way. 'Therefore,' they reason, 'let us make a fresh start on entirely new lines, and then we shall all have just as good a chance as anyone else.' Hence, therefore, some of the monstrous and impossible productions which we are asked to accept nowadays, not only in music, be it noted, but also in pictorial art, where the efforts of the atonalists, the polytonalists, and the rest, are precisely paralleled by those of the post-impressionists, the cubists, and the like.

Composers occupy themselves in thinking out new stunts and sensations instead of setting down in single-minded and unaffected fashion the spontaneous promptings of genuine inspiration. I read the other day of Busoni, for instance, that he spends half his time in the laborious investigation of technical and theoretical problems directed to the devising of new effects, while in another recent article, describing a visit to Stravinsky, the writer told how he found him also deep in experiments of a similar nature.

How differently such practices compare with the methods of the great masters of the past! Who can imagine Mozart or Beethoven occupying their time in any such fashion? Beethoven laboured strenuously enough, certainly, in working out and developing his ideas, but with him the ideas came first and the treatment of them afterwards. With your modernist master the process seems too often to be reversed. It is with the treatment and the 'effects' that he appears to be primarily concerned rather than with the underlying ideas to which those effects should properly be subordinate and ancillary. It is the manner rather than the matter which seems chiefly to engage his attention, with the aim always uppermost to startle and stagger by the audacity of his procedure and the novelty of his methods.

It is perfectly true, of course, as I have already pointed out, that musical theory and practice are necessarily undergoing a process of continuous expansion and development, but whereas this came about spontaneously and insensibly, so to speak, in the old days, as one great master succeeded another, it seems to be aimed at deliberately and artificially, as an end in itself, by the composers of to-day. It would almost seem, indeed, as though musicians had only now consciously realised this curious and fascinating characteristic of their art, to wit, its capacity in the matter of development, and, carried away by the discovery, had set themselves to reach *per saltum*, instead of by the natural process of evolution, its ultimate possibilities in this respect. Modern composers seem, in other words, to be trying to bring about *d'un seul coup* changes and developments which might reasonably take a century or so to accomplish.

The cry is ever, not, as in the old days, for 'the beautiful and the true,' but for the novel and the startling, the impossible and the monstrous. Hence, therefore, that incessant striving after new methods and new technical devices which is before everything the mark of modern music. Entirely new scales, the abolition of key, excruciating dissonances, 'chordal' polyphony, the employment of quarter-tones—these are but some of the means adopted by modern composers in their feverish efforts to attain originality at all costs, and to establish their claims to attention as composers who count. It matters not how hideous and incomprehensible may be the results as judged by the ear. So long as the methods adopted are sufficiently novel they will be accepted as valuable by musicians of a certain type, to whom mere questions of beauty or enjoyability are apparently entirely subordinate considerations.

Nor is there any denying the great technical skill often displayed in the execution of these monstrous creations. On the contrary, it may be said that what the musical world is chiefly

suffering from at the present time is the excess of technical skill divorced from any commensurate inspiration. By comparison with some of the scores of Scriabin those of Schubert or Beethoven might be reckoned, from the purely technical point of view, mere child's play. Stravinsky long ago, in his *Petrouschka*, proved himself to be a consummate craftsman, however crude some of his more recent utterances may appear to be; while Schönberg in his *Pierrot Lunaire* and other works has produced compositions which are miracles of misplaced learning and ingenuity. And if all the smaller men are not equally accomplished, it is probably true that the general standard of technical skill has never been higher than at the present day. The only pity is that it does not seem to be matched with a corresponding amount of genuine creative genius, and that it is devoted as a consequence to such unprofitable purposes.

But then this is, of course, no unfamiliar phenomenon in the history of æsthetics. We seem, indeed, at present to be going through one of those periods common to all the arts when for the time being, and in the absence of creative genius of the highest order, technique becomes the all-absorbing preoccupation, to the exclusion of worthier and more substantial aims. So it was, it may be remembered, in the case of music in the fifteenth century, in the time of Josquin des Près and his contemporaries, when the leading composers of the day devoted all their energies to the construction of what could only be characterised as musical conundrums.

Mr. Cecil Forsyth has described in entertaining fashion the kind of things they did:

> Unheard-of outrages were perpetrated. . . . One found that by using three clefs and three time-signatures he could pack a fairly elaborate work into a one-line part. A composer after burying himself in the country for a few weeks would bring back a couple of square inches of paper and set his friends guessing. Full scores were written, so to speak, on the thumb-nail. Then came diabolical pleasantries. The notes were written out innocently enough and appeared to be firm ground to walk on; but a humorous Latin finger-post showed the unhappy singer that he was in a quagmire from which he could only escape by following its directions. One such finger-post said, 'Look in the mirror,' or 'Walk like a crab,' or 'Sing Jew-wise,' meaning that the part was to be sung backwards. Another said, 'Turn night into day,' that is, 'Sing the black notes as if they were white'; 'Don't stop shouting,' that is, 'Neglect the rests throughout the part'; 'He who is exalted shall be abased,' that is, 'Go up where the music goes down and *vice versâ*.'

It is with exercises hardly less vain, if of a different order, that some of our ultra-modern masters seem to be occupying themselves to-day, as, for instance, Schönberg in *Pierrot Lunaire* with his *Canon Cancrizans*—that is, a canon on a theme which can be played either backwards or forwards with the same result—and

other ingenious absurdities of an equally artificial kind. Not that even a *Canon Cancrizans* need be regarded as a deadly sin in itself. Quite the contrary; it might be very jolly if it had been written so that one could hear it, instead of having been inextricably embedded in a maze of counterpoint, so that not a living soul, save Schönberg himself, would ever have known of its existence if some 'poring man' had not come along and dug it out of the score.

But man cannot live by crab-like canons alone, and that is the point. There is not the least objection to occasional extravagances which are merely incidental occurrences in the midst of music otherwise sane and intelligible. Indeed, most of the great masters have indulged their humour in some such fashion at some time or another. Nor are harmonic audacities in themselves in any way a new thing. There is hardly a discord probably in the most daring modern music which could not be paralleled in Bach, who also revelled, of course, in technical feats and stunts of the most artificial kind. Mozart's extremely discordant introduction to his C major quartet is still something of a puzzle to the theorists. Beethoven has a chord in the *Ninth Symphony* containing actually every note of the diatonic scale, while his famous horn passage towards the end of the first movement of the *Eroica Symphony* is of course a classical example of musical naughtiness which has none the less come to be accepted as an unqualified joy. And countless other instances could be cited.

But between occasional examples of waggishness or wilfulness such as these and music composed wholly of the same sort of thing carried much farther there is all the difference in the world. One is reminded of the old *Punch* joke of the horse-dealer trying to dispose of a particularly scraggy-looking steed and expatiating volubly on his 'points' to a prospective purchaser. 'Points!' replies the latter, as he looks the animal over; 'he seems made of 'em.' And so it is with so much of this music which we are asked to accept in the name of progress—it seems to consist entirely, as a learned professor once expressed it, of wrong notes. Preoccupied with their stunts and sensations, the *avant garde*, as they proudly style themselves, are turning out to-day works which bear little more resemblance to music as it has hitherto been understood in Europe than the music of China or Japan.

Is it surprising in the circumstances that these productions find so little favour? As I have recently pointed out elsewhere, nothing is more remarkable in the case of this ultra-modern music than the entire absence of anything in the nature of genuine appreciation and enthusiasm even on the part of those who profess to take it most seriously. Whereas all the great masters of the past, however much they may have been criticised and misunderstood by the multitude, had their whole-hearted followers

and admirers, who proclaimed their genius with red-hot enthusiasm and conviction, the same does not apply at all in the case of their alleged successors, otherwise the pioneers of to-day. Sheepish apologetics and laboured pleas for patience and forbearance seem to be the utmost that their champions find themselves capable of rising to as a rule; and I venture to suggest that there is profound significance in the fact, something indeed differentiating the case of these modernist masters in a very marked way from that of their forerunners.

When we think of the adoring homage bestowed on Beethoven throughout the entire course of his career and of the frenzied enthusiasm aroused by Wagner, so that his followers would go through fire and water to advance his cause, it seems truly ludicrous to suggest that the tepid, halting, half-hearted support accorded to the Schönbergs and the Stravinskys, even, as I say, by those who profess to admire them, can be reckoned in the same category. Not in this way were the claims of the older masters championed when they were seeking recognition. They inspired from the first on the part of those who understood them whole-hearted enthusiasm without any qualifying 'ifs' and 'buts.' And I suggest, therefore, that this is a fact which it is important to remember when we are asked to assume the 'inevitable' ultimate acceptance of some of these ultra-modernist practitioners merely because they happen to be intolerable and incomprehensible to their contemporaries.

On the whole, therefore, music would seem to be in a pretty sad way at present. Never before has there been such enormous activity, never before such deplorably inadequate results. Truly may it be said, so far as music-lovers in general are concerned, that the sheep look up and are not fed. Among the most prominent composers of the younger generation there is not one of whom it can be said that he is universally accepted as unquestionably great. There are a good many, certainly, on behalf of whom bold claims are made by their individual followers. But not one of them can be said to have won anything approaching general acceptance as an indubitably great composer, worthy of being compared with the giants of the past; and this is a condition of affairs which tells its own tale. Also it is one the like of which has never been known before since Bach and Handel laid the foundations of modern music. Always since then the line of unquestioned and unquestionable great masters has been unbroken. The succession has never failed. To-day, for the first time, the supply would seem to have given out; and 'Yes, we have no great composers,' is the melancholy formula which seems to meet the case.

But even so there is no need to despair. The necessary genius —he who is awaited, in Schumann's famous phrase—may be

trusted to present himself in due course, and then all that is of real value in the wild and frantic experimentalising of to-day will doubtless be turned to proper account. In the meantime it is, it must be admitted, a somewhat poor look-out for those who want their music, not a generation hence, but here and now. True, one can always act on the famous principle of having recourse to an old work whenever invited to try a new one. But the intelligent music-lover cannot subsist entirely on the masterpieces of the past. Wherefore, while awaiting with every confidence the eventual arrival of some indubitable master who shall triumphantly resolve all our present discontents, the hope may none the less be fervently expressed that his advent may not be delayed too long.

HUGH ARTHUR SCOTT.

'FAIR MAIDS OF FEBRUARY'

THE early morning was dull; and among the ivy under the trees the snowdrops, in thick clusters, stood with their heads so drooping and their white petals folded so demurely that they looked like solid oval pendants hung on slender threads, very white and charming, of course, but with a curious heaviness about them that was in tune with the cold, wet dawn. But as the hours passed the sun came out, the mild sun of February, and its pale golden rays touched the despondent flowers and cheered them up in a wonderful way, so that their whole aspect altered. The three outermost petals began to lift, and by mid-day had so spread that they seemed to be straining themselves in the effort, and so bright and light did these 'Fair Maids of February' now look that they might well have been dancers all agog in anticipation of a lover.

As the afternoon passed and the sun withdrew itself the white skirts of the flowers fell again into demureness for the hours of night, but in the clear brilliancy of the noonday sun our forefathers' delightful name for them, as given above, abundantly justified itself. It is noteworthy that had the day not cleared up, but remained sullen and drear, the snowdrops would have remained tightly closed the whole day, except indeed the quite old ones, which had nothing more to fear or hope from life, for the 'Fair Maids' when their time comes face death gallantly in gala attitude, and only those close which still need protection for their treasure of fertilising pollen.

An old English rhyme says:

> The Snowdrop in purest white arraie
> First rears her hedde on Candlemass Day,

and Candlemas Day is February 2, the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin, when, in olden times, the statues of 'Our Lady' were lifted from off their pedestals in the churches (snowdrops—the Virgin's own flower—being strewn over the vacant places) and the figures carried in procession round the buildings, accompanied by young girls clad all in white and carrying garlands of this flower. So both girls and their flowers became known as 'The Fair Maids of February,' and the apposite name still clings to the blossoms.

But really February 2 is a somewhat late date for the accredited appearance of the snowdrop:

The snowdrop is the herald of the flowers
Sent with its small, white flag of truce to plead
For its beleaguered brethren,—suppliantly,
It prays stern Winter to withdraw his troop
Of winds, and blustering storms, and having won
A smile of promise from its pitying foe,
Returns to tell the issue of its errand
To the expectant host.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

In sheltered spots, the middle of January often sees the stiff white upright buds appearing among the grey-green strips of leaves; and, be it noted, the bud rises bolt upright as a long oval and only droops into the pendent position as the flower is about to mature. To this drooping the plant owes its name, for the term 'snowdrop' does not imply 'drop of snow,' as is sometimes asserted from its appearance; rather the suffix 'drop' is used in the sense of a pendant. In the sixteenth century, and probably earlier, ladies wore 'drops' of various kinds as ornaments, and the name undoubtedly has this reference. Wordsworth makes allusion to this attitude:

Lone flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest.

The snowdrop is not a plant native to Great Britain, though nowadays it is given a place among the wild flowers of this land. Gerard, writing in Queen Elizabeth's days, expressly says:

These plants doe grow wilde in Italy and the places adjacent, notwithstanding our London gardens have taken possession of them these manie years past.

It is probable that the bulbs of these flowers of the Virgin were brought here from Italy by the monks of the late Middle Ages, for there was great traffic between Rome and this country, and were planted in the many gardens of the monasteries and convents with special reference to their use at the Feast of the Purification. And it is a fact that even when they are growing wild to-day the situation in which they are found can usually be referred back to some bygone habitation.

A snowdrop plant is very limited and absolutely definite. There is just the bulb with its small rootlets, together with two long, narrow leaves—only two—and one single flower. Masses of snowdrops growing in the woodlands imply an infinite number of individual plants, since every flower is the pennant of a separate bulb. In a coppice where snowdrops cover the ground it is almost

impossible to put one's spade into the earth without cutting through bulbs. Indeed, the snowdrop is almost always propagated by the budding off of small bulbs from the side of the older ones. These infant bulbs send up two narrow green leaves and, gradually detaching themselves from the parent, start an individual life of their own. This method is all very well and quite satisfactory if one only wishes, as apparently the snowdrop does, to repeat the original form *ad infinitum*; but, of course, it allows for no variation or the origin of new species by the crossing of two plants with distinct individual characteristics.

Nature's original plan for the snowdrop included, however, all the possibilities of evolution and provided a quite elaborate scheme for the transference of fertilising pollen from one blossom to the ovules of another by the aid of a bee messenger. But the fact is that in this country, at any rate, the parts of the plan do not easily dovetail, since the flowers bloom before the hive bees are much in evidence, and when the bees are active, then the flowers have withered. Still, occasionally, a specially sunny February day will tempt out a particularly adventurous bee, and then all is well. Shortly, the scheme is as follows: The flower is inverted to protect its delicate interior from rain, for off the surface of the bell drops of water trickle harmlessly. The three outer petals are attractive and protective and lift and fall according to the hour and the weather, as we have already seen. The three inner petals are streaked with green; in these green V-shaped markings sweet juices are hidden. Within the bell hangs a yellow cone formed by the six pollen boxes of the stamens being pressed together, each being itself cone-shaped. From the end of each projects a curious little spine, and on the inside are two small pores through which the pollen can escape. Within, and at the top of the bell, is the seed-case, from which hangs a long green column.

Now suppose a hive bee, wakened by the unusual warmth of a late February day and lured by the whiteness, fragrance and sweetness, does approach; it clasps one of the spreading petals with its fore legs and swings its hind legs on to one on the opposite side of the bell, thus straddling the mouth of the bell. It jars the spikes that project from the stamen tips and well shakes the stamens, so that their pollen immediately outpours on to the insect's body, and since each pollen grain is cunningly furrowed, it all sticks closely to the hairs thereon.

At the next flower, clasped in amorous straddle, some of this pollen is transferred to the tip of the hanging receptive column, and thus fertilisation is brought about. Ultimately the bee returns to the hive laden with honey for storage and pollen for bee-bread, so both flower's and plant's purposes have been served.

And now the flower promptly withers. But—and herein is an interesting fact—suppose no visitor comes in response to the flower's invitation, the blossom goes on patiently blooming, fresh and inviting, long past the time it would normally wither, hoping, as it were, against hope, and giving every possible chance to the laggards. Eventually, however, even its patience tires, and then the stamens relax, so that the slightest breath of wind shakes their pollen out. Some of it may fall on the flower's own column and thus fertilise its own ovules. Or, on the other hand, the flower may wither without possibility of seed of any sort.

Thus is explained why snowdrops last so much longer in bad weather than in fine weather: in bad weather there are no bees, and suspense is long drawn out; in fine weather there are always some visitors, and the culmination of the flower's efforts may be quickly reached. Thus does it attempt to adapt itself to conditions which are not natural to it; of course in its own native home, Italy and South-east Europe, its plans would naturally dovetail into each other.

Another interesting fact about the snowdrop is that its bulb insists upon a full four months' rest between the end of one season and the beginning of the next. Apparently no amount of forcing will lessen this period; but, given that rest, the bulb will at once push out leaves and flowers even if the weather is almost at freezing point.

A beautiful legend is connected with the birth of the snowdrop. It tells how, after our first parents were expelled from Paradise, snow was falling on the land, and in the desolation and the barrenness Eve wept, in bitter hopelessness, for the flowers she had once known. Then an angel came to comfort her and, taking a snowflake, breathed on it and bade it bloom as a sign that hope still lived and flowers would come again. And Eve saw at her feet the snowdrop.

A solitary snowdrop, say the countryfolk, is a death token, for, they declare, 'it looks for all the world like a corpse in a shroud,' and further that 'it keeps so close to the earth that it seems to belong more to the dead than to the living.' It is not easy at first to understand any allusion to 'a corpse in a shroud' in the white bell of the drooping snowdrop, but the reference is to the flower in the upright bud stage, when the long white bud ensheathed in the narrow grey-green leaves is undoubtedly reminiscent of the pallid face of a corpse appearing out of its shroud.

G. Clarke Nuttall

LEGACIES OF THE WAR

No man capable of a moment's thought doubted from 1914 onward that the world in general, and Europe in particular, must be the poorer for a generation after years of warfare when destruction or uneconomic production took the place of the production of wealth in any proper sense. Those who did not foresee the inevitable have been learning by experience. But the optimist had good reason to hope for better conditions than he sees in Europe in 1924. He thought that other nations were as sick of militarism as Great Britain. He believed that the Supreme Council must, in their great experiments in treaty-making, hit upon a few more clauses that would bring satisfaction and contentment, a few less that sowed only the dragon's teeth. He could not expect that envy, hatred, malice, vengefulness and, above all, fear, would survive so widely and so vigorously and hinder at every turn the goodwill and confidence without which mankind must slip backward yet further. Stagnation is impossible : πάντα ῥεῖ. In human affairs where there is no progress there is retrogression. Even Nature disappointed the optimist, for again it was reasonable to put much faith in 'the turn of the year.' If a quick disbandment of armies allowed the earth to be tilled again as she deserved, the four seasons would let her show her beneficence by producing her fruits again ungrudgingly and wipe out the memory of lean years. But the country that produced the greatest surplus of grain in Europe was smitten with drought, and its people were enveloped in a political miasma which, among other things, made impossible the transport of what food it had. The Russian famine brought starvation and disease where Europe might have found superfluity. Where, too, is the produce of Asia Minor which until last year flowed into Europe ? The combination of faults of purpose, errors of judgment and of sheer ill-luck in European statecraft had its result in about a million agriculturists flying from their land in fear of their lives. To-day a million of these Christians, among whom about 800,000 of those agriculturists survive, are existing in unspeakable misery and squalor on Greek territory, unable to produce anything, but consuming the meagre bread of charity.

The sufferings of Vienna were mitigated by charity for a time and latterly by goodwill and common sense on all sides, and not least through the revival of hope which charity brought to the sufferers. But her worst days were terrible, and Hungary now dreads her turn. Not far away, Albania, a country which should be self-supporting, as of old, is appealing for help to alleviate the misery there. Parts of Poland over which German, Russian and Polish armies fought backwards and forwards are wholly unfit for human life according to modern standards, and they are getting little enough help from the devoted British Friends who appeal for that country. In Germany, occupied or unoccupied, there is under-feeding and physical suffering of all kinds as well as mental misery. Whose fault that may be is too controversial a matter to discuss here. Whose first duty it is to relieve it is equally debatable, and any who wish to avoid the duty can certainly point to some conspicuous luxury there among those who have money and fling it away on selfish pleasure with a recklessness and irresponsibility which seems the outcome of despair or of the fear that the same money will to-morrow be worth only half, a quarter, a tithe, of what it commands to-day.

It is sometimes said with half-truth that men have become hardened to suffering, their own or others', since they saw it, read of it, or felt it in increasing intensity from August 1914 onwards. This is just about as true as the saying that life is now held cheaper. A few men, made conspicuous by their crimes, have doubtless been affected by constant scenes and thoughts of violence until they find themselves committing assault or murder which would never have entered their heads before the war. But there is another side of the shield. Has suffering ever evoked such enormous efforts of Christian charity as have been seen since the war? Assuredly no. It might have been expected that the stream of public and private charity, the gifts in money and kind, that began to pour forth in 1914, would be dried up when the glamour of war faded and its impoverishing results began to be felt. But it has flowed on unceasingly.

Of printed records of relief none has greater novelty and interest than a scarcely noticed report presented to the League of Nations last autumn by Dr. Nansen in his capacity of the League's High Commissioner for Refugees. His Commission, whose name and existence the general public has probably forgotten, was instituted towards the end of 1921, and its first task was to repatriate as many as possible of the vast number of people whom peace found in other countries than their own. Most of them had been prisoners of war, but there were innumerable causes for others being stranded where they were. As a rule they were not wanted there and had no desire to stay, even though some feared

the conditions ruling in their own countries. But they could not move: they had no money for a journey, no papers or passports to enable them to cross jealously guarded frontiers. In mere bulk the biggest item was a million and a half Russian ex-prisoners. They offered Dr. Nansen a pretty problem. By negotiations with thirty-one Governments he overcame the technical difficulties of passports, etc., but by that time he was also engaged in combating the Russian famine. To repatriate with one hand a million and more hungry mouths would only increase the difficulties of mitigating with the other the shortage of food, which would not go round the population already there. Locally Constantinople offered the most bewildering problem. At one time the population there was swollen by 75,000 Turkish refugees, 170,000 Russians and 155,000 Greeks and Armenians, as well as the Allied Armies of Occupation. The last were, as it turned out, of great use to the Refugee Commission, and Dr. Nansen paid a high tribute to the immense help given him by Sir Charles Harington and the British troops. However, in 1922 great work was done in the repatriation of refugees of many nations, and great collections of money and gifts in kind from the British Empire and elsewhere were used to alleviate some of the horrors of starvation and disease due to the famine in Russia.

The Assembly of the League which received the Report in September 1922 had just heard from Lord Balfour a most grave and distressing account of the condition of yet another huge and miserable body of people, namely, the Christian refugees mentioned already who were being landed in Greek territory, the islands and the mainland. The Greek and Armenian population of Smyrna, nearly a million agriculturists from inland, one crowded shipload after another from Pontus and every port on the Black Sea coast of Asia Minor, miserable processions quitting the Christian homesteads of Eastern Thrace in the van of the Greek troops, were all swarming into Greece. Add to these those who have come from Constantinople after the Treaty of Lausanne, and you have one of the greatest migrations known to history. And it was not undertaken with deliberation. The people fled before the advancing Turks just as they were, bringing nothing with them but the summer clothes they wore. They were a peculiarly helpless, panic-stricken crowd because the Turks kept by force every man of military age whom they could catch to serve in 'labour battalions' so long as he might survive the experience. Naturally the feebler died by thousands of starvation, exhaustion, exposure and disease, but Greece, a country of little over five million people, exhausted by wars, with a depleted Treasury, was receiving a round million of these wanderers in her territory. Who was to save them from death at the end of their flight? Certainly

the Greeks unaided could not. Who was to save the Greeks themselves from the epidemics of cholera, typhus, small-pox and other diseases which the refugees threatened to bring into Europe? The Assembly turned to Dr. Nansen's Commission and asked him to do what he could. They voted to him 5000*l.* from their Epidemics Commission Fund for the purpose of stamping out disease, and they resolved to bring the urgency of the problem before their Governments and to ask for financial help for the Refugees Commission. One result of this was that ten Governments contributed nearly 20,000*l.*, which His Majesty's Government promptly doubled. With this from outside and the help of the Greek Government, Dr. Nansen began the work which has occupied him ever since. The close co-operation of the Greek Government is, of course, absolutely necessary, of whatever party it consists. They provide 40,000*l.* a month for feeding the refugees; their officials in Athens and locally help in every way they can; and, most valuable of all, they are able to provide in Western Thrace and Macedonia the vacant land on which these people eventually will live. Even those who are wont to disparage the Greek character may admit that Greece does all she can if they realise what is plain to the Greeks, namely, that, since she has greatly enlarged her borders and the exchange of populations decreed by the Treaty of Lausanne will leave villages emptied of Turkish inhabitants, a million new subjects of their own religion, and mainly of their own blood, will be a valuable, an almost necessary, asset for her future development.

But apart from the help already mentioned, how are these people to be fed, clothed and housed till they have raised crops and acquired independence? The only answer is that those of them that have had food, clothing and shelter owe it to charity, and must continue to do so. Obviously it is vitally important to direct this charity in such a way that it may lead to self-support. Means have already been found for establishing factories and workrooms round Athens for some of the thousands who landed at the Piræus. Here clothing is made and carpets are woven, but to achieve financial profit on a large scale in a short time is plainly impossible. However, distraction from misery, the satisfaction of doing something useful, are of immense value. Further north agriculture began in Macedonia and Thrace before the winter, but lack of implements and live stock makes any progress slow and laborious. The comparatively small fraction of the whole which came by road, crossing the Maritza, from Eastern Thrace alone brought any beasts and goods or gear that could travel on wheels. Cottages are being built to form new villages round Gumuldjina, near Dedeagatch, and these give subsidiary employment to lime and wood workers. Fishermen from the Sea of Marmora are

established on the fresh-water lakes. Charcoal-burners are at work in the woods. Thus, slowly for lack of capital, about 10,000 people have been made independent, and more are producing something. Others, settled in Macedonian villages, still need help. The Imperial War Relief Fund and Save the Children Fund receive vivid reports of their administrators' tours among these villages. Refugees arrive there in every stage of malaria contracted round Salonika, only to shiver again in the high up-lands swept by the bitter winds from the snow-covered mountains. If they do not starve for lack of food, they are near perishing for lack of the warm clothes, boots and blankets which the funds try to supply.

For settlement on a comprehensive scale hopes have been centred upon the International Loan to Greece for Refugees for which Dr. Nansen obtained last year the League's approval. Mr. Morganthau, formerly American Ambassador at Constantinople, has been appointed Chairman of the Commission which will administer the loan, and has already been in Greece for some time making his plans and co-operating with the administrators of relief. Relief is not his function. The loan will have to show a return upon and eventual repayment of capital lent. The Bank of England has made a substantial advance upon the loan, and it is devoutly to be hoped that M. Venizelos will inspire abroad the necessary confidence in the stability of Greece.

Through this winter and spring relief must go on. America, fresh last year from the great help she gave in the Russian famine, turned to Greece, and, in addition to the work carried on by the Near East Relief Administration, expended her Red Cross funds on feeding half a million children. Gratitude for that great work should be no less because her Red Cross relief came to an end last July, and now her generosity is being directed by General Allen, who commanded the American forces in the Rhineland, into another channel, namely, the feeding of German children. It is the British Empire that is left to bear most of the burden. The Greek and Armenian colonies in London, Manchester and America raise funds of their own, which they support liberally, though the circles upon which they can draw are limited. It is the British relief societies, united in the All-British Appeal, that have cast their nets widely and continue their relief steadily. Month after month through last year the Imperial War Relief Fund at General Buildings, Aldwych, received money for this purpose from Great Britain, the Dominions and India at an average of about 1100*l.* a week. The distractions of a general election and Christmas have only reduced this average by one third. Their collections of clothing, boots, blankets and warm materials have enabled them to ship to Greece this winter, as last, many tons of really useful

goods, worth thousands of pounds, to give protection to thousands of shivering bodies. A visitor to the New Hibernia Wharf, where these gifts are received, sorted and baled for shipment, would be astonished at the scale of the generosity displayed, even if he could not realise that it has gone on for many months without ceasing. Miles of new material have come from manufacturers to go out to the workshops in Greece, where the refugees themselves make them up into serviceable forms; wholesale dealers send clothing by the hundredweight; and to produce the quantity of good, clean 'old clothes' thousands of people must have ransacked their own or each other's drawers. But there are a million who lack food and clothing, and the fund can only give its single daily meal to a limited number of thousands. At Salonika alone it cannot even give shelter in its tents to all who are encamped anywhere, everywhere, round the port. Try to imagine the conditions there; to a crowded population at any time add some 80,000 to 100,000 Greek refugees swarming upon the beach or any open space, and just now 30,000 or 40,000 Turks from inland waiting while their dilatory Government finds ships to remove them under the 'exchange of populations' scheme. Among the Greeks there is always under-feeding, and often starvation; malaria is rampant, and there is little quinine to give them; milk is lacking to build up the children's bodies to resist disease; hospitals and medical treatment cannot be provided. And fresh driblets still arrive here and at other ports as they are transported from the congested islands which can support them no longer. These completely destitute people are on no relief list. Nothing could be more painful than the pleadings of the administrators to be allowed to extend their relief and to be spared the cruelty of turning these men, women and children away to die.

Great Britain has its poverty and slack trade, with attendant suffering, but its people seem to realise that these are not comparable with the slow, wholesale dying of a million people from starvation and exposure. They have sympathy to spare for such misery. Truly the *Græculus esuriens* has ceased to be comic and become a tragic figure. His destitution and misery are one of the worst legacies of nine years of strife and ill will. Good will and confidence alone will offer a basis worth having on which spiritual and material progress can begin again. If in time these wretched migrants can be made an independent and productive people, filling the vacant spots in Macedonia and Western Thrace, they will make no small contribution to the stability and prosperity of Greece and the Balkans, and so to the stability and prosperity of Europe and the world. Until that vision is realised humanity forbids any relaxation of the struggle to keep them alive to fulfil their destiny. The innate genius of the English people always

has enabled them to take the long view and to rise above the demands of their immediate interests. Their capacity for generosity and for according fair play to others has ever been the leading influence in these directions in the progress of the world.

It is to England and to the people of her race across the Atlantic that we must look for appreciation of the importance of this task and for its fulfilment. From the experience of the Imperial War Relief Fund, we need not fear to look in vain.

HUBERT GOUGH.

SPAIN AND ENGLAND

In 1911 I had an unforgettable conversation with a distinguished Spanish civil engineer, who before he died was decorated by our Government in recognition of his services to our cause in the Mediterranean during the European war. This was Don Luis Molini, at the time Chief Engineer to the Seville Port and Harbour Works. He had recently returned from Melilla, where his Government had sent him to report on the possibility of converting the Mar Chica into a harbour of refuge for international shipping, often so hard pressed by the dreaded Levanter on those inhospitable North African shores. Spain was then recovering from her Moroccan campaign of 1909, and there seemed to be no new war cloud on the horizon. Yet Señor Molini, in a prophetic mood, talked long of what the next war would be and the part Spain might play in support of England were the two countries allied.

'Your Foreign Office would think us ridiculous,' he said, with that proud humility which has led so many unthinking foreigners to imagine that Spaniards misprise their own country, 'if after our colonial disasters we suggested that we could be useful to England, the queen of colonising countries. Yet a glance at the map shows what Spain could offer. The fate of the next war, be the belligerents who they may, will depend finally on naval action. If Spain had the support of the British Navy and England had the command of our ports and coaling stations in the Mediterranean, on the Atlantic, at the Canaries, and at Fernando Po, their enemies would stand no chance: the combination would be invincible.'

Last August I was visiting my friend and neighbour Don Manuel de Burgos, ex-Minister of *Gobernación* (Home Office), and one of those brilliant exceptions, so often referred to by King Alfonso, among the self-seeking bureaucracy overthrown by the *coup d'état*. He told me that he intends to devote his whole time and strength henceforth to the promotion, direct and indirect, of the good understanding between Spain and England, because he regards this as the best bulwark for the future peace of Europe. I quoted what Don Luis Molini had said to me on

the subject, and asked Señor de Burgos if he thought that, had such a situation existed before the war, the European tragedy might have been averted. '*Quien sabe?*' said my friend. And then, raising his head, he added: 'At least there would have been no German submarines in the Mediterranean.'

L'Information, discussing the Spanish royal visit to Rome, said that, thanks to her neutrality in the war, Spain has lost the power to intervene in European affairs, so Italy now takes her by the hand to lead her again into the European concert, and Spain in return consents to support a Mediterranean policy convenient to Italian interests and projects. Other French papers spoke plainly of the suspicion that the Spanish-Italian approximation is directly aimed against French interests in the Mediterranean, and even a part of the English Press allowed a certain fear to appear between the lines that Britain's highway to the East might be interfered with by any redistribution of naval strength in the Mediterranean.

It is to be presumed that these unfortunate expressions of distrust of Spain's good faith are merely newspaper propaganda made at the dictates of political influences which set more store on their private ends than on the peace of Europe. The Quai d'Orsay, as well as our own Foreign Office, must know very well that there is no foundation for such distrust, the manifestation of which may well make those authorities murmur: 'Save me from my friends!' Spain has sufficient status, *pace L'Information*, to take long views of what suits her own foreign policy without needing any other Power to lead her by the hand; while if we study her geographical situation together with her commercial statistics, it becomes abundantly clear that neither France nor England need be afraid that she wishes to estrange herself from her nearest neighbours and best clients. Her attitude to England, however, appeals more closely to me than does her feeling for France or Italy, for I am an Englishwoman who has spent half a lifetime here and have learnt to know and love Spain second only to my own country. I propose, therefore, to limit myself in this article to the consideration of her friendship for England, leaving other aspects of her foreign policy to writers more competent than I to deal with them.

When Don Luis Molini sketched to me the advantages of a close approximation between Spain and England, political intrigue reigned supreme, and, as we afterwards discovered, German preparation for the war was already well advanced here. The primary object of my interview with Don Luis was to obtain information for *The Times* about the world communication with Seville which will develop when the Tablada Canal—then just begun—is opened to large ocean-going steamers, for this inland

port is at present closed to any but moderate-sized vessels on account of the sudden bends and shallows in the upper reaches of the Guadalquivir. Señor Molini said I was the first journalist, Spanish or foreign, to approach him on that ground. All the rest had come with their own political fish to fry. From 1914 the canal works hung fire to an extent heart-rending to the engineers and shareholders and the Seville public in general. This was because it did not suit certain elements, hostile alike to England and Spain, that Seville, a port particularly favoured by British shipping on account of the number of British and Anglo-Spanish enterprises established in the region, should rise to eminence in international traffic by means of this canal. These elements had long fixed on Barcelona as the eventual depôt for vast trading operations in the Mediterranean, and they had no idea of permitting Seville, eighty kilometres inland on the Madrid-Zaragoza-Alicante trunk line and three days nearer to the Western countries, to become, as she certainly will in due time, a Spanish Liverpool for England, the United States, and Spanish South America.

Our Foreign Office may be very certain that Seville would always oppose any policy tending to diminish commerce with our country. The Sevillians have not forgotten how the paralysis of British shipping during the war reduced thousands of their wharfside population to starvation. When the submarine campaign was at its height and Spanish as well as Allied ships were daily being torpedoed, this busy port was often literally empty, and phthisis, anæmia, and fever, due to hunger and misery, were producing a generation of hopelessly invalided children. The Armistice came in time to save many lives on the banks of the Guadalquivir, as in all the other Spanish ports, but the former prosperity has not returned, and it is only too well recognised by the dock labourers how much their well-being depends on the full resumption of traffic with England.

Another port of great importance to our international trade is suffering at least as much as Seville from the war and the stagnation of business due to existing conditions in Germany. This is Huelva, on the estuary of the Odiel, several miles above its embouchure into the Atlantic.

It does not seem to have been realised at home how for a prolonged period in the war we and our Allies depended on the supplies of copper for munitions from the Rio Tinto and Tharsis mines, which ship all their ore from this modest, but down to 1914 rapidly extending, little town of 20,000 inhabitants. The estuary of the Odiel even in its present condition, hardly touched by the hand of man, forms a magnificent, almost landlocked harbour where vessels of all sizes can find anchorage. As I

write comes the announcement that ten of our war craft, including a cruiser, are to visit Huelva next month, and before the war broke out the traffic, especially with England and Germany, was steadily increasing. Thus it happened that several large German ships were anchored here from August 1914 to the end of the war, and it is known that German submarines were in touch with them throughout. It was impossible for the port authorities to prevent this, for the estuary below the harbour works, as they now are, is one great expanse of unreclaimed marsh land, and it seemed as if it would have been so easy for the enemy vessels to engineer the destruction of the Rio Tinto and Tharsis private piers that some of my fellow-countrymen, who believed that Spanish neutrality was pro-German throughout, can even now hardly understand why those constructions, vital to our success, were not blown up at an early stage of the war. It was because Spanish vigilance, exercised on our behalf, so effectually supported that of the British companies that no enemy agent could approach near enough to use a bomb.

Later we had further evidence of Spain's regard for British interests and British susceptibilities in this district. It was reported that there was a project to establish a Zeppelin depôt as the headquarters of a direct line to Buenos Aires on a certain headland at Palos de la Frontera, commanding the estuaries both of the Rio Tinto and Odiel. This headland is a strategic position which would lay our mineral traffic here absolutely at the mercy of a hostile air force radiating from it. My authority for the story was no less an authority than the owner of the soil, who sent me a private leaflet relating to it. So I wrote to ask Señor de Burgos what was being done, for his estate lies near Palos, and I knew I could implicitly rely on whatever he told me. His reply was that he was not aware that such a scheme had been seriously contemplated by the German company, but, be that as it might, the Spanish Government would never consent to anything which might conceivably disturb British friendship with Spain in the future.

All this occurred under the old Administration. Now let us see how Seville and Huelva, ports so closely linked up with British interests, are faring under the Military Directorate of which General Primo de Rivera, Marques de Estella, is the President.

I have already indicated how the Tablada Canal works were hampered by political hostility down to the fateful 13th of last September, which assuredly should be a red-letter day in future Spanish and Anglo-Spanish calendars. Under the new *régime* Seville was the first to receive attention among numerous applicants for Royal Decrees relating to port and harbour improvements, and the canal works are already in full swing again under

the chief engineer who succeeded Señor Molini, Don Jose Delgado-Brackenbury, who, as his name indicates, is English on the mother's side. There is now no docking of the Government grants, hitherto so difficult to obtain payment of, for the construction of the fine new waterway, and it is to be opened in 1927, when the Ibero-American Exhibition is to take place in the magnificent buildings being erected for the purpose along the Paseo of Las Delicias, the Hyde Park of Seville. As for Huelva, its Port and Harbour Board had been imploring successive Governments for at least twelve years past to authorise the extensive new wharves which became continually more necessary to allow of the natural expansion of the provincial trade, for Huelva is the port of embarkation not only for the many mines lying round, but also for the rich agricultural district at the south-west of Estremadura, fed by the Huelva-Zafra Railway, which belongs to an English company. But all efforts were fruitless; it seemed that she was destined to be the Cinderella of Spanish ports to the end. Suddenly all is changed: the construction of the new wharves has been authorised by a Royal Decree, and hard on the heels of this notice, which has sent the whole province into the seventh heaven, comes the announcement that the South American republics have organised calls by a series of war vessels, of which one is to come in each month of the year to offer the homage of the countries colonised by Spain at the shrine of the race, La Rabida and the port of Palos, whence Columbus sailed to discover the New World. The call of the blood manifests itself more insistently every year, as was practically proved during the last Moroccan campaign, when Spanish America sent millions of pesetas for the Spanish Red Cross besides supplying contingents of volunteers for the front. But never has the way been made quite so smooth for acts of filial devotion to the mother-country of the Spanish-speaking peoples as now under the Military Directorate.

The Zeppelin threat to British interests here has vanished. Instead of being run with capital supplied from Berlin, as was stated would be the case at the time of the Palos *canard*, both the capital and direction of the great direct airship line to Buenos Aires are Spanish and Spanish South-American, and Captain Hererra, the engineer responsible for the project, has spent a considerable time in England in friendly consultation with our own air experts, while waiting for the previous Governments to decide on the emplacement and other details of the scheme. Long enough he waited under the old Administration, and probably would be waiting still but for the change that has come over Spain. Now the Royal Decree is signed, and work will shortly be begun, not on the estuary of the Odiel or Rio Tinto, but in the much more suitable valley of the Guadalquivir, near Seville,

where already on the spacious fields of Tablada the principal Spanish military aerodrome is established. And it has now transpired that the foreign elements inimical to an Anglo-Spanish understanding have been the prime movers in the underground efforts to set England against the scheme, which in actual fact will provide direct communication between our own country as well as Spain and the wealthy Spanish-American republics, whose commerce and goodwill are becoming so important to the distressed Allied countries.

Space forbids my dealing with any more of the 9000 or so Royal Decrees, more or less directly benefiting social progress and international expansion, which have been presented by the Directorate for the King's signature in the short time it has been in power, but English readers will not miss the significance of measures of so much interest to our country being given such prompt attention in the wide programme of progress and reformation. And if it be asked how it has been possible for nine generals to prepare and bring forward within three months 9000 Acts from the Ministries over which they preside, the explanation is simple. Thousands of these schemes have been pigeon-holed for years in a form accepted for immediate execution, while a procession of *politicos* unacquainted even with the routine of their work have held office, or have used their opportunities when in the Opposition to overthrow Cabinets able and willing to put through the public works which the nation has been hurt by the want of. With military promptitude, Primo de Rivera decides day after day upon what most wants doing, and thus is able to perform an amount of work which astonishes the deposed bureaucracy.

Living in Spain under the new *régime* is like living in a new world to-day. Spanish laws are admirable, but, as I once heard a cynical Englishman remark, 'you could ride over any of them on a peseta.' It is only too true that formerly money was more powerful than the law in many aspects of the common life, but the Directorate has contrived to check with a strong hand such abuses, and while there is now but one law for the rich and the poor, swift retribution follows on any attempt at bribery or corruption. Of course, there are smothered protests and even covert threats of violent reprisals on the part of offenders who have seen their ill-gotten gains swept from them at a stroke. But as no honest person stands to lose by the moralisation of the country, it is obviously an awkward matter to step forward and complain of being a sufferer under the new condition of things. The people at large rejoice aloud at the process of purification, and from Madrid down to the humblest village the wage-earners swell the chorus of encouragement to the regenerators of Spain. If

they ever felt any anxiety about the *coup d'état* it was only during the twenty-four hours that elapsed between the news of General Primo de Rivera's proclamation of martial law at Barcelona and the public knowledge of what King Alfonso would do, although his people never really doubted that he would be on the side of the army in their struggle against political immorality.

From the time that he came to his legal majority (I was present when, as a mere boy, he made his first visit to Andalusia after his coronation) through all the chances and changes of two decades, Alfonso XIII. has identified himself with his subjects as closely as the trammels of political etiquette have allowed, and they, in their turn, have lost no opportunity of demonstrating their fervent loyalty. The Republican ideal has long lost any hold it had over the mass of the nation; Carlism received its *coup de grâce* when Don Jaime, son of the last Don Carlos, repudiated the action of his self-styled constituents, who played into the hands of Germany during the war; the Socialist movement never has had any real hold over the wage-earners, led as it is by a few enthusiastic intellectuals, doubtless sincere in their faith, but so blind to realities that they do not even provide literature cheap enough for workmen to buy; and as for the Communists and Bolsheviks who engineered the long series of crimes which darkened the fair fame of Barcelona, they never even on their own showing could induce more than 5 per cent. of the people to join them out of hundreds of thousands affiliated to the Union General de Trabajadores and other entities composed of decent artisans and mechanics, and that when terrorism was most rife. Meanwhile there has been an ever-growing appreciation of the lofty qualities and patriotism of the King, who is known to work in the interests of his people far more than the labourer's legal eight hours per day. Thus he has become the incarnation of their highest hopes and aspirations, just as the Queen in her person represents to them the ingrained pity and charity which well up in all good Spaniards, and not a few bad ones also, at the sight of suffering and distress.

We are accustomed here to witness scenes of enthusiasm transcending any ever seen among an English crowd in the presence of royalty, but never have the King and Queen of Spain had such an affectionate reception as was accorded to them at every stopping-place on their way home from the visit to Italy. In Madrid these demonstrations culminated in an outburst of love and loyalty. The people seemed to go mad with joy; they made no more account of the cordon of cavalry lining the streets than they did of the fleet of aeroplanes manœuvring overhead, and it was not until the troops forced their way through the packed mass of humanity, hoarse with shouting *vivas* and

vitores, for the defile before the royal palace, that order could be restored.

What was the reason for this explosion of joy on the return of their rulers from Rome? That it gave the people their first great occasion to display the new spring of hope which has surged up throughout the whole nation. And what is the cause of this extraordinary rebirth of confidence in the destinies of Spain? That the people see in action what they regarded as an unattainable millennium—the barriers between them and their king thrown down, the *malos politicos* who tyrannised over them driven out, and the monarch and his Directorate in immediate contact with the *pueblo*.

From the day that Spain knew King Alfonso to be in sympathy with the *coup d'état* confidence in its work has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and there is reason for it. Nothing is too small, as nothing is too great, for the Directorate to give attention to in the interests of justice and equity. As an artisan said to me a few days ago, 'the democracy is obtaining from this Catholic-Monarchical Government justice and consideration such as we never hoped to receive even from a Government elected by ourselves, had it been possible for us ever to vote freely under the old *régime*.'

For more than a decade the 'advanced' elements here have been asserting that the Spanish wage-earner had grown indifferent, if not hostile, to the national religion, and to people abroad who had been induced to believe this it will come as a surprise to find the Directorate proclaiming to the people with no uncertain voice its unwavering allegiance to the Catholic faith and its insistence on Christian principles as the only sure foundation for the prosperity of the State. But to us who know the Spanish wage-earner at home the appeal to the national religious sentiment would appear an act of profound statesmanship did we not recognise that it is the natural outcome of the religious faith of the King and the soldiers who are now his counsellors. The great mass of the people, pursuing their daily avocations without much heed of the outside world, have remained untouched by modern scepticism. Racial tradition and lifelong habit combine to make the Spanish peasant most religious, while the majority of the wage-earners in cities dumbly resent attacks on their innermost convictions made by Modernists and Freethinkers. Attendance at Mass is certainly far from regular, thanks probably not so much to carelessness as to the ceaseless struggle to earn a living wage. But all the great Church festivals are strictly observed, and dependence on the Divine will is illimitable, while the popular faith in the efficacy of prayer must be known to be believed by English people, brought up to liberty of thought and creed.

The *politicos* had forgotten, if indeed they ever knew, all this. But King Alfonso, who loves his subjects, and Primo de Rivera, who has come into intimate contact with their spirit in his military career—for the Spanish Army is the heart and soul of the proletariat—know how religion, in the true sense of the word, influences and guides the daily life of the nation. That the leisured and titled classes are devout is generally acknowledged. What has not always been recognised, even by the Catholic aristocracy itself, is that, although its manifestations may be widely different, a faith as living as their own reigns in the humblest cottages on their great estates. It is the conviction that only a living Christianity could have led the Directorate to take such heed for the poor and lowly that causes the people to pray for God's blessing on it. And the same conviction, pervading the whole social gamut, has led the nation to attribute such immense importance to their monarch's act of homage to the head of the Church, which political indifference or hostility had compelled him to postpone till now.

Spain being what she is, a King and Government thus setting the foundations of their social policy on the rock of the national faith will be able to lead the people where they will. For, as I have pointed out, their reforms can never injure honest men ; only the dishonest and immoral can resent them.

All this might have small bearing on Spain's future relations with England if, notwithstanding her exhaustive moral reforms, she remained as hopelessly insolvent and financially incapable of progress as her enemies have so long delighted to represent her. But the truth is, now that she has become able to set her house in order, Spain will shortly be one of the most prosperous countries in Europe. Her natural resources are no less great than when Strabo grew enthusiastic about them before Christ was born, and although much has been said by elements inimical to her about 'the running sore' and 'the drain on her life-blood' in Morocco, this, like so many other foreign pronouncements about her domestic economy, has been putting the case not as it is, but as her opponents wish it to be. The Spanish zone in North Africa is as rich in mineral and agricultural possibilities as its geological and climatic compeer across the Mediterranean, the peerless Andalusia, and we who have watched developments there through the shadows and the sunshine of the last twenty years possess plenty of evidence of what can be done in Africa, not by military action, as insisted on by misguided *politicos*, but by peaceful penetration modelled on our own colonising methods, which Spaniards never tire of extolling. For we have seen the remarkable success in this direction attained by soldiers having a real grasp of the situation, such as Generals Jordana, Marina, and Alfau, and civilians thoroughly conversant with the needs

of the natives, such as Zugasti, late Consul-General at Larache, Lopez Ferrer, and Lopez Robert, better known now as the Marques de Torre Hermosa. The zone is now tranquil; isolated outbreaks among the few tribes still hostile no more affect the general situation than do the chronic spurts of mutiny on our own Indian frontier; and the country has complete confidence in the Military Directorate's competence to deal with the whole question.

A vast plan of public works for Morocco and at home has been presented for King Alfonso's signature, and no doubt foreign critics will ask where the money is to come from for a programme of roads, secondary railways, port and harbour works, new schools and increased numbers of teachers, hospitals, and workmen's dwellings that will run up to thousands of millions of pesetas. Here again the answer is not far to seek. Under the former Administration the great capitalists preferred to invest their money anywhere rather than in Government loans, well aware as everybody was that half the money thus raised would be filched by what the people call 'sticky fingers' before it reached its ostensible destination. The cry of 'unpatriotic' has frequently been raised against rich Spaniards who invested their money abroad, but it was safe enough, and now it is forthcoming. No sooner did the Directorate publish its programme of public works than the great private banks came forward and guaranteed the whole of the capital required both for construction and upkeep. In the same week a Treasury loan of 1000 millions was applied for four times over, with the result that two more are to be floated for the numbers of investors disappointed in November. Great savings are being effected in every branch of State and municipal administration, a case in point being the different Ministries, the work of which is carried on now by the formerly subordinate but thoroughly experienced *personnel*, each Ministry being placed under one of the generals of the Directorate, who draws no salary beyond his army pay, and this though they all work from early morning into the night. At first the *politicos* would not believe that such self-sacrificing patriotism could exist in Spain, but everybody is convinced of the facts now. The system of bribing Government officials to wink at defaulting taxpayers ran through all the body politic. Under the Directorate I am told that in November 50 millions above last year's returns were paid in Madrid alone on real estate hitherto untaxed through collusion with official persons protected by the *malos politicos*. The robbery carried on by mayors and secretaries in many of the small towns and villages has been incredible; now such frauds are cut off at the root by the appointment of military men of proved probity as travelling auditors of the provincial accounts. These

officers receive no extra salary, their expenses of transference from place to place being subscribed for by the places they visit; thus they cost the State no more than the pay normal to their rank. But the selection is regarded as such a testimony to their character and reputation that the applicants have been far in excess of the number of posts to be filled.

These are a very few out of hundreds of instances of the retrenchments being effected by the Directorate, but they will be sufficient to convince thinking people at home that Spain, amid the welter of bankrupt and impoverished peoples, is fitting herself to do business on an ample scale with any country with which she has favourable commercial treaties, foremost among these being England. English business men should take note that her dealings with England, both as to Morocco and the Peninsula, have long been considerably larger than with any other foreign country. While she exported to Italy last year 35 million pesetas worth of her products and 213 millions to France, she sold 380 millions worth to England, and although I have not at the moment access to statistics of her imports, I know that the balance there was even larger in favour of my own country. It is high time that our people at home informed themselves of the valuable new openings for trade which are presenting themselves under the Directorate.

One aspect of the Spanish case must never be lost sight of. If Spaniards—together with us English who live here and recognise the country's worth—dream of an Anglo-Spanish alliance, it is not with any idea of supporting military or imperialistic visions of domination. Spain will never allow the neutrality which she maintained towards the Allies and at such heavy cost to herself to be set aside for any selfish purpose.

We who lived through those four years in this country saw very plainly that the fixed resolve of the Conservative Government not to allow Spain to be dragged into the conflict, as Germany was incessantly trying to drag her, was always influenced by the hope that when the war ended she would be called on to aid the belligerents in the reconstruction of Europe. How the fervent desires of the monarch who signed with his own hand 400,000 letters relating to the prisoners of war were frustrated when peace was proclaimed is a matter of history.

The desire of Spain is not to forge links with other peoples designed to secure an ascendency in the event of another war, but to build up friendships based on the solid foundation of mutual understanding and respect, and mutual ideals that tend to seek peace and ensue it.

Elena M. Whishaw.

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER

We have run off the rails in our policy and strategy on the North-West Frontier of India lately, and it is time that someone should replace the train upon the line.

We went wrong when part of the Cabinet sanctioned the partial and apparently permanent military occupation of Waziristan in the late summer of 1922. It is hard to believe that Lord Curzon, who was the best, if not the only, authority on the frontier in the Cabinet at the time, had any part or lot in this decision. His old policy as Viceroy was to keep friends with Afghanistan, to eschew unnecessary intervention and commitments in tribal territory, and to remain on good terms with the trans-border Pathans who live between our administrative border and the Durand line which is our political frontier with Afghanistan. That is the true and correct policy to-day, and we have recently been travelling very far from it. It was the policy of Lawrence, Mayo, Northbrook, and, indeed, of nearly all Viceroys except Auckland and Lytton in the past.

The Wazirs and Mahsuds rose in 1919 at the call of the new Amir Amanulla Khan for *jehad*, and made themselves very unpleasant, as they have frequently done before. We had been into Waziristan as lately as in 1917, when we had chastised these tribes and had come out again without attempting to occupy a country which is a maze of hills and produces little but cut-throats. But Wana in the south-west corner of Waziristan, which Sandeman had occupied in old days when things were different, and Datta Khel, in the Upper Tochi valley, were left in charge of local Militia, and when trouble began in 1919 they were recalled. Waziristan is not a country from which an isolated garrison can easily be recalled unless a British or Indian Regular column goes out to fetch it, and, as the Afghans were keeping us busy at the Khyber just then, we had no Regular troops to send.

So the Militia, imagining themselves abandoned to their fate, and the Afghans victorious, deserted with their arms, except a few who stuck to their white officers through a disastrous retreat. We blamed them, of course, and Lord Curzon's partiality for Militia sustained a rude shock. But Lord Curzon's Militia were

neither intended nor fitted to be a first line of military defence, and it was usually assumed that they would be supported by Regulars when fighting became serious. The little garrisons would probably have been scuppered had they not deserted, and though their action was indefensible, it was also human nature. We had put too much upon them, and were as much responsible for the disaster as they were themselves. In the same way the Khyber Rifles were not supported soon enough, and the corps broke down without deserving all the reproaches heaped upon it.

The Occupation

When we had put the Afghans to flight and brought Amanulla Khan back to a sense of realities, we sent 63,000 combatants and non-combatants into Waziristan to square accounts. A very severe campaign followed, for the Wazirs and Mahsuds together can put 50,000 men into the field, and the frontier tribes nowadays are well armed with modern rifles, and are very stout fighters upon the hillside. We beat them, of course, but instead of playing the usual game of coming out again—a game which is almost considered cricket on the frontier—we sat down and proceeded to occupy the country and make roads through it. This is where we first went wrong politically.

It was an uncommonly serious proceeding. It was, first of all, opposed to the Curzon policy towards the tribes which had been announced at Peshawur in full durbar in 1902, and from which we had never receded. It was certain to be violently resented by the Wazirs and Mahsuds, who were sure to take the first opportunity to assail us again, and it was liable to render all the other tribes suspicious of us and to reproduce the atmosphere of 1897, when the whole frontier from the Tochi to the Malakand rose simultaneously. It was a bitter blow for the Amir, at whose call Waziristan had risen for the faith, and, last of all, it was a policy entailing upon the Army in India the permanent dispersion of a large part of its meagre peace strength in these barren hills just when the usual reaction after a great war had reduced the Army and made money very short. A proceeding more thoughtless and indefensible from a moral, military, or political point of view could not well have been discovered. It combined all the disadvantages, and if the opinion of Sir Hamilton Grant, late Chief Commissioner of the N.W. Frontier Province, as given in a recent lecture to the E. Indian Association in London, can be taken as representative, it was against the best political opinion.

There was a large policy of roads. One was carried from Jandola to Razmak and back to the Tochi at Isha. Another reached out to Sarwekai, and these two represent about ninety miles of motor roadway through one of the most forbidding

countries in the world, where spates are often terrific and wash the strongest bridges away. If we could have left these roads to be kept up by Wazir contractors there would have been something to be said for them, since, so long as they stand, they certainly facilitate subsequent operations. But we determined to keep strong Regular garrisons at Jandola and Razmak, and at all the posts between Razmak and the Tochi. The intermediate posts between Razmak and Jandola and along the branch road to Sarwekai we confided to Scouts and Khassadars. The military policy was to maintain control of the country, and as Razmak was supposed to dominate the Mahsuds, it was chosen as our main camp. Except at the points mentioned, the Regulars were withdrawn in December last, and the Scouts and Khassadars installed in their places. Usually in the summer a couple of air squadrons are kept at Miranshah, Dardoni, or Tank, and aircraft have to-day largely taken the place of the purely punitive column.

I am not suggesting that, from a purely local military point of view, all these arrangements were not excellent in themselves. I think they were up to a certain point, and the work of the Sappers and Miners and Pioneers was very remarkable. But India and India's problems are large, and the Army is very small. It is not legitimate to tie up such important forces in such a country as Waziristan, which is of no use to us even as a thoroughfare, and where our garrisons, if assailed in force, may need other troops to dig them out. The idea is that the flying columns from Razmak and Jandola can succour any other post, or deal with any tribal gathering elsewhere. We hope that they may be able to do so, but the main objections to the policy stand.

The base of the Razmak garrison is the Tochi, from Bannu to Miranshah. Bannu is in the plains. Travelling westwards, it is thirty-seven miles to Dardoni up the left bank of the Tochi. About fourteen miles from Bannu, which has a Regular garrison, we get to very rough country which is a favourite hunting ground for Wazir and Mahsud raiders, and is consequently strongly held by garrisons and by a succession of blockhouses every half-mile. From the hills to Dardoni a whole division of troops is needed to keep order, and there are besides the Tochi Scouts, Constabulary, and Khassadars. A correspondent of *The Times* wrote a few weeks ago that this base of ours in the Tochi was 'swarming with Mahsud and Wazir raiding gangs, which occasionally expand to dangerous dimensions, thus calling for counter-operations on a fairly large scale,' but officially we hear as little of these occurrences as we do of those on the circular road and the branch to Sarwekai. From Isha, between Miranshah and Idak, it is forty miles to Razmak, which is at an elevation of 7000 feet, and the posts on this road are held by Regulars.

Between Razmak and Jandola, and along the branch road westwards to Sarwekai, all our posts are held by Scouts or Khassadars, and it is necessary to say a few words about these gentry. The Scouts are recruited from our border, and one-third of the Tochi Scouts are formed by local men. In the South Waziristan Scouts there are, I believe, no local men. The Scouts wear our uniforms, carry our rifles, and are commanded by British officers. The Khassadars are local Wazir and Mahsud levies without white officers, and generally serve at or near their homes, and bring their own rifles with them. They lack supervision, and, like all irregular corps which are not commanded and supervised by British officers, they are of small value when they are not positively dangerous. They are better paid than the Scouts, whom they regard as alien enemies, yet these two irregular forces are supposed to act together, and are next-door neighbours to each other in the posts. Few men who know the frontier expect much from either force, yet it is largely upon them that the security of the roads depends since the Regulars were withdrawn.

Before examining the case for the Amir in frontier questions it is necessary to say a few words about the murderous raids which created such excitement on the frontier last year. First come the murders in April last of Majors Orr and Anderson of the Seaforths in the Khyber near Landi Khana. The murderers are known. They are Shinwaris belonging to that part of the tribe which is under the Amir. They were caught, imprisoned at Kabul, and escaped from prison. Since then they have wandered about, apparently harboured by the Sangu Khel, and were last heard of as being in hiding. There is no definite proof that the Amir has not taken all the measures in his power to re-arrest them, but the opinion of most frontier officers is that the Amir could secure them if he wished to do so.

The murder of Major Finnis in the Zhob can certainly be put down to the Zilli Khel Wazirs, and is probably an incident of the Waziristan operations. All the other murders, including that of Colonel Foulkes and his wife in 1920, of Mrs. Ellis at Kohat last year, and probably of Major and Mrs. Watts at Parachmar, together with the abduction of Miss Ellis, are attributed to the gang of Ajab, a Bosti Khel Afridi whose ordinary home used to be five miles from the Kohat cantonment in a valley below and to the north of the Constabulary post at the Kotul on the Kohat Pass road. The Amir had no authority over him whatsoever until he fled into Afghan territory. His complicity in the Foulkes murder was discovered by chance. A quantity of rifles had been stolen from the Kohat police lines, and as suspicions lighted on him his village was raided one night by the Constabulary. They not only recovered the rifles, but found some articles which had

belonged to Colonel Foulkes. Ajab was, unfortunately, not at home on the night when his village was raided. He took refuge at Khanki Bazaar, in the Tirah country, some twenty-seven miles from Kohat, with one of his accomplices in the Foulkes murder, and swore to be avenged for his losses. Aided by some other rascals, and well acquainted with the Kohat cantonment, he broke into the bungalow of Colonel Ellis one stormy night and carried off Miss Ellis, while one of his party, called Shahzada, killed Mrs. Ellis. How Sir John Maffey, our splendid and resolute High Commissioner, took charge of the arrangements; how Colonel Bruce at Kohat and Major Finnis, who was at that time in the Khyber, stirred up the tribes; how Mrs. Starr nobly risked her life by an adventurous journey to save her fellow-countrywoman, and how Khan Bahadur Kuli Khan and Ressaldar Moghul Baz Khan aided her with courage and intelligence, are all well known to lovers of the frontier.

Most of our Indian authorities and the Anglo-Indian Press make the Amir the scapegoat for all these murders. We can only saddle him with responsibility for the two Shinwaris who murdered the officers of the Seaforth Highlanders, but it must be admitted that to discover two border rascals who are in hiding in the hills is not at all an easy task. Should we not remember how Prince Charlie, with 30,000*l.* upon his head and all the Duke of Cumberland's men after him, as well as the Campbell Militia, roamed for months in the Highlands of Scotland and the Western Islands, and escaped scot-free to France at last? However this may be, the two Shinwari raiders seem to have joined Ajab's gang and to have made Mandatai their lair. Since then, Ajab's gang has surrendered to the Amir.

Border Protection

The Government of India are raising dangerous questions in trying to unload on the Amir their own faults, for the solidarity of the Afghans and our trans-border Pathans is a fact which must be admitted. Race, religion, and language are identical, and we are always the unbelievers. The protection of our border is not the duty of the Amir but of the Government of India, and if the means and the measures recommended by our responsible political officers for protecting the border are not adopted, then the Government of India must take the consequences. The excellent frontier Constabulary should be doubled; 100 lakhs of rupees should be laid out upon lateral roads along the border; adequate motor transport should be provided together with telephones and wireless; and the village *chighas* (pursuit parties) should be more completely organised and armed, together with the frontier villages themselves. This good protective system, together with

the re-establishment of a special localised Frontier Force like the old Piffers, are what we require to make the frontier secure. When it is done I think we should withdraw from Waziristan and rid ourselves of a dangerous, costly, and hampering encumbrance.

It is incumbent upon us to weigh the Amir's case because it has never been fairly presented to us, and it is necessary to understand, even if we are not prepared to defend, it. Few of us have a weakness for Amanulla Khan. His action in making war against us in 1919 directly he mounted on the throne, and in trying to raise the frontier and India against us, was the act of an ill-informed, ill-advised, and impetuous youth. Why he did it we have never been told. He may have been in the hands of the Mullahs, or he may have been led on by the glib talk of some Indian seditionists who promised him mountains and marvels, or again he may have been put up to his aggression by the Bolshevists, who aim at England whenever they can. It is useless to surmise, but in any case Amanulla after his army had been routed, after Jalalabad and Dacca had been looted by the Afridis and the Mohmands, and after Kabul had been bombed by a single aeroplane, had the sense to see that he was on the wrong road and sued for peace. We have had two very wise and strong Barakzais on the Afghan throne recently in Abdurrahman and Habibulla, and it may be that Amanulla will discover from experience that England is the only Power that wishes Afghanistan to be independent, progressive, and strong.

We ought to understand the Amir's position respecting the tribes rather better, and to do our best to meet him half-way. Knowing that we have three times entered Afghanistan in arms, he probably considers us dangerous, and the fact that the two first Afghan wars were due to our rivalry with Russia probably escapes him. He must regard with some alarm the recent completion of our railway through the Khyber to Landi Khana, and necessarily he dislikes our occupation of Waziristan because the Wazirs rose at his instigation in 1919, and he feels responsible for what has happened to them.

The situation between Afghanistan and India, where a frontier is not a frontier, has no precedent. Certainly, if we were bountifully provided with troops and money, and could promise ourselves ten years of peace, we should have every right to take over the tribal territory and administer it. But it would be a very big affair now to coerce 2,770,000 people, of whom all the males over fourteen are fighting men, and exceedingly well armed. We cannot occupy the territory of one great tribe without risking a general rising along the whole tribal front with Afghan backing. If we evaded a general occupation when the tribal population was smaller and poorly armed, it would be a gratuitous piece of folly

to start the operation now, when the Army in India has been cut down and we have this Waziristan entanglement on our hands.

In theory the Amir has nothing to do with the tribes on our side of the Durand line, and we firmly resist every effort of every Amir to claim a footing there. In practice, identity of race, religion, and language between the Afghans and our trans-border Pathans creates an obvious community of interest. It exists whether we acknowledge it or not. The Amir—every Amir—would like the tribes to remain a prickly hedge between us and Afghanistan, and we have to consider whether this feeling, which is certainly comprehensible, is not also wise. Our main difficulty is not to keep friends with the tribes if we leave them to themselves—for we are pretty good friends with most of them already on the whole—and still less is it to resist them if they attack us, for the military value of a tribal lashkar in the plains is very slight. No, the main difficulty is to find them occupation enough to keep them out of mischief, and this aim must be steadily pursued until it is attained. I am not going into it now. It is a big problem which people occasionally mention and then turn away and forget. But it is clear that in Waziristan, by paying Khassadars 30 rupees a month and leaving them in their homes, we are spoiling the market for our native army, which offers less attractive advantages. Some day India will have to tackle this problem seriously, but India's first duty is to make the protected border a fact.

The immediate danger of the present occupation of Waziristan is that it may reproduce the atmosphere of 1897 on an even larger scale. Already other great tribes are asking what the occupation means, and are wondering whether we are going to treat them like the Wazirs. Between the years 1890 and 1897, during the Administrations of Lord Lansdowne and Lord Elgin, we occupied Samana and the Kurram valley, opened the Gomal, established posts in the Sherani country, ascended the Tochi, and established ourselves there by placing garrisons at Wana and Miranshah. We extended our influence over Dir and Swat, and occupied with garrisons Malakand and Chitral. It was undoubtedly the cumulative and disturbing effect of this policy which aroused the suspicions of the tribes and brought about the great rising of 1897. Nor can it be denied that the rising was countenanced by the Afghan authorities and the Mullahs for reasons which have been already explained. Yet, if we read the last debate on Waziristan in the House of Lords, we see that the attention of all the speakers was riveted on the military operations in Waziristan and on the roads, and that not one word was said of the broad political dangers of the policy or of the 1897 precedent which should have been quoted as a warning.

It is not my object to attack anybody, nor to explain how this Waziristan error was perpetrated, interesting and significant though such explanation might be. My sole object is to have the policy adjusted to fit in with our old assurances to the tribes and the realities of the position. It is quite easy, of course, to raise the objection of prestige and to say that we must never withdraw in presence of Asiatics who mistake withdrawal for weakness. The idea that honour is more concerned with persisting in the Waziristan occupation than in carrying out the pledges which we have definitely given to the tribes is, to my mind, an hallucination. We withdrew from Tirah in 1897, though the prestige people would have had us stay there. Did that withdrawal injure our prestige? On the contrary, it did good, and we have had very little trouble with the Afridis since. If prestige is concerned in Waziristan we should reoccupy Wana, but I believe that reoccupation is not intended, and that is one error the less because it is distant and not easy to support. Similarly, we have had expeditions elsewhere time after time, and after avenging some affront we have cleared out. No affront from the tribes should remain unpunished, but a policy of permanent, if only partial, occupation of tribal territory where we are not wanted is a deliberate provocation both towards the tribes and the Amir.

I am not preaching soft things, nor suggesting that any policy can reproduce on the frontier the security of St. James's Street. No policy can alter, for a very long time, the wild nature of the tribes, and every policy must provide the military force for use in time of need. But I think that a better-protected border can be established if we take the measures to create it, which we have never done, and I have given in this article the outlines of the protection which I should like to see established. The one thing that we must not do is to make fresh commitments in tribal territory. On the contrary, we must reduce these commitments to their lowest terms consistent with adequate defence. We must always hold the Khyber and the Bolan strongly with Regular forces, and from such places as we have occupied at the real request of inhabitants we cannot go back. These places are not many, and at most of them we have been installed for a long time. Either occupy the tribal territory or quit it, remembering that the trans-border people value nothing so much as their independence and will fight valiantly to the death to preserve it. The Khyber and the Bolan are the two great bastions of our defensive line, the sally-ports through which we shall move if events in Afghanistan compel us to go forward, but the rest of the frontier from Peshawur to Quetta must be regarded as a parapet, the curtain of the front, to be held defensively, and the tribes as people to be won over to us by fair treatment, and gradually induced to betake themselves to

less vexatious occupations than raiding. They will then become a strength to us and not a weakness, and it was a similar policy in Mutiny days which made the border flock to join us at a most critical time.

On the frontier as a whole we spend very little money on Maliki allowances, or grants to headmen of the tribes, not more than 30,000*l.* a year exclusive of what is now going on within Waziristan, and the sum should be considerably increased. There is nothing that the tribes value more than their allowances. The Maliki allowances enable the chief men to surround themselves with armed retainers and to become important people who have to be obeyed. We tie them to our interests; and as they know that outrages cause grants to be suspended, they are by interest defenders of the peace. The protected border is a cheap form of defence, but it must not be stinted of the necessary means. Even at the highest estimate the cost is only a tithe of that of an expedition, and it is only to-day, with the help of the new technical equipment, that the protected border can be made a reality. It is an affair of the civil Government, which may take a couple of years to perfect it because lateral roads along the border will take time to construct. It is the roads, motor transport, telephones, wireless, and so forth, which will make an increased constabulary a very effective anti-raiding organisation, and behind must stand the Frontier Force as it did in the old days, and the Air Force, or the "flying ships" as the tribesmen call them, whose moral effect is great.

We have never had a national policy for the Indian frontier, and no Government has ever attempted to propose one. Until a national policy is accepted we shall go on with our present hand-to-mouth arrangement, constantly changing our principles and our methods, and always laying ourselves open to a repetition of the errors of the past. We must consult both policy and strategy when we lay the policy down. I hope that it may accept the preservation of friendship with Afghanistan, the independence of tribal territory, the reduction of trans-border commitments to a minimum, the organisation of a protected border by the civil power, the support of the civil power by a localised Frontier Force, and the maintenance of the Khyber and the Bolan in the hands of the Army in India.

C. À COURT REPINGTON.

THE ORTHODOX PATRIARCHATE OF JERUSALEM

AMONG the problems with which Great Britain, as Mandatory Power for Palestine is confronted, is the concern for the well-being of the indigenous Churches of the Holy Land. The difficulties are the greater since these Churches have been dominated by a Mohammedan Power which, while recognising their autonomous character, has through exactions of many kinds brought them to a state bordering on servility. For centuries the tendency of Turkish politics has been directed to keeping alive the rivalries of the Powers, and in a similar manner Turkey's policy in regard to the Christian populations within her territories has encouraged mutual jealousies and quarrels among the ruling authorities of the Churches under her jurisdiction. When the consciousness of Mohammedan power has risen to religious fanaticism, persecution and massacre have not infrequently visited the homes of Christian populations. But measures of this nature were not a settled policy, the Ottoman Government contenting itself rather with encouraging the rivalry of Church with Church, or with aiding internal dissensions among the clergy and laity of any Church that threatened to become a political as well as an ecclesiastical power.

Religion in the Near East has always been closely associated with race. Thus the Armenians are members of the Gregorian or 'Armenian' Church. Examples of this affinity of race and creed are common, the one noticeable exception being found among the Christian Arabs of the Orthodox Church, which has striven to maintain its early Greek character in spite of a large proportion of its adherents being Arabs by race and speech.

Among the Churches of the Holy Land the Orthodox Patriarchate of Jerusalem holds a pre-eminent position by right of descent from St. James the Apostle, 'the brother of our Lord.' Its importance as the earliest Christian Church was enhanced by the rediscovery of the sacred shrines in the reign of the Emperor Constantine; and at the Council of Chalcedon, held in A.D. 451, the Bishopric of Jerusalem was promoted to a Patriarchate. The Council definitely separated Christendom into five spheres, which organised themselves into the autocephalous Churches of Con-

stantinople, Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Rome. Each Church became autonomous, recognising the authority of its own head, the first four obeying the canons of the Eastern Church as laid down by the councils.

Canonically the Orthodox Patriarchates are in complete union, but administratively the internal policy of each Church is determined by its own regulations.

At the time when the See of Jerusalem was elevated to a Patriarchate, it was politically and numerically the least important of the four Eastern Patriarchates. Constantinople was the capital of the Byzantine Empire, and the political centre of Orthodox Christendom; Antioch included within its jurisdiction considerable portions of Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Persia, and India, and was, in addition, a seat of learning and renowned piety; Alexandria was one of the principal centres of Hellenic culture, embracing within its borders a vigorous commercial community. Jerusalem was distinguished by none of these features. Its jurisdiction extended over a scattered Christian population living within an area covered by modern Palestine, Trans-Jordan, and a few square miles of French Syria. The present number of the Orthodox population may not exceed 60,000, though this total is far in excess of that of any other Christian Church. Geographically and politically it cannot be said that in the fifth century its importance would have justified the elevation of the Bishopric of Jerusalem to a Patriarchate; but though these factors, common to the other Patriarchates, were absent, its great claim rested on its being the birthplace of the Founder of Christianity, together with the presence of the sacred shrines. The piety of the Emperor Constantine and of his mother, Helena, brought about the rediscovery of the Holy Sepulchre; and from that date Jerusalem has taken a pre-eminent position among the Churches of Christendom. A succession of Byzantine monarchs, notably Justinian and Heraclius, sought to increase its wealth and importance as being spiritually the centre of Christian worship.

Owing to its peculiar situation, the constitution of the Church differs from that of the other Patriarchates. The necessity for the preservation of the holy places has led to the gradual growth of the Convent of the Fraternity of the Holy Sepulchre, a body of monks whose headquarters is in the city of Jerusalem. To them is assigned the care of the sacred shrines, and by them the Patriarch is elected. The essential and apostolic character of the Church has almost been lost sight of through the assumption of power by this institution. The governing body of the Church is the Holy Synod, presided over by the Patriarch, chosen from among the members of the Fraternity, and the head of the Fraternity is the Patriarch. A close corporation has thus taken to itself the government of the

Church, in spite of the claims of the parochial clergy and the laity to a share in its administration. Sir Anton Bertram, who was appointed by the Palestine Government as head of a Commission to inquire into the constitution of the Orthodox Church, states in his report :

> It may well be said that the convent has come to be *de facto* the governing body of the Church ; but it is hardly necessary to point out that it cannot be so *de jure*. The government of the Church is in its essence episcopal, and all religious communities are communities within the Church, subject, like the parish clergy and laity, to a common episcopal government. But the official view entertained in the Patriarchate appears to be not only that the monastery has *de facto* acquired control of the Church, but that it has done so *de jure*, and that the monastery is, in fact, the Patriarchate.

This conception of the members of the Fraternity gains emphasis when it is realised that all the episcopal hierarchy are appointed from the Fraternity, and all representatives of the Patriarchate abroad and in Palestine are also members of the monastic clergy.

The four Sees, established at a period when Hellenism was a dominant factor in the politics of the Levant, succeeded in carrying down the Hellenic character of the Churches to the Mohammedan era. Eastern Christianity expanded and flourished under the priestcraft of the Byzantine Empire, its doctrines became unified into an inflexible code during the reigns of a long line of Christian emperors, and when the last stronghold of Orthodox Christianity fell before its Mohammedan conquerors, the Church assumed a racial character in the eyes of its Turkish rulers.

The official designation of the Orthodox population of the Ottoman Empire is ' Romans,' this term embracing the laity of Arab nationality as well as the Greek clergy. To the Turk the term comprised that portion of the population under the jurisdiction of the Greek Orthodox Church. In the Imperial Ottoman *berat* appointing the present Patriarch, Damianos, he is described as the ' Roman Patriarch of Jerusalem and of the Holy Sepulchre,' having control over the ' Roman sect dwelling in Jerusalem.' The use of this term has been expanded by the Greek monastic clergy to signify ' Hellenic,' in pursuit of their aim to advance ' Hellenic ' interests, which have become the more pronounced as the kingdom of Greece has increased in power and size.

The history of the Patriarchate from the years immediately preceding the war to the present day has revealed a sharp division of opinion between the monastic clergy on the one hand and the laity on the other. The parish priests, who are Arab by race and speech, support the contentions of their communities. The question is complicated through the dissatisfaction of the extre-

mists in the synod with the temporising attitude of the Patriarch, which, together with financial embarrassments of a serious nature, has served to bring to the front the pro-Hellenic policy of the Fraternity. Under the Turks the monastery looked to Russia rather than to Greece for protection. The Imperial Russian Government exhibited a continuous anxiety on behalf of Orthodox Christianity for the security of the sacred shrines, both against the pretensions of other Churches and the rapacious policy of Ottoman officialdom. A minor cause of the Crimean war was the question of the reparation of the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and so strong was Russian influence in the councils of the Patriarchate that the purely Hellenic element had become alarmed at, and suspicious of, the fatherly interest displayed by the late Tsar and his advisers. The Palestine Government is, then, confronted by two problems, *i.e.*, the presence of pro-Hellenic influences among the Fraternity and the claims of an Arab laity with national aspirations that demand a voice in the administration of the Church. The activity of the laity in the neighbouring See of Antioch has long since solved this problem. There an Arab Patriarch reigns, supported by a synod working in harmony with the non-Hellenic elements of his flock.

To understand these complicated questions, it is necessary to refer to the pre-war struggle of the Arab community in their endeavours to secure a share in the government of the Patriarchate. In 1908 the Turkish revolution changed the despotic form of Ottoman government to one of benevolent autocracy. It is true that this change was honoured more in theory than in practice, but it provided an opportunity for the discontented to voice their desires in no uncertain manner. Purporting to act in accordance with an obscure article of the new Constitution, six priests and fifteen lay notables of Jerusalem demanded of the Patriarch that a council should be formed to regulate the finances of the Church and to take charge of endowments assigned to philanthropic purposes. The analogy existing in the regulations of the Patriarchate of Constantinople, whereby a mixed court acts with the Œcumenical Patriarch, no doubt influenced their action. The demands were rejected by the Patriarch, and the laity replied by forcibly closing the Church of St. James in Jerusalem, one of several where the right of having mass said in the vernacular is allowed. Demonstrations and disturbances followed.

The character of the struggle then altered. The Patriarch Damianos was, it appeared, not entirely satisfied with the wholesale rejection of the demands of the laity, and he was accused by his opponents in synod of compromising their position. To the Fraternity any vacillating policy would involve a loosening of Hellenic ties, and they proceeded to take the extreme measure of

deposing the Patriarch by synodical decree. The Turkish Governor of Jerusalem was officially informed of the act of deposition, but the Patriarch, supported by the laity, resolutely refused to acknowledge the validity of an act carried out without canonical authority by his own synod. Rioting and grave disturbances broke out afresh. The Turkish Government then intervened. It first recognised the action of the synod, but, after further disturbances, it announced to the synod the imperative necessity in the interests of public security of recognising Damianos as Patriarch. Accordingly the synod registered its change of attitude in these words: 'In view of the extremity of the present danger, the force of the above-mentioned decision shall remain suspended and unexecuted.'

On the Patriarch resuming control, a renewal of the struggle with the lay community was to be expected. Hopes were entertained by the Arabs that Damianos would declare himself in their favour. The determined attitude of the monastic clergy would not, even if the circumstances had been propitious, allow of such declaration. Meanwhile the dispute was referred to the Committee of Union and Progress in Constantinople, a purely political body which dominated Turkish politics. Its decision was announced in December 1909, the award being characteristic of Ottoman diplomacy. It rejected the attempt to introduce the lay element, and in general it upheld the Hellenic character of the Church. The requests that the parish clergy should be admitted to the synod and that all monastic privileges should be abolished were refused. But one important concession was granted the laity: the establishment of a mixed council for certain purposes and the assignment of one-third of the revenues of the Patriarchate to the Council. Even after this decision there appeared differences of a more or less serious nature, and it was not until 1914 that a reconciliation was effected, which was signalised by the reopening of the Church of St. James.

The effect of the war on the finances of the Patriarchate has been disastrous. The dissatisfaction of the laity with the monastic administration was partly connected with the wasteful expenditure of large sums of money. They had emphasised this state of affairs and used the magnitude of the debt as a lever to move the Ottoman authorities to a sense of the inefficiency of clerical control. Ineffectual attempts had, in fact, been made in 1906 to reorganise the financial affairs. At the commencement of the war the liabilities of the Church amounted approximately to 221,000*l.*, and in 1919 they had risen to 500,000*l.* This huge deficit had accumulated through the almost total cessation of revenues during the war. Sixty-four per cent. of the whole income, amounting to 80,000*l.*, in 1913 was derived from Russian

sources. Large estates in Bessarabia—now part of Roumania—and Moscow ceased to yield rents. The annual pilgrimage of thousands of Russian pilgrims visiting Palestine during the Easter festivals also stopped, together with their offerings. From the Bessarabian estates alone the income in 1913 was 27,000*l.* Similarly, properties in Asia Minor, Greece, Cyprus and Crete either failed to produce any return or yielded insignificant sums. The only source of revenue available was the income from properties in Palestine. On the other hand, the expenditure during the first years of the war was doubled, and the Church had added to its troubles the care of the Orthodox congregation. It preserved the community from starvation, paid the military taxes demanded by the Turks, and gave heavy sums to ward off the deportation of numbers of persons to Anatolia. Money was borrowed and scraped together at ruinous rates of interest; every expedient was devised and explored to obtain funds in order to maintain even a semblance of educational work; the necessities of life were provided by issuing promissory notes in exchange for food and other articles. During a period of eight years no interest was paid, the interest charges accumulating at the rate of 25,000*l.* per annum.

Before the entry of the British Army into Jerusalem the Turkish Government had removed the Patriarch and his synod to Damascus. He remained absent until January 1919, the synod returning to the convent in November of the previous year. They seized the opportunity to arouse fresh antagonism towards the Patriarch. To Western Christianity, unaccustomed to frequent and violent changes among its ecclesiastical heads, it may seem strange that the advent of British rule in Palestine should have been chosen as an appropriate moment to push designs of this nature; but the Fraternity, during its long history, has lived in a state of constant militancy, either opposing the hostility of its rulers or in opposition to its own Patriarch. On July 23, 1918, after a meeting of the Fraternity, a memorandum was transmitted to the Governor of Jerusalem charging the Patriarch with arbitrary and cruel administration, and imputing to him the serious economical situation of the Church. It recommended that the deposition of 1908 be revived, nominating the Archbishop of Sinai as his successor. Previous to the presentation of this document a resolution drawn up by the Brotherhood proposed appealing for assistance to the Greek Government. It confided 'its fate entirely and unreservedly to the Royal Hellenic Government,' and it accepted 'economic reformation and the good and sound arrangement of all questions affecting the Confraternity of the Holy Sepulchre.' In justice to the Fraternity it should be mentioned that they were under the erroneous impression that the British Government acquiesced in this policy.

The urgency of adopting immediate measures to meet the constant demands of the creditors was meanwhile the subject of concern to the Palestine Government. A moratorium was declared for an indefinite period, which, while relieving the Patriarchate of pressure exerted by creditors, prevented them from applying to the courts for legal remedy.

A proposal was then submitted to the Government by the National Bank of Greece. The Bank was prepared to advance the necessary loan for the entire settlement of the debt provided the Patriarch and synod agreed to its terms, which were of a very stringent character. They involved placing the entire management of the properties, revenues, and finances under the control of a foreign bank, as well as the hypothecation of all movable and immovable property of the Church both in Palestine and in any other country. It is obvious that the effect of this proposal would be to bring the Church of Jerusalem completely under Hellenic influence, and, in fact, under a foreign Government. The Palestine Administration was unable to agree to these terms, particularly as they were bound up closely with a demand made by the Fraternity that a new constitution for the Church should be promulgated.

The reorganisation of the constitution of the Patriarchate became the subject of violent controversy. A committee sitting at Athens under the presidency of Meletios Metaxakes, then Metropolitan of Athens, prepared a draft set of new 'Internal Regulations,' which altered the whole constitution of the Church. They destroyed its autocephalous and independent character by admitting the right of a tribunal to depose the Patriarch. Provision for a 'Supreme Court' was made, consisting of one member of each of the Orthodox Churches of the Levant and of all the Bishops of the Church of Jerusalem. The new regulation was an important amendment to the Ottoman Regulations of 1875, which omitted all reference to deposition.

The Patriarch was strongly opposed to the adoption of the new regulations. He recognised that the episcopal character of the Church would be altered, and, as guardian and trustee of the rights of an ancient Patriarchate, he was not prepared to submit to pressure exerted by the Fraternity in favour of placing the virtual control of the administration under external influences. In this attitude he was vigorously supported by the laity, who rallied to the side of their pastor, protesting to the secular power against the usurpation of authority by the monastic clergy.

On July 27 the Bishops formally broke off all relations with their Patriarch. They denounced him to the other Orthodox Churches and invited them to try the Patriarch and, if necessary,

to depose him. The Patriarch replied by suspending the sittings of the synod.

An *impasse* had now been reached. The administration of the Church could not be indefinitely carried on without reference to the synod. The continuance of the dispute might also occasion the renewal of public disturbances, which had perturbed the civil authorities in the years preceding the war. The secular power—the British High Commissioner for Palestine—had once more to intervene. The High Commissioner appointed a commission under the presidency of Sir Anton Bertram, Chief Justice of Ceylon, to advise the Government whether any authority provided by the constitution of the Orthodox Church existed to adjudicate upon the dispute or to depose the Patriarch, and further to report upon the measures necessary to restore the financial position. After a patient and learned investigation, the Commissioners found that no external ecclesiastical authority possessed the inherent right to depose the Patriarch or intervene in the settlement of the dispute. The attitude of the Patriarch in refusing to accede to the adoption of the new Internal Regulations was approved, on the ground that they fundamentally changed the ancient constitution of the Church. Before, however, harmony was restored, the Government found it necessary to support the Patriarch in ordering certain recalcitrant members of the synod to retire to Egypt.

The financial recommendations were of a very drastic order. The Commissioners state in their report that

> The Patriarchate can neither pay its debts nor the interest thereon, nor meet its current expenses. It is temporarily insolvent, and the special moratorium is equivalent to a declaration of its insolvency.

To deal with this situation the Commissioners urged that a commission of control should be appointed, whose task

> would be to liquidate the debt of the Patriarchate, to introduce economies into its annual budget, to increase its revenues by the introduction of improved methods of administration, and to secure that when the debt is liquidated, and full powers of financial administration are restored to the Patriarchate, its affairs should be upon a sound footing.

The Financial Commission, which includes two members of the Palestine Administration, assumed control in September 1921. It is armed with the fullest powers. The entire immovable property of the Church is subject to its administration, and it may sell properties that do not include lands attached *ab antiquo* to any monastery, or any property developed by buildings within the walls of Jerusalem, for the purpose of liquidating the debt. For the disposal of immovable property the consent of the Patriarch in synod is necessary. The annual budget has been reduced from

60,000*l.* in 1921 to 46,000*l.* in 1922 and to 34,000*l.* in 1923, while the income has been doubled. The financial situation, however, is still in a parlous condition. It is not possible to find the large sums required for the liquidation of the debt without outside assistance in the form of a loan, or without soliciting donations and contributions from other Churches. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Episcopal and Protestant Churches of America are planning an appeal to Protestant bodies in the United States on behalf of the Church of Jerusalem, and for the preservation of the sacred shrines of Christendom. The philanthropic work of the Patriarchate has been largely discontinued. Expenditure on monastic establishments, schools, orphanages, hospitals, and dispensaries has been reduced to a minimum, and poor relief has practically ceased. Unfortunately, there seems to be no likelihood of the revenues reaching their pre-war figures for many years. The properties in Russia are in the hands of the Soviet authorities, and the Bessarabian estates have been confiscated in an arbitrary manner by the Government of Roumania without making any payment as compensation. In Smyrna the great fire of 1922 gutted a most valuable building property. The Patriarchate must rely in the future upon the revenues derived from its endowments in Palestine, and upon external assistance.

In so far as the Patriarch and his synod are concerned, the dispute appears to be happily settled. The laity, however, has recently resumed its hostility to the monastic clergy, and has included the Patriarch Damianos within the range of its criticism. A congress of Orthodox laity was held at Haifa in July last year. It put forward a number of general demands which formulate a definite attempt to transform the Church into a local institution of a racial character. The international character of the Church of Jerusalem as trustee on behalf of Christendom of the Holy Places is ignored, the historical interest that binds Christianity to this most ancient Church is not realised, and the far-reaching effects of any change in the *status quo* are obviously not appreciated. It cannot be said that the Patriarchate authorities have deliberately closed their eyes to the spiritual needs of their flock. Services in the parish and village churches are held in the vernacular, and the priests in charge are chosen from among their congregations. In this respect the Orthodox Church is not less advanced than other Churches, though its administration is in the hands of a non-Arab body of monastic clergy. The laity has put forward the proposal that the mixed council should be reorganised on a wider basis, its members containing one-third lay representatives and one-third ecclesiastical. Lay councils, presided over by a cleric, are to be formed in each parish, and a college is to be opened for Orthodox Arabs from which the ranks both of

the monastic and parochial clergy are to be drawn. The apprehensions of the community are disclosed in these resolutions. They do not appear unreasonable or difficult of solution.

In certain aspects, the Congress has approached subjects that can only lead to controversy of a very complex kind. The privileges of the Patriarch are provided for by law, and are the result of ancient grants made by the Ottoman Sultans confirming the immemorial customs of the early Church. Any curtailment of these powers, or amendment to the constitution, must lead the ruling authorities on to difficult ground, and it is probable that the Congress has not appreciated the significance of changes of this nature.

The weight and power of the Hellenic element of the Church has protected the Orthodox community in the past from the oppression of a Government wholly Mohammedan. It has done more than this, for it has waged unceasing strife against the pretensions of other Churches, whose powerful organisations would unquestionably have destroyed the homogeneity of the native community. These services should not be lost sight of ; yet all sympathy is due to the awakening of responsibility among the laity and their earnest desire to introduce internal reforms in the Church.

J. B. BARRON.

THE PROBLEM OF A FUTURE LIFE

We live in a day when the cloud of materialism has been rent by the lightning of war, and when, through the opening which that levin bolt has torn, men gaze into the abyss beyond, and ask what there they, in their turn, shall find. It is a haunting question. It is as the Mona Lisa-like smile of death. Though its voice be ignored, though its demand be unheeded, though, with an outward callousness, mankind in general agree to pass it by, still it gnaws, like the worm that dieth not, at the heart of most human beings.

Does Christianity yield an answer ? Hardly. For concerning the nature of the next life Christianity is almost mute. It teaches us what life should be here. It does not tell us what life shall be there. Does Buddhism help ? That also fails. Its object is personal purification, its goal absorption in the All. Confucianism and Hinduism give no clearer light. Only in the Koran do we find definite reply. But in the sensual paradise of Mahomet, at least in its literal sense, no educated Western being can believe.

Where the great religions of the world are silent, those modern revivals, theosophy and spiritualism, are full of words. For the devotees of these cults the next stage of life, when the grave shall have been overpassed, is lit as by the footlights of a theatre. All, or nearly all, is affirmed to be known. The depths are charted. The scenes awaiting us are described. Hell has no further secrets ; heaven has no unpainted joys. Only one need remains, and that is assurance that these things are true.

Since faith thus leaves the veil unlifted, and occultism conveys no certainty of belief, can we find any other path of exploration into that land whither each generation must swiftly go ? At least, we can essay the means by which most mundane knowledge has been won, the path of reason illumined by the light of modern science. Why should not this mode of approach, which has solved already so many mysteries, be used to attempt the penetration of a deeper obscurity still ? Has thought, has science, nothing to say on the subject of the future of all living men and women ?

Putting aside all authority, rejecting as fabulous, or at any rate

as not proven, all the assertions respecting another sphere of being made by students of the occult, can we not apply the mind, assisted by modern knowledge of the universe, to that second tremendous query which underlies all present existence—the query as to the nature of the life which waits for man when his bodily existence attains its end ?

The second query. But what, then, is the first ? The first is whether man can be assured that such a further stage of living is fact, not figment, reality, not dream. With this doubt I strove to deal in articles long ago published in this Review.[1] The arguments then used cannot now, of course, be repeated. We have to start here with the assumption then sought to be established, that overwhelming probability attends the belief that the purpose of all worlds where the processes of the universe have enkindled life is to pass souls into another stage of being.

In this connection, however, to dwell a little on certain points not previously developed may be permitted. Of these the foremost is that mechanistic theory of universal processes mentioned at the Church Congress held at Sheffield in October 1922. In an address which attracted some attention at the time, Canon Green said :

> If God is indeed ' the Maker of heaven and earth,' what room can there be for miraculous interventions on His part in the natural order ? It is a poor clockmaker who has to be continually interfering with his clock, putting it forward, and putting it back, and making it strike. And, quite apart from this, does natural science allow us to believe that such interventions, as a matter of fact, ever do take place ? The answer to this last question which would have been given five-and-twenty years ago by most men of science—and which, I fear, is too often given to-day by the popular Press and the man in the street—is plain. The universe, they said, is a vast machine, and every particle of matter, from the mightiest planet to the electron, moves in obedience to mechanical law.

To refute this mechanistic theory was naturally the object of Canon Green, and he sought to attain it by showing that evolution produced, not uniformity, but individuality, while to individuality belonged uniqueness as an attribute. With this argument I am in accord, yet the error of the doctrine which he combated can be seen from another angle, and when so viewed the illustration of the clock used by him to exemplify popular folly becomes, in another sense than he intended, a striking instance of fallacy. For any machine invented by man is due to his use of pre-existing forces. These are such as gravity, electronic action binding atom to atom and molecule to molecule, and, in and above all, energy. We know now that all matter is the expression of energy ; that it constitutes alike the medium of vibration which used to be called

[1] 'If a man die, shall he live again ?' published in January and March 1917.

ether, the particles of electricity composing the atomic core, and the electrons upon that core attendant. The paradox therefore is actually true that nothing material exists except energy which is not material. He who makes any machine avails himself of this energy and of its known modes of operation. Without that and without these neither could he make anything, nor would he himself exist. Thus in the very ability to construct the clock is found the refutation of the mechanistic theory.

For to what are those modes of operation due? They involve inconceivably prodigious and ceaseless processes of co-ordination, carried on throughout space and throughout time, so far as our cognition extends. Were they intermitted for a single second, or the minutest fraction of a second, the entire universe would cease to be. This is a fact which no one possessed of reason is able seriously to deny. It follows that the exertion of the power which created and, as astronomy bears witness, is still creating the universe was not, and is not, spasmodic. On the contrary, that exertion is constant. It is required as much now, and for every instant that time endures, as it was required billions of ages ago when the nebula out of which the Milky Way has been evolved was called into being. Alike the vibratory medium which transmits light from suns to planets, or, in the case of this earth, renders 'wireless' possible, and the particles of electricity, supposed to be stresses in it, which form the bases of matter, and all further manifestations of what we call natural law, are the modes of creative energy. These modes entail combinations and adjustments of a complexity and subtlety transcending our present knowledge and our powers of thought. They embrace the visible heavens. They constitute, they are regnant, as the spectroscope informs us, in, stars and clusters of stars hundreds of thousands of light years distant. Equally they constitute, they are regnant in, our own bodies. Without them there is nothing. With them there is all. Again, then, we are driven to ask, Whence comes this energy, and whence these modes?

We touch here the fathomless empiricism lying at the foundation of human science. Of ultimate causes that science knows nothing, and we may even say that it never can know anything. It can perceive processes, and it can begin, as it has begun, to learn something about them. When it plans a clock, or a steam engine, or a dynamo, it is availing itself of its nascent acquaintance with natural law. But of the whence and the wherefore of the sequences of action so termed, which alone enable it to make the machine, it knows no more than a cat knows of the differential calculus. Thus a comparison of any mechanical device with the power whose unresting operation sustains and *is* the universe remains unspeakably grotesque.

But through the cloud of this gigantic and appalling ignorance we still have vision enough to justify certain pregnant deductions, provided we trust to the natural inclination of our own thought. For when, within the ordinary scope of our intelligence, we perceive overwhelming evidence of the presence of mind, we say with assured certainty that mind is there. But though the universe presents such evidence infinitely beyond any parallel, though operative co-ordination has been demonstrably proceeding every instant of time since time was, there are still thinkers who decline to draw the seemingly irresistible conclusion that behind phenomena, and governing phenomena, reign eternal will and mind. They so refuse because they contend that in this region we are outside human experience, and hence that from such experience we can draw no applicable lesson. Yet our human mind, whose promptings we thus defy and whose use we thus abandon, is itself the product of the Power behind phenomena. The laws of our thought are the laws of the universe, as mathematical and astronomical science has revealed. Why then should we distrust those laws, when we seek to answer the supreme question whether in and behind the universe mind exists ?

Whatever the reply attempted to this interrogation, the fact stands forth that, unless we deny reason, it compels us to recognise the presence of that mind. Upon this assumption then we proceed here.

Having reached this point, we are now enabled to form some idea of our own actual condition. Since, as already shown, all bodies, whether animate or inanimate, are merely manifestations of energy, we are evidently immaterial beings in an immaterial universe. Verily 'we are such stuff as dreams are made on.' Matter is simply the result of the gathering of the vibratory medium into whirlpools or stresses, and this medium again is itself an earlier expression of that universal energy which in the last analysis is will in operation.

What then is the world of sense, the world as we know it, with its million million facets and its tentacles, which wind about our souls ? That world is external reality, which is energy, manifested in special ways which we call physical, and construed by our senses, which are our perceptions of vibration. Were those perceptions different, our world would be different. We see as we see, we hear as we hear, because, in their respective spheres of action, our eyes and our ears are susceptible of certain vibrations, but not of others. Below and above the scale alone accessible to our senses other vibrations are known to exist, some few of which (like the ultra-violet ray) science, through mechanical device, has brought within our cognisance. That the number of further vibrations which are unknown to us is infinite stands to reason.

Moreover, since within the region of our perception vibration has produced life, the argument from analogy suggests strongly that outide that region it also tends to produce it. Why, indeed, should we suppose that life exists only within the narrow limits of the infinitesimal portion of vibratory action revealed by our senses? The presumption is all the other way. The supposition that life is confined to the scale of vibrations known to ourselves may be likened to that of men inhabiting a tiny island who are aware of the rest of the world, as we are aware of the stars, but who suffer under a fixed delusion that no life can be present save in their own isolated abode.

Thus viewed, the probability becomes overwhelming that, in addition to the starry heavens, manifest in our own vibratory sphere, innumerable other universes exist, invisible to us, merely because the vibrations that give them being are imperceptible by our senses and as yet by any instruments which we can invent. But this invisibility involves no inference that such universes, however different from ours, are immaterial in any truer sense than the visible universe is immaterial. On the contrary, both the argument from analogy and the doctrine of the unity of universal processes irresistibly force us to an opposite conclusion. For both the continuity of evolution from the electron to man and the production of life by the play of radiant energy upon matter in a certain chemical state were established by the late Sir Benjamin Moore, as I was privileged to point out in a previous article, while the unity of natural law is declared (we might say shouted) by every fact known to science. In face of this continuity and this unity, is not the deduction as obvious as it is inevitable that invisible universes, if such exist, are not to be viewed as creations separate from the universal comity of natural law, but rather as products of creative energy linked to that law and therefore in the same line of ascent with ourselves?

It seems advisable to state here with clearness what that goal is at which I aim. Not the existence of another life, but the nature of that life, is the mystery which I am venturing now to attempt to explore. The thesis that there is such a life I have made already the subject of previous argument, and it has been said to be now assumed. But if the reasoning given above be valid, we have attained at length a certain point which flings a ray of light upon the hitherto complete darkness covering our future state. It is a light which pierces a little, though but a little, through the veil, and at least indicates an obscure and difficult path along which generations still unborn may perhaps grope their way to fuller knowledge. For our suggestion, based not on authority, not on occultism, but on reason guided by modern science, is that the next stage of being may

after all be found not wholly beyond the possibility of scientific research.

In Macaulay's magnificent essay upon Ranke's history of the Popes, an essay wherein the splendour of the style is only rivalled by the width of the synthesis, he asserts that

as respects natural religion—revelation being for the present altogether out of the question—it is not easy to see that a philosopher of the present day is more favourably situated than Thales or Simonides. . . . As to the other great question, the question what becomes of man after death, we do not see that a highly educated European, left to his unassisted reason, is more likely to be in the right than a Blackfoot Indian. Not a single one of the many sciences in which we surpass the Blackfoot Indian throws the smallest light on the state of the soul after the animal life is extinct.

This essay, published in 1840, enunciates what was then a fact. The nature of evolution and the nature of the atom were then alike unknown. But since that day biology, and chemistry, and physics, have combined to revolutionise our ideas of the working of the universe, and they now lead towards the conclusion here stated—that the next stage of being is not more truly immaterial than this stage, not purely spiritual, but, in some more refined degree than ours, physical.

For if, for the reasons given, we have to assign physical attributes to the universe into which we pass at death, the deduction is clear that our personalities will still be enfolded in a physical tenement. Any other beliefs than these are at variance with the chief lesson, the essential core, of modern knowledge. For that knowledge teaches the doctrine of unity and the doctrine of continuity, while we should bisect the first and deride the second if we believed in an invisible universe unconnected by any physical means with the visible. The time is assuredly come when human thought should begin to follow the road which increasing acquaintance with the methods of the Power behind phenomena has opened to us. Of those methods consecutiveness within a certain rhythmical progression is the chief up to now revealed in the visible sphere of things. Universes vaster than imagination can compass spring out of apparent nothingness and are nourished on the bosom of infinity, as the study of the nebulæ has shown. Sustained by the same Power which has created them out of Itself, has shaped them, and moulded them, and inspired their particles in the passages of eternity to bring forth life, they run their giant course, and then, as the dissolution of the atom, seen in radium, irresistibly suggests, they pass back through disintegration into the mind-controlled energy which has wrought their wondrous being. But is this all? To these prodigious births, to these enormous scenes, is there no aftermath? While the nebulæ, while the star groups, existed, while they reigned in

the heavens, consciousness, and then intellect, and then the spirit of worship, embodied in myriad forms, must have been enkindled, even as in this tiny globe of ours, whence, as from an observatory, we look forth into space and time. During their process what civilisations, what thought-possessed races, countless as the sands of the sea, must have marched forward from the stage of the animal across the faces of a billion planets encircling endless suns! All passes; all vanishes. The curtain of night, where suns are not, descends.

But, again, is this truly all? If so, progression leads to nothing, and consecutiveness is a broken dream. Does not the entire analogy of Nature, as known to us here, impose inevitably the idea that these creations, visible to us, are the progenitors of others which are invisible only because they result from and are conditioned by a vibratory medium not yet discernible by ourselves? This idea gives sequence to our conception of creative energy, and of its procedure through the æons. It accords with the law of unity; it agrees with that of evolution. It fills our thought of the awful void in which suns and systems swim, like ships sunk in the depths of ocean, with a mighty vision of universes rising from universes and spheres of being rising from other spheres. It even—though this is doubtful and speculative—suggests a conceivable explanation of that 'curvature of space' which is postulated by the theory of Einstein. Before the generations of the human race cease their brief passages under the sky, a day may come when astronomy and its kindred sciences may give birth to a science nobler still, and when that which is now invisible may be brought at last within mortal ken. Is this supposition too wild? Then let us assign, if we can, a definite limit to the progress of invention and declare that it may gradually reveal to us this and that fresh mode of vibration, yet not others.

That the next stage of existence, awaiting every man and woman and child at the cessation of our present life, will be subject to physical law is the conclusion at which we have arrived. Of the nature of that existence this conclusion does not tell us much, but it does tell us something. Can we by the light of reason draw any further deductions concerning our future state? One certainty seems apparent, namely, that the etheric stresses constituting the foundation of matter here will then no longer form our bodies. For those stresses are the sources to us now of visibility and physical sensation. If they obtained after bodily death, we could still see and we could still feel the dead. Therefore we have to infer that our bodies, after that change, will be devoid of those particles of electricity and of those attendant electrons which constitute ordinary matter. But when from that matter those stresses are removed, what remains? That vibratory medium

remains out of which the stresses were formed. Hence if we believe, as all analogy impels us to believe, in the continuity of physical action whether in visible or invisible worlds, the natural inference is that our future bodies will be composed of this medium. But bodies subject to physical law require a world or a state of environment similarly conditioned. Therefore we must conclude that the departed are thus encompassed. Now the vibratory medium is of an extraordinary sensitiveness. Were it not so, it could not act as the vehicle of radiation. The presumption then arises that both the realm of the dead and those, similarly constituted, who inhabit it possess this attribute. From this deduction many further inferences can be derived and, though these cannot of course convey certainty, they are distinguished by a high degree of probability. One is that a far greater intensity of life obtains in a state of being so constituted than is found in this. For common observation shows that sensitive persons feel more, suffer more, and enjoy more than those of duller temperament, and these are the properties of intense life.

Again, we cannot avoid the reflection that beings whose bodies consist (by a hypothesis based on reason) of the medium of vibration, unmarred by those grosser aggregations of it of which here matter is composed, might be incomparably better fitted than we are to receive and to send forth ' thought waves.' Such fittingness and such sensitiveness would mean an enormous facility of communication, and a power, amongst those so disposed, of appreciating the splendours of visible, or at least of (at present) invisible, universes transcending all imagination. Moreover, that our thought has immense influence on the substance of our present frames, an influence vastly greater than was previously understood, is now proved. If, therefore, both our corporeal tenements and their surroundings became prodigiously more sensitive, the moulding and perhaps the creative power of thought would be correspondingly increased. Thought here, through the employment of bodily and mechanical agency, builds the objects of its endeavour, whether cathedrals, or cannon, or ships. Conceivably, we may even say probably, thought, operating in a medium such as is being now considered, might have immediate external effect. We can even imagine that the combined effort of a myriad minds, acting perhaps under the direction of superior genius, might produce, without other instrumentality, prodigious results.

Let those who regard these suggestions as fantastic, although they are inferences from positions previously attained by reasoned steps, consider the miracle, as it might well be termed, of modern ' wireless.' Thus, for instance, it was reported that a listener at Otley, near Leeds, had heard with the utmost clearness a concert proceeding at Newark, New Jersey, 3600 miles away. To experts

there is nothing either novel or surprising in this announcement. Yet fifty years ago it would have been viewed, if credited at all, as a superhuman achievement. The difference between what would have been its reception then and its actual acceptance now marks the immense change in our knowledge, not indeed of the causes, but of the fundamental forces, of the universe. The existence of the universal vibratory medium is thus absolutely demonstrated. But the most striking feature of this advance consists in its suggestiveness. Obviously it offers a clear explanation of those telepathic phenomena which are now established facts. That one human mind should be able at times to communicate with another mind at a distance without any intermedium was once looked upon as a circumstance transcending natural law. But it need no longer be so regarded. For we can well conceive that every thought must be attended by a rearrangement of the particles composing our brains, and that the movement so occasioned must, in its turn, give rise to radiation in the vibratory medium. If this be so, a 'thought wave' is precisely analogous to ordinary wireless though doubtless it may differ widely in technical attributes.

This assumption, though it may appear bizarre to some who have never considered the subject, will seem to others who have considered it so inevitable as hardly to deserve mention. Yet it merits attention, since further consequences of pregnant import follow from it. The standing illustration of the way in which wireless works is that of the stone, or succession of stones, cast into a pond, each giving rise to a wave or ripple, spreading, in the case of the electric impulse, not merely horizontally, but vertically and in all directions. This then is, by our assumption, the nature also of the impulse sprung from the internal working of the brain. And, if so, thought waves are being poured forth by every living being, are for ever traversing the realms of space, and striking upon recipient intelligence and penetrating and operating wherever syntonic conditions are found. That this is true as regards our fellow-beings in this world is now widely, if not generally, admitted, and the responsibility for our thoughts thus entailed is evident. But what I have already written, unless rebutted, carries our conception of this responsibility to a further and a poignant pitch. For if the overwhelming probability be recognised that human life continues, after death, under the dominion of physical law, but in a state of being incomparably more susceptible of vibratory effects than it is now, then the deduction seems to follow that those who have gone hence (if not also the inhabitants of other invisible worlds) may naturally be accessible to thought waves from the earth, more especially if such waves emanate from persons with whom they are syntonic.

That these thought waves may be reciprocated is also a possibility plainly to be inferred.

There are perhaps some who may object that in thus apparently supposing thought to be subject to physical law I am guilty of a monstrous absurdity. Such an objection is based on misapprehension. Thought itself is non-physical. Its origin, like the origin of consciousness, must remain part of the impenetrable mystery veiling the methods of that supreme Power whence all proceeds. But I deal here, not with actual thought, but with its physical concomitants, namely, the rearrangement of the particles of the human brain, of which memory is a proof, and the external disturbance of the vibratory medium thus occasioned. My argument, therefore, is founded on the reasoned presumption that after death similar concomitants persist, and persist in conditions more favourable to their action than are the conditions here.

From this conclusion many further inferences may be derived. One deduction which stands out with a terrible insistence may be mentioned. In a world where thought is as a living agent and externality is malleable by it, terror in some instances, as well as happiness ineffable in others, must attend its exercise. The mental sufferings of criminals in this life have been a common theme of the writers of fiction, who, like Dickens in *Oliver Twist*, have often dilated on the self-torture inflicted by the conscience of murderers. Probably they have exaggerated. Probably there exists a large class of individuals almost entirely immune from this sort of punishment. Yet that there are persons of sensitive nervous organisation who suffer veritable agonies from remorse for crimes committed by them, and others who are scourged as by the Furies by their own passions, can hardly be disputed. What then must be the avenging presence of this kind of feeling in a world where thought is king and where every denizen of it is as a transparent target exposed to its rays? He who was the most hardened, the most callous, here, might there be likened to a seal stripped of its skin under an arctic sky. Take a man possessed by a furious hate. How would he be rent and torn by the violence of his own desire! Or take one dominated ceaselessly by sensual images. How might those haunting fantasms of his own mind assume the appearance of reality; how might they drive him as nightmare drives the wanderer in a dream; what ecstasies of torture and of shame might they not inflict.

These results would seem to accrue quite normally in the order of Nature, without the least supposition of supernormal intervention. We have but to imagine the removal by death of the veil of the flesh—that veil which basically consists of stresses

in the medium of vibration, and of the survival of that medium alone as the sole substance of our bodies—and at once reason suggests these consequences. They would be, as it were, automatic, like all penalties (other than human) for infringement of the moral law. Our argument seems here, indeed, to have touched the point at which the moral and the physical laws coincide, or rather at which the first translates itself into the second, a profound proof, if the fact be conceded, of the ultimate subjugation of evil.

In this article I have assumed that personality survives the grave. But, granting this, the question might still be asked, To what extent does it survive? Is memory, is sense of identity, preserved? For that continuity may be devoid of recollection is shown by every oak which has sprung from an acorn, and by every untutored generation of man which has known nothing of those whence it proceeded. Can we discover, then, any indications to guide us concerning this matter, of which the interest is intense, since our conception of our future life must depend on the answer? Undoubtedly in proof of our retention of knowledge of the past might be given considerations of a general character connected with the argument for our surviving at all. But to state these now would not only exceed limits, but would be out of place. I am content to suggest one indication only, which arises from our rejection of all the teaching of spiritualism. For the almost universal ground on which its opponents base their repudiation is the alleged presence in human beings of a sub-conscious personality possessed of the most extraordinary mental gifts. This sub-consciousness has a perfect command, according to them, of all those occurrences in life which have passed from the surface memory. More, it has the faculty of instantly communicating these circumstances to the medium, thus displaying all that power of despatching thought waves deduced to attach to our future bodies. More again, this sub-consciousness is said to have the power, by evidence which in any cases less wonderful would be accepted as authentic, to leave the still living frame, to travel across space, to visit, to converse with, and to produce an impression of bodily presence on, a distant person, even on the other side of an ocean. Excepting these last phenomena, which come under another category altogether, spiritualism has an entirely different exposition of the matters referred to. Spiritualism says that they are due, not to a sub-conscious personality, but to discarnate spirits. The allegations cited are those of its antagonists, who are forced to find some kind of explanation for observed facts. A third interpretation of these, namely, a denial of the existence of any save such as may be produced by hallucination or by fraud, will be put

forward only by those who have no serious acquaintance with the literature of the subject. It is because the strongest deniers of the spiritualistic theory feel the imperative urgency of discovering some alternative solution of incidents whose reality they are unable to dispute that the idea of an almost omniscient sub-consciousness has been evolved. (The only other position is that of orthodox Churchmen, who believe that the phenomena are due to discarnate spirits, but that these are devils.) The class of occurrence principally referred to here is that where the medium displays an intimate knowledge of the deceased relatives or friends of those present at a séance, and is able to mention their names, to describe their appearance, and to give personal details concerning them.

That this ability is frequently displayed is established beyond doubt, and, after the largest allowance for possible deception, numberless cases remain to which this explanation is inapplicable. Hence we are reduced to the necessity of accepting either the theory of the spiritualists or that of their opponents. For the purposes of this article we have wholly rejected the first. Therefore we are thrown back on the second. But the strange fact is that this second interpretation supplies proof of the probable survival of personality nearly as complete as would be furnished by our acceptance of the other alternative. Moreover, it also corroborates the views concerning the endowment of that personality already set forth. For the sub-conscious mind of the medium is represented by the refuters of spiritualism as endued with a sensitiveness of apprehension almost surpassing imagination. That mind is declared by them to be able to dive into the recesses of another person's intelligence, to ransack his memory, and to draw from it facts which he had forgotten, facts the verity of which is afterwards absolutely confirmed. What is this capacity ? From what portion of the being of the medium, who is usually in a trance, does it proceed ? Does it not clearly witness to the existence of something in a man or woman other than the ordinary body ? Does it not point to the presence within the corporeal envelope of another more highly endowed kind of physical being, and if so may we not naturally suppose that this it is which survives when the fleshly integument is dissolved ? A sense of duality of body is by no means unknown to many to whom the ancient jest as to inebriety does not apply. There is even a certain drug, hashish, which has the undoubted property, in numerous cases, of producing in the partaker the sensation of floating above his own body, which he plainly sees extended beneath him. By itself this circumstance would be insufficient basis for deduction, but I am dealing with a question wherein every diagnostic must be grasped, and this, when con-

joined with the other indications named, is not to be ignored. At the least a strong presumption has been created that the physical body in its next stage will possess the attributes of recollection and of sensitiveness here assigned to it.

Before closing this attempt to show that the nature of the life to come falls within the purview of reason and of science one probable objection must be met. For some may say that this endeavour is sacrilegious in that it seeks to penetrate a mystery not meant for exploration by mortal man, a mystery with which theologians alone are entitled to deal. To challenge that position is my special aim. I submit that the time has fully come when this subject of ineffable import to the human race should no longer be left the appanage of a parochial theology, whose view of creation is equivalent in its narrowness to the mediæval conception of the earth as the centre of the universe. The mind of man is the gift of God, and to employ it to the uttermost in delving into the wonders surrounding us and awaiting us is not a crime, but a duty. Assuredly the only religion which can ultimately satisfy the later thought of generations to come is one which shall equally meet the needs of beings, on an analogous plane of evolution, inhabiting planets scattered throughout the realms of infinity. We are momentary phantoms moving in a scene inconceivably immense. Unless there be continuity, unless there be a real survival, the processes of Omnipotence and of the moral law, in which we see His nature, mock us as with eternal laughter regnant through space and time. Let theology deal with the things of the spirit and with the worship of the Supreme.

H. F. WYATT.

SLUM CLEARANCE SCHEMES

Wholesale slum clearance must always be costly. The cost must be taken as the price paid by the community of the present and future for their predecessors' failure to secure the orderly development of the town on sanitary lines in the past. But that price should be measured financially by annual loss, not by initial outlay; and against this financial loss must be set the benefits resulting to the community in the way of improvements in public health, public convenience, trade, traffic, etc., which cannot be measured in pounds, shillings and pence.

In my experience, improvement schemes dealing with slum clearance alone and devised to secure rapid wholesale clearance always involve heavy annual loss, and sometimes justify the doubt whether the game is worth the candle; but improvement schemes which combine slum clearance with provision or improvement of traffic facilities and with replanning of ill-developed business areas are always worth their cost, and sometimes bring substantial financial profit to the promoters. The best instance I know of this is a small street scheme in the Fort, Bombay, from which the municipality, favoured by an exceptional boom in the land market when they were disposing of their remodelled building sites, realised a profit of 200,000*l.* on an initial outlay of 64,000*l.*!

Much depends on the manner in which improvement schemes are worked out. They must, in the first place, be part of a general town development plan, and should either be large schemes or should fit in with private schemes (part of the same plan) so that the combined schemes cover a large well-shaped area. The great mistake of the past in London seems to me to have been the taking up of small areas for clearance and the erection of new houses on the cleared site as quickly as possible, even when the trend of recent development in the vicinity was towards commercial or industrial users. The result often has been that the new houses have got shut in by high non-residential buildings forming a most unsuitable, if not unhealthy, environment. The better policy, from both financial and sanitary points of view, would have been to abandon such small sites as residential sites, dispose of them at their value as business sites, and use the proceeds to finance the

erection of houses in large residential estates protected from premature change by zoning. In this way the heaviest item of loss in the old schemes under Parts I. and II. of the 1890 Act, viz., the cost of writing down land values (a loss aggregating in London, on land acquired at a cost of 1,600,000*l*., 1,000,000*l*.), could have been avoided.

The promoters of a town improvement scheme must not be rushed. They must be financial opportunists, keeping a sharp ey on the money market and the property market. They should b fortified by legislation devised to secure to the community the lion's share in the financial profits resulting from schemes executed at public expense. The changes effected by their schemes should be well advertised and gradually carried out. Dishousing and disturbance of trade should be confined to the minimum.

Provision of new houses should keep pace with demolition of old houses ; but in my opinion it is not always necessary that the new houses should be on the cleared site or should be reserved for the very people who are dishoused, or even for people of the same class. It may sometimes be wise to provide suburban houses for the middle classes in order that there may be more room near the centre for the poorer classes, especially where it is found impossibl to get the employers of the latter to remove their workplaces from the centre to the suburbs. Again, it is not always necessary that the new houses should be built by the local authority. It may often suffice for the local authority to provide well-laid-out suburban estates for private lessees to build on, particularly if the suburban houses are intended for the middle classes. It should rarely, if ever, be necessary for local authorities to build for any but the poorest of the working classes in normal times.

Before the war the London County Council always managed to make their dwellings self-supporting, so that the loss on slum clearance schemes was mainly due to the writing down of the land value to its value as a site for working-class dwellings. This economy in housing was achieved, so far as rehousing on the cleared site itself was concerned, by economies in design. Economy in land per dwelling was achieved by having high blocks and small rooms and reducing the space given up to passages to the minimum. The London County Council did not undertake to provide rehousing for the tenants they dishoused if those tenants could not pay an economic rent. They provided as many tenements as they displaced—not tenements of the same class as those they demolished, but tenements of the best class that could b provided at economic rents equal to the rents commonly paid by working-class people in the neighbourhood. Presumably the same thing could have been done elsewhere before the war, and will again become feasible when building costs become normal again.

Meanwhile improvement schemes should not be abandoned on account of the heavy loss that immediate rehousing would entail. No time should be lost in preparing schemes; but each scheme should provide for gradual acquisition and for postponement of rehousing, and therefore of demolition, until these can be carried out within a prescribed maximum loss for every family that is housed.

The first thing necessary is to prepare a general plan for the whole town, beginning with zoning, designed to separate districts which are henceforth to be purely residential from those in which business or industrial users are to be permitted.

Schemes for ultimate, not necessarily immediate, street improvements should be included in the general town plan. Such schemes should provide for public open spaces, and should be combined with schemes for dealing with all unhealthy areas that are not likely to disappear soon through private enterprise.

Such of the unhealthy areas as lie within what are zoned as ultimate residential areas should be first dealt with. Most of the others might be left to private enterprise; but if there are any which are in a really dangerously insanitary condition, and are not likely to be satisfactorily dealt with privately (perhaps because of the multiplicity of owners), they too should be included in public schemes. They are more likely to yield profit than loss, particularly if included in street improvement schemes, because the cleared sites can be leased for industrial or commercial purposes.

In anticipation of the need of large residential estates for rehousing purposes near the old centre of an overgrown town like London, the local authority should acquire the freehold of large suitable areas now, preferably areas in which there will be many houses ripe for demolition in the next ten years, and among such preferably those in which houses are small and not high, so that they can ultimately be replaced by higher buildings with ample space around them. The type of building I advocate for this purpose is the double cottage block, which is, in effect, one row of two-floor cottages above another. The advantages of this type are set out in articles on pp. 243 and 568 of the *Builder* of 1923 (see also designs on pp. 280-281). The minimum rehousing scheme area should be ten acres, laid out as a central public recreation ground of five acres surrounded on the north, east, and west by buildings, and on the south by a street.

Many of the difficulties in connection with acquisition have been removed by the Acquisition of Land Act, 1919. It is a great pity that in the attempt to make slum owners pay for slum improvements section 9 of the Housing and Town Planning Act, 1919, was ever enacted. It is, in my opinion, grossly unfair to

many owners; it involves complicated calculations based, in many cases, on assumptions which have little or no relation to facts, and personally I would like to see it repealed. It was probably devised for the purpose of checkmating the speculators who used to acquire slum property with a view to the exaction of heavy compensation from the local authority when it undertook a scheme for improving the slum. The loss in such schemes was, however, often mainly due not so much to the speculators' exactions as to the local authority putting the acquired property, not to its most paying use, the use on which compensation was based, but to residential use. I cannot see why owners should bear the devaluation entailed by this. If in the public interest it is necessary to devote the land which has a commercial value to residential purposes, then in my opinion the loss of value entailed by such appropriation ought to be borne, not by the unoffending owners, but by the public purse. The defeat of the speculator can probably be accomplished more satisfactorily, and with less risk of injustice to owners, if compensation is based, not on value as at date of notice to treat, but on value as at date of notification of the local authority's intention to prepare an improvement scheme. This is the law in Madras and Colombo. Alternatively, value in July 1914 may be taken as the compensation, so that a speculator may not have the benefit of the rise in rent due to the war which he could not have anticipated. The arbitrary assumption of a ten years' life for the property which the Unhealthy Areas Committee recommend as the basis of compensation is open to many of the same objections which I take to section 9, and would in some cases be unfair to the owner, and in others unfair to the public purse. I would have none of it.

The key to reduction of the net cost of land in any scheme lies in recoupment and betterment, both of which are obtained by having big improvement schemes combining slum clearance and street schemes. Procedure by town planning has the advantage that expropriation is reduced to a minimum; but a similar advantage can be arrived at even in improvement schemes under Bombay methods. In Bombay we used to notify all properties within the outer ring of our scheme; but after notification we used to negotiate with owners of substantial properties, which we did not want to demolish, and were generally able to arrive at what we called a 'retention agreement,' under which the expropriation was purely formal. The owner received back the whole or part of his property on terms which ensured, *e.g.*, (*a*) the improvement of insanitary or obstructive buildings, and/or (*b*) the reservation of certain land as permanent open space, and/or (*c*) payment of betterment charges by the owner in consideration of the improvement of surroundings. I have many specimens of

such agreements and a few plans explanatory of some of them which I can show to any inquirer.

In a paper recently published by the Town Planning Institute, Mr. Evans, Town Clerk of Salford, has set out very clearly the difficulties which in the past stood in the way of slum clearance on any large scale and the new difficulties which have rendered nugatory some of the administrative and legislative efforts made since the war to remove those old difficulties. I hope I have said enough to establish a *primâ facie* case for considering whether by new methods, such as those I have indicated, these difficulties could not be rendered far less formidable, if not wholly overcome.

For myself, I am a firm believer in the Bombay policy of devoting an annual rate of, say, sixpence in the pound wholly to city improvement schemes. Every new substantial improvement scheme increases the city assessment and therefore the 6*d*. rate, and so enhances the city's borrowing power for further schemes. This snowball process in time brings very big improvement schemes within the financial capacity of the city. In Bombay, for instance, the schemes financed by a 4¾*d*. rate involve a capital expenditure of nearly 11,000,000*l*., which is about six and a half times the assessment of the whole city as it was when the Improvement Trust started work twenty-five years ago.

JAMES P. ORR.

ALCOHOL AND MEAT

[In this article—which will scarcely serve the purposes of the total Prohibitionists here and in the United States or of many of their most vigorous opponents—Mr. Easterbrook shows that the cruelty and barbarism associated with our meat supplies are far greater than anything of the kind associated with the consumption of beer, wine and spirits. No one who has studied the question and noticed the condition of animals immediately before, and during, their slaughter can accuse Mr. Easterbrook of exaggeration. In 1918 the spectacle of a herd of scared and suffering cattle hustled together in a van, and being conveyed to a slaughter yard, struck the writer of this note as being at least as abominable, and as degrading to our civilisation, as anything he had recently witnessed on several hard fighting fronts in France and Italy.—EDITOR, '*Nineteenth Century and After.*']

A GREAT deal is being written and spoken just now on the subject of the prohibition of alcoholic beverages. Drink, we are told, leads to drunkenness, is the chief cause of lunacy, poverty and crime, is sapping the nation's health and degrading its morals. The city clerk who drinks his glass of small beer for lunch is beginning to feel quite a desperate fellow. Because a few drink to excess, we are all exhorted to abjure alcoholic refreshment entirely, in the hope that the self-sacrifice of the many may mysteriously bring about the spiritual regeneration of the few. This may or may not be. To say the least, the ultimate benefits of State-enforced Prohibition seem problematic, and while it is undoubtedly the duty of the State to do everything possible to abolish drunkenness, and while it is bad for the community that a few private individuals should receive financial reward for encouraging heavy drinking, it is still to be proved that the mere removal of the temptation to drink from a minority of individuals who are so unhappy or so bored, so mentally invertebrate or so spiritually comatose, that drunkenness is their chief recreation, will not leave a house swept and garnished for seven other evils to enter in. This is a question which only experiment can answer satisfactorily.

But there is one aspect of Prohibition which some of its most ardent supporters appear to overlook. If we are to have prohibition of drink, why not prohibition of food? If drinking leads to drunkenness, meat-eating undoubtedly leads to gluttony, and, from the point of view of the poverty that ensues, a meat diet is about four times as expensive as a non-meat diet. The scientific data regarding the non-necessity of meat-eating are as strong as those that prove alcohol only harmful in its physiological effects. Moreover, a strong case can be put forward to prove that flesh-eating is the chief stimulant to heavy drinking, and it has been said that the relation of vegetarianism to temperance, of the food question to the drink question, is that of the greater that includes the less. If the testimony of some of our leading scientific thinkers be worth anything, drink alone cannot be made responsible for vice and crime; food also plays its part.

> The deepest, truest, and most general causes of prostitution in all great cities [says Dr. Kingsford] must be looked for in the luxurious and intemperate habits of eating and drinking. The chief element of this luxury is the use of flesh and alcohol, which mistaken notions of hygiene and therapeutics tend to press more and more upon all classes of men and women. Abolish kreophagy and its companion vice, alcoholism, and more, a thousandfold, will be done to abolish prostitution than can be achieved by any other means soever as long as these two evil influences flourish.[1]

Let us take a sane and quiet view of this question. To pretend that a man who makes his dinner off a fried sole, an omelette, and the half of a three-and-sixpenny bottle of Chablis is doing an immoral and vicious act is too absurd to consider. He is harming neither himself nor anyone else; he is neither a glutton nor a toper. But directly a man eats a single lamb cutlet he immediately becomes involved in the ethical question as to whether animals should be bred, reared and slaughtered for men to eat. He is, at the first mouthful, an accomplice in the sanguinary business of the cattle ship and the slaughter-house, and it becomes his duty to decide whether these institutions are right or wrong. There are some who have considered the matter and believe that the eating of animal flesh can be justified. These have their answer, and if their convictions are honest, they can in no way be blamed. They can, and rightly do, eat meat with no qualms. But there is a great number of persons who have never seriously considered the question at all. They have sometimes, perhaps, had the tiniest suggestions of a misgiving as to whether it is all right, but these they quickly suppress and make a mental effort to dissociate the food on their plates from the bullock in the field or the carcase at the butcher's. It is an

[1] *The Perfect Way in Diet.*

inconvenient reflection; one has a quite understandable distaste for becoming a crank, and anyhow the vast majority of people in England eat meat, so why worry? It is a comforting thought, and those who wish to eat meat and not have their mental equilibrium disturbed will be well advised to leave it at that. For the more we consider the question of slaughtering millions of animals for food, the pain and terror suffered by them in the process, the ungracefulness of destroying such a delicate and magnificent organism of nerves and tissues as a full-grown ox that men's palates may be pleasantly tickled, the more uncomfortable one becomes about it.

'But man is carnivorous,' we are told; 'he is bound to eat meat.' Perhaps he is, although it has never been satisfactorily proved. The Turk is a fine soldier, possessing wonderful powers of endurance, but he is not a meat-eater, and we have seen British athletes who prove that meat is not an essential for providing stamina or strength. The point is, however, that if drink is to be prohibited, there is an equally strong argument for prohibiting meat, since it shares the responsibility for producing many of the same evils, with the additional consideration that it involves the taking of life, and causes infinite (really infinite) physical and mental suffering to a majority of the animal kingdom. If ethics concern man's attitude to his fellow-creatures, man must spiritually be the loser if he knowingly causes harm to the least of these. Human duty includes duty to the vast animal kingdom of which we have the privilege to be the head, and religion as we understand it implies the recognition of the Divine hand in the whole of creation. How can we reconcile this with the causing of a moment of unnecessary suffering to that great community of which we are a part?

Animals are aware of the proximity of death and danger more subtly than human beings. The anguish they must suffer waiting their turn for slaughter is indescribable as they scent the smell of death and blood, herded together in a narrow pen in some filthy outhouse, and hearing the cries of the victims a few yards away whom the clumsy slaughterman has failed to despatch at the first blow. It is by no means uncommon for a bullock to be struck five or six times with the pole-axe before the fatal wound, and although we are told that, in the hands of a skilled man, death with the pole-axe is instantaneous, what of the accumulated agony that man has caused to animals in becoming skilled? There are private abattoirs, too, in which beasts are slaughtered in sight of other animals awaiting their turn, bacon factories where pigs are thrown on to an endless chain in such a manner that their legs are sometimes broken, and jolt along to a line of slaughtermen who stick them as they

arrive. The requirements of the Jewish religion involve the most horrible cruelty in the slaughter of animals.

It would be easy to cite the accounts of eye-witnesses of scenes at the slaughter-house that would make the reader physically sick, but no good purpose would be served. The only reason for dwelling upon such an unpleasant subject at all is to appeal to the imagination of those who demolish a rump steak without a suspicion of afterthought concerning the ethical principle involved, and yet demand the prohibition of alcoholic drinks. To this end I will quote the following perfectly cold-blooded and unprejudiced account of the Chicago shambles, purposely selected because it makes no sentimental attempt to emphasise their horrors :—

> Slithered over bloody floor. Nearly broke neck in gore of old porker. Saw few hundred men slicing pigs, making hams, sausages and pork chops. Whole sight not edifying ; indeed, rather beastly. Next went to cattle-killing house. Cattle driven along gangway and banged over head with iron hammer. Fell stunned ; then swung up by legs and man cuts throats. Small army of men with buckets catching blood ; it gushed over them in torrents—a bit sickening. Next to sheep slaughter-house. More throat-cutting—10,000 sheep killed a day—more blood. Place reeks with blood ; walls and floors splashed with it ; air thick, warm, offensive. 'Yes,' said guide, 'Armour's biggest slaughter-house in the world. There's no waste ; we utilise everything except the squeak of the pigs. We can't can that.' Went and drank brandy.[1]

If every man did his own slaughtering, would he be such a complacent meat-eater ? Many a man has found himself unable to eat meat again after a visit to a slaughter-house, and certainly there would not be the present delay in introducing compulsory measures for the more humane killing of animals, both in the actual method of slaughter, and the architectural arrangements of abattoirs, and in the cattle ships and cattle-driving. Some of the cattle ships represent a greater sum of animal agony than even the slaughter-house, for there suffering is more prolonged ; nor is it unknown amongst butchers for the skin of a slaughtered animal to drop off almost of its own accord after the blows rained upon it by the drover's stick.

These wrongs exist because of the ignorance and lack of imagination of the majority of the community as to how animals are turned into human food. It must be said with regret that many prefer to be ignorant and purposely refrain from using their imagination, blinking at the facts because they are unpleasant. If we considered these things more honestly, would not public opinion immediately condemn the fearful accumulation of suffering amongst animals that is at present inseparable from the

[1] From a series of letters contributed to the *Nottingham Guardian* by Mr. J. F. Fraser.

Sunday joint? Would fine ladies wear sealskin coats if they saw the skin stripped from the still living mother, and the young dying of starvation round the lacerated heap of red flesh? Or would gentlemen ever be seen in an Astrachan collar if they had been present when the unborn lamb was ripped from its mother? Yet these evils continue because we are too lazy to think about them, and are all part of the betrayal of our trust to the animal kingdom. We talk of our rights, but never think of our duties, although the one cannot exist without the other.

Primitive agriculture would have been an immensely difficult business without the horse or ox; without the dog it is difficult to see how man could have passed from the nomadic to the pastoral state; even the worms we walk on till the soil for us. The animals have been of more practical use to us than we can ever be to them, but this seems to count for little. When we approach them with love, they respond, and with astonishing results. They would be our friends, and we should be their elder brothers, helping them forward, in the light of our greater knowledge, in the long march of evolution. We have horses to work for us, sheep to give us clothing, and dogs to be the companions of men; but that is not enough. We must ransack the whole animal kingdom and kill and torture that we may find something a little out of the common to eat, a little unusual to wear; anything that will tickle our palates, our fancy or our vanity is worth untold suffering—for others. The excuse is either that feeblest of all excuses, 'that other people do it,' or else we say, 'That is what they are put into the world for.' Thankful cannibals probably regard missionaries as a similar act of thoughtful provision on the part of Nature.

In all such discussions there is the danger of sympathy becoming sentimentality, and it is because of the cranks and sophists, who will be so logical and reduce everything to an absurdity, that many shrink from having anything to do with their views. Sentimentality is usually sympathy distorted by logic, and we are so anxious to have everything cut and dried that too often we find ourselves left with the dead husk, the spirit departing elsewhere. So it is that we find people so foolish that they will not drink milk for fear of stinting the calf, nor wear a woollen coat lest the shorn lamb shiver. Nor will they geld a horse or bull, but prefer that the usefulness of these animals should be denied to the human race and human life sacrificed. Again, there is no sensible argument against eating an egg, but the people who can never be happy unless they can find a label for a thing must call an egg 'meat' and therefore taboo. The catching and eating of fish is obviously in a very different category from the preparation of animals for the table, and kittens, fleas,

mice, rats and rabbits must have their numbers regulated if human existence upon this planet is to remain possible.

Human morality [wrote Frederic Harrison] does not require us to treat an infant in arms as we treat our grown-up sons, or to treat a child as we treat husband or wife, father or mother, or a Red Indian as we treat a fellow-citizen, or to behave to a rude Hottentot exactly as we behave to a cultured Frenchman or German. All that scientific or humane morality teaches or demands is to deal with the sentient, and in part the sympathetic, animal world as the living instruments, and to a great extent as the conscious allies, of humanity, in its vast and arduous task of developing its own highest nature, and also the fair planet whereon its life is cast and its mighty destiny has to be evolved.[3]

If it were a question of sacrificing the life of either a man or an animal, no sane person would suggest that the animal should be the survivor, and it seems reasonable that if medical experiments upon animals, carried out as humanely as circumstances can possibly permit, will result in the saving of much suffering and disease to the human race, then those experiments are justified. But the infliction of pain upon animals to prove, for instance, how long a dog can live without food, or other experiments too ghastly to be put into print, cannot be too strongly condemned, and the idle curiosity of such fiends as Majendie and Claude Bernard must for ever blacken the pages of medical history.

Logic, like figures, can be made to prove anything, and therefore in the question now being discussed we can rely upon our instincts of pity and sympathy without fear of being sentimentalists so long as we do not try to be logical about them. It can be proved logically that it is wrong to eat an egg. Logic could also be made to show that a restricted form of cannibalism would afford the greatest good to the greatest number, and solve the problem of our prisons and asylums. All our convictions are right, provided they are convictions, and it would be impossible to lay down hard and fast rules for all without tyrannising over some. But there is a distinction between the man who is convinced and the man who has never bothered to think at all, and the latter is the justification for all propædeutics.

'But you cannot prohibit food,' many will say. 'Meat is, or at any rate has become, a natural food for men. Prohibit it by law, and either the digestive organs of the race will become completely disorganised, or else people will kill and eat secretly, and, moreover, will eat any kind of meat they can get—meat that now is considered unfit for human food.' They probably would. We see in America what filthy concoctions the baulked alcoholist will consume. Nor is proof lacking that beer is to many a food, and their constitutions are harmed by its sudden removal,

[3] *The Ethical View.*

The eating of meat and the drinking of alcohol march on parallel lines, and the ills that proceed from the veto of the one accompany the veto of the other, and the benefits are also identical. Just as the most effective way of abolishing drunkenness is reached by changing the individual point of view, so in the whole question of slaughtering animals for food the best results will be produced by inducing individuals to face the problem honestly. We may have to advance step by step. Jerome describes the Atticotti, a British tribe, as preferring human flesh to that of cattle. Later we find this practice abandoned, but meat eaten raw rather than cooked. Both these ideas we now find repulsive, and the time may not be far off when the idea of roast mutton will disgust us as much as the idea of roast man. It is a matter of individual taste. But we can see to it now that some of the horrors of the slaughter-houses are abolished: that the preparation of *pâté de foie gras*, for instance, is made a criminal offence; that animals, if they must be slaughtered, are slaughtered painlessly and out of the sight of others awaiting their turn. In these days of cold storage and motor lorries it ought to be possible to forbid the cattle ship, and even arrange for animals to be killed out of doors in the district where they have been reared, and then taken to the butcher's, thus avoiding the driving of them to the station or the abattoir and its attendant evils, and that dreadful waiting for death, cooped in some filthy outhouse in an atmosphere that reeks of death and blood. These things can be done by law, just as the State can help in suppressing drunkenness. If the *desire* for alcohol can also be legally removed, it may fairly be assumed that the same can be done with the desire for meat, but this has yet to be proved, although the proof of the one would also be the proof of the other, for they are parallel and each is contributory to the other. This point the Prohibitionists appear to have overlooked.

It is curious that many of those who eat meat are amongst the most active in condemning what are known as 'blood sports.' But the sportsman does at least act as his own butcher, and does not employ someone else to do his dirty work. Death often comes to his quarry swiftly and in the open, with a chance (however small) of escape. In his own way he is kind to other animals and genuinely fond of them, and they of him. It is ridiculous to believe that the fox or deer *enjoy* being hunted (as some pretend), but if it were a question of choosing between their life and method of death and that of sheep, pigs and bullocks, I think most of us would accept the wild, unfettered existence and the long chance at the end of the former in preference to the restricted life of the latter, with death certain at the end at the hands of the clumsy slaughterman in the most hideous

surroundings that imagination can picture. But of the retired London shopkeeper who blows tame pheasants to pieces at the end of his gun, of the vulgar profiteer whose aim is only a record bag, or of the cockney 'sportsman' who hunts the captive stag, nothing too insulting can be said. Those who inflict torture upon animals for money are not more despicable than those who do so to gratify personal vanity.

The general attitude of most Europeans to animals is one of colossal selfishness. We are willing to consider the prohibition of alcohol for the selfish reason that some men are so weak that they cannot resist over-indulgence, but to consider the prohibition of meat because it entails untold suffering to creatures who differ little physiologically from ourselves will seem to many people to be bordering upon lunacy. And yet any person who thinks at all must feel far less of a beast when he drinks half a bottle of burgundy than when he eats the piece of a sheep's leg. In the former case he is not, in any sense of the word, a drunkard ; in the latter case he is virtually handing the slaughterman the pole-axe with the first mouthful, and is as much an accomplice in the agonies of the slaughter-house as is his paid assassin. This is neither sentimentality nor sophism ; it is a cold, hard fact which he must face honestly and justify to himself before he can conscientiously continue to eat meat. If he can genuinely convince himself that he is doing rightly, he need fear no blame. He is as much entitled to his meat as is the man who sees no harm in his half-bottle of burgundy.

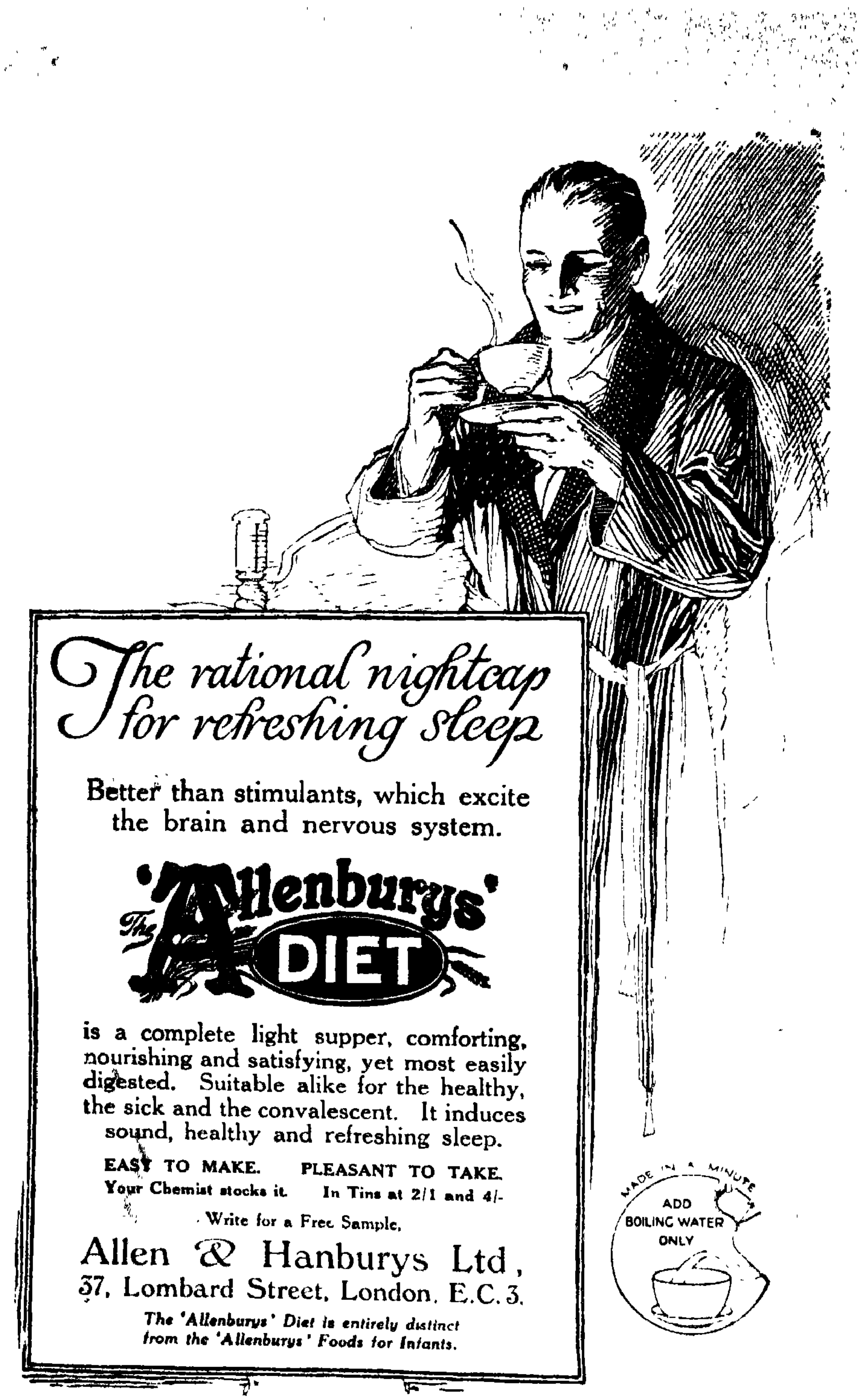
There has been a tendency in the past to confuse morals with ethics, a tendency which we still have not outgrown. The two things are distinct, although they often converge and appear one. Ethically we feel instinctively that it is wrong to take life. At the same time we have a moral code that forbids us to murder, but this is purely an *affaire des convenances*, affording the greatest good to the greatest number. In an ordinary way we sleep comfortably at night because we believe that most people prefer not to risk the consequences of killing us in our sleep for some trumpery reason. The law has done everything possible to discourage private murder. But in time of war we are exhorted to kill as many of the enemy as possible, and if any man succeeds in killing an abnormally large number of other men, he is publicly honoured and becomes a hero. In this case the ethical principle has been subordinated to what seems to be the common good, and murder becomes a moral act. The ethical principle is not considered, or only argued by the few. The killing of animals for food follows the same lines. The average man would feel an instinctive revulsion if a knife and a sheep were put into his hand and he were told to prepare his dinner. But there is a popular

belief that meat is a necessary article of diet, and so the ethi of killing are again waived in procuring the greatest good fo the greatest number, with the additional help that someone el does the unpleasant work, and so the morality of animal slaught is seldom questioned. For the same reason the prohibition alcohol becomes 'moral' if drunkenness threatens to endang the nation's health, but the ethics of temperance are placed very bad second.

The result of it all is that morals are a collective and practic institution, whereas ethics are essentially individual and mo abstract. So long as morals are thus exalted over ethics we sha have war, cruelty, and excess. Morals are the easier course, f they can be applied by the mere passing of an Act of Parliamen but ethics are far more of a nuisance, for they imply individu effort and the thinking of things out for oneself. They are base upon education in its truest and widest sense, but if we can lea to understand them and make them our own, then, and then onl will dawn the new age of love and gentleness upon the eart We shall not say, 'We will not go to war because it is immor to kill,' but rather 'How can we kill men who have so much common with ourselves—the same bodies, the same hopes an fears, the same principles?' Similarly we shall not refrain fro inflicting pain upon animals because it is 'wicked,' but becau something will have grown up within us that causes us to unhappy if we are in any way responsible for causing the suffering, and greater understanding will have kindled o imagination into realising what agonies our appetites and o vanity have brought to the brute creation. We may find tl thought of meat revolting, or it may seem right that we shoul eat it, but in any case we shall find it impossible to countenan any method of slaughter that inflicts pain or misery upon tl victims.

'*Spiritus intus alit*'; from within the change must come; ar perhaps the reason why we hear so much of the prohibition drink and so little of the prohibition of meat is because prohibitic is an external affair of morals and national convenience, ar scarcely touches the deeper Christian principles of love, wond and imagination.

L. F. EASTERBROOK.



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AND AFTER

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No. DLXV—March 1924

XENOPHANES, THE MONIST OF COLOPHON

ANN. ÆT. SUÆ XCII.
A.C. CCCCLXXX.

' Are You groping Your way ?
Do You do it unknowing ?
Or mark Your wind's blowing ?
Night tell You from day,
O Mover ? Come, say ! '
Cried Xenophanes.

' I mean, querying so,
Do You do it aware,
Or by rote like a player,
Or in ignorance, nor care
Whether doing or no ? '
Pressed Xenophanes.

' Thus strive I to plumb
Your depths, O Great Dumb !—

Not a god, but the All
(As I read); yet a thrall
To a blind ritual,'
Sighed Xenophanes.

'If I only could bring
You to own it, close Thing,
I would write it again
With a still stronger pen
To my once neighbour-men!'
Said Xenophanes.

—Quoth the listening Years:
'You ask It in vain;
You waste sighs and tears
On these callings inane,
Which It grasps not nor hears,
O Xenophanes!

'When you penned what you thought
You were cast out and sought
A retreat over sea
From aroused enmity:
So it always will be,
Yea, Xenophanes!

'In the lone of the nights
Here at Velia unseen,
Where the swinging wave smites
Of the restless Tyrrhene,
You may muse thus, serene,
Safe, Xenophanes.

'But write it not back
To your dear Colophon:
Brows still will be black
At your words, "All is One,"
From disputers thereon,
Know, Xenophanes.

'Three thousand years hence,
Men who hazard a clue
To this riddle immense,
And still treat it as new,
Will be scowled at, like you,
O Xenophanes!

'"*Some day I may tell,*
When I've broken my spell,"
It snores in Its sleep
If you listen long, deep,
At Its closely sealed cell,
Wronged Xenophanes !

' Yea, on, near my end,
Its doings may mend ;
Aye, when you're forgotten,
And old cults are rotten,
And bulky codes shotten,
Xenophanes ! '

THOMAS HARDY.

A DISGRACEFUL ACT

[*The recognition of the Soviet Government by this country is criticised by various politicians and newspapers as a somewhat hasty and indiscreet act, which is unlikely to help us commercially. This may or may not be correct, some financiers asserting that we shall get more money, others that we shall get even less money, than we are getting to-day, through full recognition of the Soviet Government. But the question of what we shall gain or lose financially by full acknowledgment of, and friendly relations with, the leaders of Bolshevism is, from the standpoint of the decent and intelligent man and woman, one of absolutely minor importance. Incomparably, the more vital point is this: by recognising the Bolshevist leaders and their agents, and by arranging to have friendly relations with them, we are acting disgracefully. We are sacrificing the nation's honour; and the honour of a nation springs out of, and is cognate with, the honour of the individuals who form that nation. The leaders of the Bolshevist Party who control Russia and form her Government to-day make not the least secret of their wish and their intention to destroy the whole system of civilisation, including Christianity, on which this country has been built up and to which it still adheres; and at the same time the leaders of the Bolshevist Party propose to traffic with us for commercial and financial purposes. Their scheme thus flouts anything in the nature of honour, national and individual. By falling in with that scheme we are acting in the same spirit as the Bolsheviks are, a spirit which is nothing if not debasing and godless. Besides we are playing the part of cowards. In vice we are sinking to their level; in courage we are sinking below it.*

As for the excuse that by working in with the Soviet Government we are encouraging 'world peace,' it is inane as the attempt to persuade any truly intelligent man or woman that the Bolshevist leaders are idealists, men of noble vision, οἱ χαρίεντες.

The step taken by the new Government—which certainly cannot complain of having been shabbily treated by The Nineteenth Century and After—*is an appeal to the instinct of greed. It is wholly unprogressive and reactionary; and the squabbles over Poplar, the Capital Levy, and the so-called 'dole' to the civilian*

and the disabled soldier are trivial compared with it. Outspoken opponents of traffic and friendship with the Bolshevist leaders and their agents were lately reproached officially for their 'pompous folly.' Mr. MacDonald should explain why people, who detest greed and dishonour, national and individual, are guilty of pomp and folly. —EDITOR, '*Nineteenth Century and After.*']

THE Government's action in recognising the Soviet Government of Russia has, on the whole, been well received by the Press in this country. No one seems very certain as to the cause of such satisfaction, for the most optimistic do not foresee any great impetus to our Russian trade, which in the palmiest days represented only 4 per cent of our total trade, and in any case, without recognition, Russian imports increased from 1·2 to 24 per cent. of the imports in 1923. Nor is any help expected from Russia as an ally, for the wildest visionary would shrink from associating himself with the Bolsheviks for anything but unconstitutional and revolutionary objects.

The bulk of the people who have accepted recognition of the Soviet have done so because it gives them a mild sense of relief; their natural revulsion to dealing with men whose crimes have horrified the world and made Attila, with his barbarians, seem a pale-blooded gentleman-adventurer in comparison, has been called 'pompous' and 'priggish,' and, since we are a sensitive nation and shy of revealing those higher abstract qualities that we undoubtedly possess, such accusations made us feel extremely self-conscious, and so we suppressed our instincts of honour, assisted by Mr. MacDonald's skilfully worded note, which promised precisely nothing and was merely a coquettish gesture inviting further conversation. Some have been innocent enough to believe that the promise of trade and the fulsome flattery of recognition would serve as a weapon to prevent Bolshevist propaganda in the British Empire, while the most optimistic of all visualised these bloody-handed apostles of tyranny as dissolved in penitent tears in the face of such generosity and large-mindedness on our part, confessing their villainy, asking humbly to be forgiven, and swearing in future to be quiet, peace-loving members of the civilised world, abandoning their evil ways at a kind of international revivalist meeting on the grand scale. It is a touching picture, and one which cannot fail to appeal to the British temperament, which is incurably sentimental and ever prone to consider the inestimable benefits which foreigners must derive from our society. It was a similar spirit that prompted us in the past to make alliances with Russia, on the ground that the material advantages to ourselves were compensated by the moral benefits she would obtain from such association.

If such a sudden metamorphosis were at all likely, if even the desire to civilise the Bolsheviks and bring freedom to the Russian people had been our sole incentive to approach the Soviet Government as we have done, the action could conceivably be defended. But the presence of unprincipled men in the world makes the path of the sentimentalist a thorny one, and although idealists in these days are all too few, idealism must be tempered with the practical facing of facts to be of any use, and there cannot be a compromise with mammon.

The real victory in the recognition of the Soviet Government goes to two opposite classes of persons: the Communists and the capitalists. The Communists have hailed the *rapprochement* with joy because of the stimulus it has given to their revolutionary aims. England, the home of constitutionalism and the citadel against which the waves of Bolshevism have beaten in vain, has held out her hand to the enemies of all that England stands for. The villain of the piece, by standing fast in his villainy, has at last gained recognition from the gods. Such good fortune is almost unbelievable and well worth the promise—on paper—to refrain from the more flagrant methods of recruiting fresh supporters for the army of chaos. Is it not part of the Bolshevist creed that any methods are justified if they produce a required result? Have we not had promises before that Bolshevist propaganda in various parts of the British Empire shall cease? The breaking of a promise is laughably easy for a Government that is avowedly atheistic and has flouted every principle of civil, religious, and domestic life that European civilisation has grown to accept. Every good Communist and enemy of society must be chuckling with glee at the ease with which Mr. MacDonald has walked into the trap. Not only has the Prime Minister of England taken off his hat to the tyrants of Moscow, but he is actually going to help them with money by encouraging trade, and (wonder of wonders) even perhaps a loan, so that coffers that have been depleted by bribery and encouraging comrades in other countries to uproot the social order may be filled again and preparations made for another attack upon the conservative and obstinate English.

Hardly less jubilant than the Communists are the capitalists of the worse type. Just as the Communists consider that the end justifies the means, so the money-grabbers will stop at nothing if there is money in it and a reasonable prospect of keeping out of gaol. To these men wars, revolutions, famines, and all the evils of Pandora's box are mere pawns to be manipulated in the international game of grab. They have on many occasions done everything in their power to promote such evils to serve their vile purposes, and are now despicable and mean-spirited enough to

go half in with their confessed enemies that their pockets may be filled a little fuller. Their creed is that the only real enemy is the man whose pocket cannot be picked; a man may insult them, violate every law that regulates human conduct, and threaten their very lives, but so long as he has anything that can be taken they cheerfully accept every insult, patting him on the back with one hand and taking his watch with the other.

These are the two classes which Mr. MacDonald has chiefly benefited, and it would be difficult to say which of the two is the more undesirable. Together they form the scum of the world. Since the last election Mr. MacDonald has risen to heights of eloquence and shown a sense of service that have brought hope to a nation jaded and tired with the nauseating egotism of professional politicians. He has spoken of ridge after ridge to be conquered, and of an ever widening horizon, and the nation has responded by giving him as fair a field and as much confidence as any leader of a party has been given for many years. We believe him to be sincere and straightforward, and no one suspects him of deliberately pandering to the Bolsheviks for any unworthy reason. But, like most men of his political faith, he has caught a glimpse of Utopia, and the vision has been almost too much for him. In his eagerness to bring it to a suffering world his patience is strained, and he seeks to arrive in a single stride, not realising that such things are only attained by the seemingly slow process of evolution. Forgetting that it has taken thousands of years to bring us even to what we are, and that the efforts of the greatest Leader that the world has seen are only beginning to be appreciated after twenty centuries, Mr. MacDonald chafes if he cannot transform human nature in a few months, and so has struck out for a plan only realisable if the hearts of the leaders of the Russian people are changed. There is no reason to believe that such a change has occurred, or that Mr. MacDonald's action will make a change more likely.

If it were only a question of encouraging the Communists and filling the pockets of the money-grabbers a little fuller, not so very much harm would have been done. Because the Communists represent disunion, they cannot ultimately prevail, but must sooner or later be swallowed in the chaos they have themselves created, while the greedy capitalist in the end does more harm to himself than to his victims But in holding out the hand of friendship to the Bolsheviks Mr. MacDonald has sold the honour of the nation for a few pieces of silver and a temporary popularity with the nation's enemies. Our refusal to recognise the Soviet Government was not mere priggishness. It was an act of self-preservation, for the taking to our hearts of a class whose creed it is to promote strife, persecute all religion, confiscate pro-

perty, and break up domestic life can only be an act of sheer folly and a betrayal of the other civilised members of our family. It is well enough to look forward to the millennium, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, but such a condition implies at least as much development in the lion's outlook as in that of the gentler animal, and by taking action precipitately the lamb is likely to find an unpleasant bedfellow.

Does Mr. MacDonald believe in national honour? We feel he does, but surely national honour, if it means anything, means the same thing as an individual's honour. Supposing an individual announced his intention of smashing up the family system, and proceeded to do so in every evil way imaginable; supposing this man invited other members to do likewise by open or secret propaganda, and at the same time approached them with commercial, money-making proposals. What should we say if any of these members fell in with his proposals for the sake of a few paltry shillings, and called him their friend? We should say, if we were gentlemen in the true sense of the word, that they were even more to be despised than the instigator.

There must be some standard of ethical behaviour that qualifies for membership of civilised society. Much as we may sympathise with burglars, we cannot ask them to dinner without being nervous about the silver, and we owe it to our fellow-citizens to discourage burglary in every way possible. National honour is not only the duty of the State to itself, but its duty to other States in the same family, and unless we recognise the code which has been instituted for the general good, we are doing a dishonourable action and betraying those others who subscribe to it.

Many will say, doubtless, that other nations have recognised the Soviet Government, but that is the old, absurd argument that two blacks make one white. Had we stood fast, moreover, and made it plain that we were going to have no truck with thieves, atheists, and murderers, on the grounds of national honour and national duty, there would have been far less panic amongst other nations which feared they might find themselves left out in the cold. As Englishmen it is time we realised that the Empire carries a weight of prestige in the councils of the world which no other group of States possesses. We have been dragged too much at other nations' coat-tails of late, and our hesitancy and tolerance have been mistaken for weakness. The British Empire is something more than a group of independent States allied together for trading and defensive purposes. The Empire stands for freedom and justice, and it is our boast that the meanest member of it receives as fair a hearing as the greatest, and that where the British flag flies, there the humblest individual enjoy

the protection of the fairest code of laws that the world has seen. It is our ambition that the Empire shall always be an outpost of civilisation, protecting the weak and teaching them to stand, carrying tolerance and perfect freedom in its wake, and ever foremost in the van of progress.

Progress, unless it is to mean in the future 'steps forward' in money-grabbing, must connote, amongst other things, a development of the Christian principles of honour and decency. It is not to say we are to 'hate' the Soviet Government or anyone else, but rather to refuse all compromise with a system of tyranny avowedly opposed to the teaching of Christ. Can anything be more unchristian, and therefore unprogressive, than the recognition of men who would turn the temple of civilisation into a den of thieves, and this recognition for the basest of all motives—money ?

The line of the Bolsheviks is so openly dishonourable that it almost becomes honest by its cynical crudity. They are willing to carry on commerce with States like Great Britain, America, France, Italy, Spain, etc., because such commerce is useful, and at the same time devote the material benefits from such trading to the carrying on of their policy of smashing up the government systems of these countries by propaganda. They do not deny it. They openly proclaim it in their Government-controlled and inspired Press. Does Mr. MacDonald approve of this ? Does he believe for one moment that the Soviet's promises to cease propaganda are worth anything ? There is not the least likelihood, for instance, that the Soviet will close the Bolshevist University of Tashkend, where hundreds of Hindu, Persian, Afghan, and other students are being trained for the intensive war on world civilisation. There is even less likelihood that the Bolsheviks will drop the cardinal policy of their creed—the spreading and preaching of Bolshevism by every means in their power. Such an act would be the sheer negation of their doctrine, and they would cease to be Bolsheviks. It would be just as if Christians tried to carry on Christianity, leaving out the principle of spreading peace and goodwill through the world. But if we protest against this propaganda carried on in our own Empire against ourselves, we are told we are interfering in Russia's domestic affairs !

The Soviet Government may keep quiet for a short time, so that Mr. MacDonald's action may seem justified, but only *pour mieux sauter*, and it will return to the conflict the stronger morally for England's recognition, and with improved facilities for operating in England by reason of the relaxed vigilance on Russian emigrants and the establishment of headquarters of villainy and intrigue at St. James's. It is scarcely a pleasant thought, the enemies of all culture and decency and the mur-

derers of kings ruffling it with the best at a garden-party at Buckingham Palace, just for a few extra pounds, or at best because we have not the courage of our instincts, and prefer to be accused of anything rather than 'priggishness.' As well argue that because we allow dogs indoors it is 'priggish' to keep pigs in the yard.

There are many who can prove that this arrangement with Russia will not really enable us to get any more out of her; that her claims against us for intervention during the revolution will be so excessive that they will practically nullify her debt to us; that the very nature of Bolshevism will entail restrictions on trade that will make trading almost impossible. But this is another thing, and a very minor thing. Honour matters incomparably more to an upright nation or an upright man than any such degraded considerations, and if we are to be worthy of the great name we have won for ourselves in the world, if we aspire to being anything more than 'a nation of shopkeepers,' if we have any ideals of service or duty, it is for us to do all in our power to discountenance a system of barbarism and tyranny, of cold-blooded murder and wholesale robbery, of which the world has not seen the like since 'civilisation' became a word.

Nothing is really more remote from Mr. MacDonald's ideals than Bolshevism, for it is a negation of democracy and a despotic, oligarchic institution which muzzles all freedom of speech or action. There is no other such system of oppression in existence, and no other system has brought greater misery and poverty to those who are subjected to it. There were signs that the Russian people were about to awake for the first time in their long, unhappy history. The spirit of revolt was abroad throughout the whole of the vast area of Siberia, and it was common knowledge that the Ukraine would throw off the Bolshevist yoke at the first opportunity. Even the Red Army could not be trusted, and Trotsky dared risk no foreign offensive with it. Sir Percival Phillips has lately told us how a recent mobilisation attempt for training purposes was an ominous failure, although conditions were made as attractive as possible, and the men distributed in such a way that they could go home every night. Twenty million pounds is reported to have been spent by Moscow in instigating a revolution in Bulgaria, of which the only result was the ignominious expulsion of 200 Red agitators.

Closed factories, poverty and famine have also combined to disgust a cowed 'proletariat' with the rulers who were to bring the Labour millennium, and in one way and another the Soviet outlook was every day becoming gloomier and gloomier. But recognition by the British Government has cheered its spirits considerably, given it a new lease of life, and provided it with

an achievement really worth advertising (and it will lose nothing in its advertisement) to the 'proletariat.' It will thus be seen that, besides betraying our honour and our friends, we have betrayed the cause of democracy, and left the unhappy Russian people to struggle a little longer beneath a *régime* they have learnt cordially to detest.

Part of the trouble is because the Bolsheviks whispered the mystic word 'Marx.' Karl Marx, having been proved obsolete as a philosopher, has now been invested with the glamour of a religious prophet by many of Mr. MacDonald's followers, and the Prime Minister himself has proclaimed himself not unsympathetic towards much of the Marxian doctrine. The effect of this has been to cloud his judgment and lead him more easily into the trap the Bolsheviks prepared and baited with that obscure watchword. When one is desperately anxious for an ideal, and sincerely perturbed at existing circumstances, it is easy to be led off the scent by an intellectual formula based on premises apparently similar to one's own, but the result of acting by formula is observance of the dead letter and loss of the living spirit. If Mr. MacDonald threw all intellectual shibboleths overboard and relied on his own excellent vision, he would surely see that there is no greater enemy of world peace and the cause of the people than Bolshevism, which is only the wolf of tyranny in the lamb's clothing of democracy, and a foe worthy of his spear. We believe that Mr. MacDonald has touched that vision without which the people perish, but visions are unfashionable in these days, and external influences have helped to blind him to its reality and truth. He works so hard in the day that there is little time left to listen in the starlight, and the Babel of voices in the council room tends to deafen him to the still, small voice in the silence of his chamber. But evolution swings forward by immense processes, in which the lifetime of a man is but a moment, and it is the work of the leaders of evolution not to tilt at every windmill that comes in sight, but to live from day to day as Christ would have lived and lead the people forward by exhibiting those Christian virtues of which the first is love and the second honour. With such an inspiration more can be done a thousand times to lighten the burden of humanity and remove the ills from which we suffer than any amount of uninspired legislation and slavish observance of intellectual doctrines.

It is impossible to believe that a complimentary gesture can turn the Bolsheviks into decent, God-fearing citizens; they will not cease from propagating their gospel of hate and atheism because the British Government takes its hat off to them. We have nothing whatever in common with the aims of people who follow such a doctrine as theirs, and so the only people who can

profit by their recognition in this country are the enemies of society and the money-grabbers.

It is difficult to imagine any more unworthy excuse for hob-nobbing with the sworn foes of civilisation, and we shall be lucky indeed if our spoon is long enough to sup with them without harm. But if it is suggested that we should keep these men at a healthy distance, we are told it is 'priggish' and 'pompous folly.' There are others who will doubt the wisdom of being braver than the angels.

Mr. MacDonald is a firm supporter of the League of Nations, and in considering the prestige our nation carries in the councils of the world it is here interesting to note that the scheme of France and the Little Entente for setting up a Continental block outside the League of Nations, assisted by large sums of money and a vigorous newspaper campaign, suddenly and mysteriously collapsed on the eve of the Belgrade Conference. A speech of Dr. Benes revealed the cause. The cause was the advent of a Labour Government in Great Britain pledged to support the League, and the realisation by the other countries that this would be done unequivocally.

But what is the weapon of the League of Nations, which Mr. Macdonald supports, against an unruly member who obstinately endangers the peace of the other members? The weapon is the boycott. The offending member is to be left outside, cut off from international intercourse until she comes to her senses. But if there is a nation whose present rulers are a menace to world peace, surely that nation is Russia. It is true that her ambitions lie in promoting civil rather than international war, but is such an object less pernicious and degraded? The slow, furtive poison of Bolshevism is more deadly if its effects are unchecked, more evil in its sinister influence and more ruinous to those inoculated with it than ever German militarism was. The admission of Russia into the League while she is under the Bolsheviks would be a despicable paradox, and would so sicken the representatives of Poland, Finland, Rumania and the Baltic States, which she has lately been busy 'propaganding,' that they would probably withdraw from a body that countenanced such a cynical farce.

The welcoming home of the unrepentant prodigal is a piece of silly sentimentalism fraught with the gravest danger to those who are weak enough to do it, and only hinders the wrong-doer by causing him to delay his repentance. Unless one regards the scheme of the universe as a piece of pessimistic fatalism, and nations and individuals as the sport of capricious external forces which they can neither control nor escape, misfortune and suffering are a part of the Divine scheme, and the scourge of Bolshevism has fallen upon Russia for some reason, not as a 'punishment'—for a merciful God does not punish—but as a means of redemption,

perhaps, for example, in order that the Russian people, who have slept for so long and have become so left behind, may awake to national consciousness by the stimulus which the attendant evils of Bolshevism bring. There are signs that such an awakening is already taking place, and it is our duty to assist it in every way. To pass by on the other side would, indeed, be 'priggish' and a denial of the Christ. But to pretend that we are helping the Russian people or doing a Christian action by encouraging their oppressors is surely the height of folly. We can help them, as we have helped, by relieving distress, spreading the civilised ideals of the more advanced nations, and generally approaching them with goodwill, but the recognition of the power that is holding them down and hindering individual and national expression can only serve to push them further into the mire.

It may fairly be assumed that the Labour Party have acted as they have done from bad judgment and lack of vision rather than from malice or from desire of things that are evil. Nor are they the only class in the country which was anxious to do this thing. The majority of them are conspicuously sincere and honest in their desire to right many wrongs which undoubtedly exist, but they are so obsessed with these wrongs and so bound down with intellectual theories that balance and sense of proportion are lost. In the general din they have no ear for spiritual help and whisperings, and the hard facts of the world as many of them have experienced it have for the time beaten down the tiny spark that is overlooked in the clamour, but nevertheless endures through many rains and lights afresh the torch of evolution for future generations to bear. Without such vision the people perish, and where vision is, there honour is found, and it is not a mere chance that Great Britain, whose privilege it still is to lead the nations, has won a reputation for honourable dealing that all may envy. Because we are justly proud of our national honour, we exhort our Prime Minister to guard it jealously as the most precious thing we have, and because it has not been our habit to stand aloof from those who are oppressed and suffer injustice, we are anxious that our goodwill to the Russian people should be shown, but we cannot compromise with the enemies of all that we have learnt to call civilisation without flinching from our duty to ourselves and to our neighbours.

L. F. Easterbrook.

PUBLIC EDUCATION IN NORTHERN IRELAND: THE NEW SYSTEM

If there has been one thing for which the people of Northern Ireland have looked as compensation for the imposition upon them of a form of self-government which they never desired, it is the reform of the system of public education in the Province. Comparatively recent efforts in the Imperial Parliament to effect the modernisation of a system which, in the main, was over sixty years old, had been defeated by the parliamentary tactics of the hereditary foes of the Union, but in the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, hesitatingly but loyally accepted by the Province, her devoted people have found their opportunity. It has been my privilege, as first Minister of Education for Northern Ireland, to be associated with the Education Act which was passed by the Northern Parliament in June last year. The magnitude of the measure may be gathered from the extent of the Schedule of Repeals, in which it will be found that no fewer than fourteen Acts of Parliament are entirely repealed. I propose, as far as possible within the limits of a review article, to outline the new system which is contemplated by an Act comprising 111 sections and six schedules.

A short preliminary note of the conditions which immediately preceded the passing of the Act is necessary. In 1921 the administration of the services of education was centralised in the highest degree. With the exception of technical instruction, there was no department of education into which local control entered, while even the activities of the local technical committees were conditioned by the limitation of their rating powers to a maximum of a twopenny rate. While over-centralisation was to be found in every department, co-ordination had hitherto been entirely lacking throughout the system. Four entirely separate and distinct bodies, namely, the Commissioners of National Education, the Intermediate Education Board, the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction and the Commissioners for Endowed Schools, had controlled the various branches of education. A certain unification, certainly, was automatically effected by the transfer of the powers of these bodies to a single

Ministry, but real co-ordination, accompanied by a proper correlation of all branches of the service, was only to be effected by legislation. With that end in view, and to avoid anything like undue haste in the erection of the important and delicate machinery of administration, a Departmental Committee of Inquiry was set up, under the able chairmanship of Mr. R. J. Lynn, M.P., in the late autumn of 1921. This committee was as representative as it could possibly be made, and the fact that the Roman Catholic Church did not share in its deliberations was not due to the lack of invitation. The burden upon the shoulders of the committee was thereby greatly increased, but I was fully justified in the confidence which I had reposed in the impartiality of its members and their genuine devotion to the cause of education by the general welcome from all creeds and classes with which their interim report upon matters requiring legislation was received.

I now pass to the Act itself. In the first place, it provides for decentralisation. We have taken the county councils and county borough councils as the units of administration in matters of finance, but the real burden, outside the county boroughs of Belfast and Londonderry, will fall upon certain new bodies which we have called regional committees. These will be set up by the various county councils under schemes approved by the Ministry. These schemes will provide for the creation of regions, each under the control of a committee, formed of representatives nominated by the county council itself and the various urban and district councils comprised therein. A county will probably contain two or more regional areas, but it may comprise a single such area only, since the system is as elastic as possible and even admits of a region lying partly within one county and partly within another. The exact delimitation of regional areas is a detail of administration which will be settled between the county councils and the Ministry after consideration of various factors, such as the geographical features, the means of communication and the existing educational facilities. The education rate will be levied by the county council over each region, in accordance with the approved estimate of expenditure in each region. This departure from the accepted system in England and Scotland is dictated by the following consideration. While in England the counties, with rare exceptions, are no larger in area than those in Northern Ireland, the means of communication are, on the whole, more highly developed. Moreover, they are broken up under the English system, which provides for distinct education authorities in all county boroughs and in urban centres whose population exceeds 20,000. In Northern Ireland, there are only two county boroughs, while there are no urban centres with so large a popula-

tion as 20,000. In Scotland, local education authorities are chosen by *ad hoc* elections; but in Northern Ireland we hope that we have avoided not only the expense and disturbance inseparable from the holding of all such elections, but also the grave danger of the domination of the local administration of education by political issues. At the same time, we claim that adequate provision has been made to secure that the members of these bodies shall be fully representative.

In the county boroughs, general administration lies with an education committee of the corporation, framed upon an approved scheme which admits of the nomination to membership of persons outside the body of corporators.

These education and regional education committees may exercise their powers through sub-committees, which may include co-opted members. Opportunity is thus afforded for the useful employment of the energies of persons who have special qualifications and interests in educational matters.

The Act makes for a further devolution of functions by empowering these committees to set up local school committees for individual schools or groups of schools, but, beyond the details of management, they can act only in an advisory capacity and are designed to secure that the administrative policy of the parent body is effectually carried out. At the same time, they provide for the expression of the educational needs of small localities.

Apart from finance, the local administration of all forms of education is entrusted to these education and regional education committees. It is their duty to provide that there are school places in public elementary schools for all the children of the area under their care and to maintain and keep efficient existing schools. They must supply further education at continuation schools and classes for technical instruction. They must remove the bar of poverty from the path of promising pupils at the elementary schools by the institution of scholarships and other assistance at secondary schools. With them lies the enforcement of compulsory attendance upon all children between the ages of six and fourteen and the control of the employment of children and young persons. They must feed the necessitous and educate the afflicted; they must provide for the medical inspection and treatment of scholars. In provided and transferred schools they must appoint the teachers and afford opportunities for religious instruction. Upon these latter duties I shall have something further to observe, because practically the whole of the opposition to the Act is centred upon them.

Elementary education includes ethical training. There has been an outcry against the proposed system as 'godless,' but this can only be due to misunderstanding. Religious instruction in a

denominational sense during the hours of compulsory attendance there will not be, but the curriculum will contain instruction in Christian ethics and moral principles, the holding of which is the common basis of all the creeds and the foundation of good citizenship.

To supplement the general elementary course, provision is made for advanced instruction for older and more intelligent children, and for the introduction at appropriate stages of practical instruction.

Public elementary schools include provided and transferred schools, which are wholly maintained and managed by the local authorities, and voluntary schools, of which there are two classes: schools under committees of management on which the local authority is represented and schools under private management. All voluntary schools receive from the rates half their expenditure upon lighting, heating and cleaning. Voluntary schools under statutory committees receive in addition half their outlay upon equipment, repairs and general upkeep. By far the larger proportion of new schools will be provided schools, but the local authorities may contribute to the erection of new voluntary schools. The allegation that we have deprived religious associations of the building grants which they enjoyed under the Commissioners of National Education is not well founded, but undoubtedly the multiplication of small denominational schools up and down the Province will be checked.

Considerable changes are foreshadowed in the relations of secondary schools with the Ministry. A clean sweep has been made of the various Intermediate Education Acts, with their pernicious system of 'results fees.' The dependence of certain grants upon examination successes disappears, and the obsolete and complicated arrangement whereby grants are payable under six or seven distinct heads gives place to a consolidated subvention. This imports the inauguration of a system wherein examinations will cease to occupy their present position of predominance in estimating educational progress. The direct provision of secondary education by local authorities is contemplated, and the establishment of public day secondary schools may be looked for. This part of the Act which deals with higher education provides for the establishment of continuation schools and classes for technical instruction, including instruction in hygiene, domestic economy and physical training. The provisions dealing with technical instruction are somewhat complicated by the establishment of a dual system of local control. Those urban authorities which worked schemes under the old Technical Instruction Acts are permitted, if they so elect, to continue their administration apart from that of the regional committees, and

to strike a rate for technical instruction over their areas, which will be exempt from that portion of the regional education rate which is levied for technical instruction. This is a concession to the only form of local education authorities in Ireland before the present Act. They have exercised their functions admirably, and this form of local option is a just recognition of past services. It is hoped that they will ultimately merge themselves in the local administrative machinery for all forms of education.

The Act proceeds upon accepted lines for compulsory attendance and the employment of children. In Belfast in particular the enforcement of compulsory attendance is closely united with the problem of the provision of school places. Happily the corporation is fully alive to its new responsibilities, and the deplorable state of affairs, whereby at a low computation there is a shortage of some 15,000 places, will be brought to an end. Provision is also made for medical inspection and treatment and for the feeding of school-children. But there is no tendency towards relieving parents of their proper responsibilities. The first duty is to the child, but parental responsibility is fully recognised, and local authorities will recover the cost of food or treatment from those parents whose failure is due to neglect rather than to poverty. The education of afflicted children at special schools is made compulsory—a reform not only justifiable on humanitarian grounds, but demanded in the interests of public economy.

In my opinion, consideration for the teacher is second only to consideration for the child itself. The most elaborate educational machinery will fail if the welfare of the teacher is ignored. Nothing has been more remarkable than the general acceptance of this view and the advance in recent years of the status of the teacher. The Act establishes State control of the qualifications and salaries of teachers in all types of schools and provides for superannuation schemes. Minimum salary scales for teachers in secondary schools and their preparatory departments have already been set up. The payment of the minimum of the scale is a condition of State recognition, the Ministry being responsible for all increments. There is no efficiency bar, but the award of each increment depends upon satisfactory service, in evidence of which reports may be called for from the school authorities. This scheme avoids the disability which the enforcement of minimum salary scales has imposed elsewhere upon teachers of experience. The governors of a school are responsible only for the commencing rate, whatever the length of a teacher's service.

The financial provisions are not complicated. The existing charges on the Parliamentary Vote, of which the chief is the payment of the entire cost of the salaries of teachers in public

elementary schools and the grants for higher education and the training of elementary school teachers, remain. The charges for the administration of the new services will fall upon the local authorities. In relief of rates the Ministry may make annual provision on its Parliamentary Vote for the payment of a definite proportion of approved local expenditure upon education. During the passage of the Act through Parliament a pledge was given that this grant in aid will for the present amount to two-thirds of the net approved expenditure, the total State liability being limited to the equivalent of the proceeds of an eightpenny rate. This implies an education rate of fourpence only, which may appear a ridiculously small local contribution compared with similar expenditure in Great Britain. But it must be remembered that the levy of a general education rate, which is in itself the corollary to the establishment of local educational administration, is the application of an entirely new principle in educational administration in Northern Ireland. Hitherto the entire cost of grants to education has been met from taxation, if we except some 20,000*l.* raised annually by rates for technical instruction. Moreover, the present agricultural depression, accentuated by the heavy charges which are temporarily falling upon the rates to meet compensation for malicious injuries, the direct result of the adoption of a policy of surrender to rebellion by the British Government, fully justifies us in restricting initial local expenditure upon education to a minimum.

I have left to the close of an article which has already grown long in the writing the discussion of the provisions in regard to religious instruction and the appointment of teachers in provided and transferred schools. Upon these the opposition, which is mainly clerical, has concentrated. No one is more conscious than I am of the extent of the services to public education in Northern Ireland rendered by the Churches of all denominations. Here, as elsewhere, public education would hardly have come into existence without the aid of the Churches; but here too, as elsewhere, it must be confessed that we have outgrown a system of private management. The State contribution to education has now increased to so vast a proportion of the total expenditure that private management can no longer be based upon the claim of private outlay. The Churches are, I believe, ready to admit public management of the schools as soon as they are convinced that religious instruction will be as assured as it is under their own management. We have endeavoured to meet these views by providing that ethical instruction shall be given during the hours of compulsory attendance, and that a daily period shall be fixed, in accordance with regulations to be laid before Parliament, during which clergymen and other persons to whom the parents

do not object shall have access to the children in all provided and transferred schools for the purpose of giving them catechetical and other religious instruction, in which the teachers may take part. It is difficult to see how we could have afforded greater assurance of religious instruction, and I believe that a better understanding of the Act will convince the Churches that their fears are founded upon misapprehension.

The appointment of teachers in provided and transferred schools lies with the local authorities alone, which are expressly prohibited from imposing religious tests. The Churches have stated that so long as this provision stands they will be unable to transfer their schools. Apart altogether from grounds of educational policy, there are constitutional grounds which prevent the Government from imposing religious tests upon applicants for posts in the public service. A cursory glance at section 5 of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, will confirm my statement. But, upon educational grounds alone, I am prepared to maintain that the appointment of a teacher of the subjects of secular instruction should be made solely upon the consideration of his educational and moral qualifications, without taking into account the colour of his religious beliefs. I am strongly of the opinion that religious instruction perfunctorily given by a teacher acting under compulsion, direct or indirect, is of little or no value. Moreover, as no teacher may give religious instruction against the wishes of the parents, it is difficult to see what harm can be done by the extension of the present practice, whereby teachers in model schools and elsewhere are engaged daily in giving secular instruction to pupils without regard to their denomination.

Though, in the circumstances, there may be no immediate transfer of the mass of voluntary schools, there is an immense amount of work for the new authorities. They will, perhaps, be all the happier if they are permitted to spend their initial years upon these duties without being called upon to face the many perplexing problems which the transfer of the great body of existing schools will entail. I am quite willing patiently to await the time when the dawn of confidence in the local administration will encourage the Churches to render yet another service to the cause of public education by the general transfer of their schools.

LONDONDERRY.

ASIA AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

No Power more than China welcomes the growing volume of attention paid to the efficiency of the League of Nations. There were perhaps in the last year some who may have thought there were signs of waning public interest. Indeed, after last year's events this feeling was more particularly noticeable, but in any case now such a view certainly cannot be accepted. We are all united in a desire to make the League as thoroughly representative as possible of all world interests. Success or failure depends, however, on the breadth of wisdom shown by the affiliated Powers.

Now it is because I hold that opinion that I wish to lay stress on the fact that the League's effectiveness depends not merely on the inclusion of all possible Powers—though that is essential—but

Continent	Area in sq. miles.		Estimated population.
Europe	3,750,000	..	400,000,000
Asia	17,000,000	..	910,000,000
Africa	11,500,000	..	180,000,000
North America	8,000,000	..	120,000,000
South America	6,800,000	..	38,000,000
Oceania	3,450,000	..	8,000,000
Polar Regions	5,000,000	..	—
	55,500,000	..	1,656,000,000

on the use made of them in its counsels when their adhesion is once secured. Clearly it is of small value to be able to boast of numbers if the maximum of enthusiastic co-operation is not equally expected from all, or if opportunities are not afforded to all to show it. This the League itself has recognised and very wisely endeavoured to provide against.

The Covenant of the League, it is true, does not admittedly make any provision in this respect. The Council of the League, which corresponds to an executive, is, as I suppose most people know, composed of four permanent Powers, who are the main signatories to the Versailles Treaty, viz., the British Empire, France, Italy and Japan, and the representatives of other Powers, styled 'non-permanents' because they are liable to annual

election. These are at present Belgium, Brazil, Spain, Sweden, Uruguay and Czecho-Slovakia. An analysis of the Council will show the under-representation of Asia in view of the table on the preceding page of the world's distribution of land and population.

Perhaps it will be still more illustrative of the point I wish to make if I quote the following additional table of the area (in square miles) and the population of the ten Council Powers:

	Sq. miles.	Population.
British Empire	13,123,712	435,000,000
Belgium	11,400	7,700,000
Brazil	3,300,000	24,500,000
Czecho-Slovakia	54,450	13,000,000
France	213,000	40,000,000
Italy	120,000	35,200,000
Japan	236,000	77,000,000
Spain	196,700	21,000,000
Sweden	173,000	6,000,000
Uruguay	72,200	1,400,000

Now it is perfectly well known that, although the Covenant is silent on the exact representation on the Council of the affiliated Powers, the Assembly of the League itself is anxious, since at the Third Assembly it formally embraced the proposition that the allocation of the non-permanent seats should be based on what is styled 'the geographical principle.'

It is true that it did not feel able to approve the more comprehensive recommendation of the Chinese delegation, and this principle should be still further elaborated in treatment, the six non-permanent seats being allotted to Europe, South America and Asia in the proportion of three, two and one, but the ground of refusal was 'that it would be unconstitutional, as restricting the choice of the Assembly, and would introduce a system of representation unknown to the Covenant.' Nevertheless, the desirability of due regard being paid to the geographical principle was affirmed, and the Report of the British Delegates to the Fourth Assembly (1923) remarks:

> The opinion expressed last year that in elections to the Council due regard should be paid to the representation of different quarters of the globe and different types of civilisation was repeated.

As it is the Assembly has still not been able to make up its mind as to the exact conditions which should govern the Council elections. Yet what happened last year? I quote from the British report above mentioned, so as to be scrupulously fair:

> At its last sitting the Assembly proceeded to the election of the six non-permanent members of the Council. Pending the establishment of definite rules on the matter the elections are for a period of one year only.

The principle that the term of membership should be longer, and that all the non-permanent members should not be replaced at once, is, however, generally recognised, and it was felt that not more than two places should change hands this year. The oldest members were Brazil, Spain and China, and the choice was felt to lie between these, though in some quarters it was suggested that, in spite of her having been elected only last year, Sweden should be made to retire. In view, no doubt, largely of her disordered state, China was not re-elected, and her place was taken by Czecho-Slovakia. No other change was made, since none of her neighbours competed against Brazil, and two places on the Council (Uruguay's being the second) were generally considered to be due to South America, and Spain received sufficient support to enable her to retain her seat without much difficulty.

China was thus driven out of the Council, and its place was taken not by any Asiatic Power, but by a European. For those who argue that the principle of 'free election' is actually adopted I may quote the following passage from the Report of the British Delegates on the Assembly of 1922:

> The votes of members are given to States, and not to individuals by name; but personalities of individuals can never be completely eliminated as was exemplified on the present occasion by the failure of the Central European Powers to secure election. It was known that the group of Central European Powers generally known as the 'Little Entente' had agreed amongst themselves to put forward for election to the Council not, as had been hoped at one time, Czecho-Slovakia, but the Serb-Croat-Slovene State, and members of the Assembly were, it seems, a little apprehensive as to the suitability of the person who, it was believed, would be nominated by the Serb-Croat-Slovene Government in the event of election. Votes in consequence went elsewhere.

By this election of 1923 the geographical basis of election was upset, and it would not have been unreasonable if the Asiatic members had withdrawn from the League. Though this course was freely asserted as possible, and even recommended, the Chinese Government had no intention of taking so extreme a step, but it did instruct its delegation to protest against the unsatisfactory result arrived at.

In the case of another Power, the same policy might not have been followed, but the Chinese are the most peaceful people in the world, while their nation is perhaps the most patient and tolerant; hence there was not even a threat to withdraw. Still China's protest was neither unnecessary nor undignified, and the League might well be invited, in the name of the Chinese people, to recollect their point of view, to regard it as reasonable and to spare the country on another occasion the misfortune of being placed in the same unsatisfactory position.

This invitation to reconsideration is, firstly, based on the size of China and the number of its people. Eliminate China from the sphere of the League's activities, and there would be a colossal

reduction in its scope. As it is, at the present time, the operations of the League extend over territory on which live three-quarters of the whole population of the world. That is largely due to the fact that the co-operation of China itself alone contributes one-quarter of the world's population. China possesses, too, so many potentialities. Its natural resources are almost illimitable. Its history dates back to over 4000 years. Its civilisation is the most ancient in existence. In it all branches of culture are represented. Its people rightly cherish great national pride. These facts alone should show that China plays a very important *rôle* among the nations adhering to the League.

Now I am quite aware that some have attributed the refusal to China of a seat on the Council to the existence of its political troubles. Thus see the British report above mentioned. I do not deny the existence of these troubles, but what country is without them? You can, at the present moment, hardly find a single one; in fact, most self-contained nations are preoccupied with domestic controversies. In these circumstances, and indeed in any case, the League should not interfere with such matters, should ignore them, should ensure a 'square deal' to every member equally and on agreed-on lines.

Then there are others who think that China is not entitled to take an active part in some of the League's activities because it has not been able regularly to pay its contributions to the League. That also is true, but other members of the League are on precisely the same footing. Why, therefore, blame China alone? China has, during the last few years, been in great financial difficulties, but it even then did not ask the League to reduce its share of the specified contributions. Many others did so at the last Assembly, even the most powerful nations. Great Britain reduced its quota by seven units, while Japan secured a similar reduction of twelve units. Yet China asked for no reduction, though it pays sixty-five units, amounting to 1,600,000 gold francs out of 23,000,000 gold francs of annual expenditure incurred by the League. In fact, its quota is second only to that of Great Britain. And why did China not ask for a reduction? It abstained because it wanted to give the League substantial support, to show the utmost goodwill towards its aims and ideals.

China is, of course, one of the richest countries of the world, although at present it is unable fully to pay during, and as a result of, its process of financial reconstruction. When China is economically opened up, the step will benefit the whole world as far as trade and commerce are concerned, and it will then assuredly render to the League still further substantial support. At least, it should not be forgotten that the Chinese Government last December paid to the League about 1,500,000 gold francs; and

an official promise has been given that the whole remaining obligation will be rapidly liquidated by instalments at an early date.

From a political standpoint China is 'getting better and better' actually, and not merely by saying so. It was attacked during the last Assembly because of the absence of a competent Government, but it has now a constitutional President and a constitutional Cabinet, while the Constitution for which the country has patiently waited for the last twelve years was proclaimed on October 10 last, the date of the twelfth anniversary of the establishment of the Chinese Republic.

I have dealt with the exact position of my country because the public should understand Chinese aspirations and keenness—I might almost say enthusiasm—for the principles of the League of Nations. I have dealt with it because I want all to understand the need of making this a League of *all* Nations, world-wide in its all-embracing sympathies and activities. At the same time, I do not pretend that even in China the League is well enough known, and therefore it has been a pleasure and a duty for me to call—as I have done—the attention of the headquarters of the League of Nations Union in Peking to the desirability of starting on a campaign of propaganda among the Chinese public. Yet we have many trustworthy supporters in China—Dr. Wellington Koo, the Foreign Minister, for instance, and a large number of his followers and well-wishers. I am well aware that it is most important to arouse public opinion, and we shall do that in China by convincing the people that the League will ensure fair play for their country and will give them a guarantee that their rights and privileges will not be overlooked.

My remarks are concentrated on the special position of China to emphasise the point I wish to raise, namely, that the failure to observe the geographical basis of Council representation may prejudice the future of the League itself. Perhaps, indeed, the League now seems to pay much more attention to Europe than to any other part of the world. This is unfortunate, though maybe it is due to the fact that the headquarters are situated in this continent. Yet its scope should not be narrowed nor its activities limited to local affairs in Europe. Its very title shows this: 'The League of Nations.' It is, in short, a world-wide concern.

If it ever ceases so to be, there can be but one outcome—the nations situated in the American continent will establish a League of their own, and those in Asia will follow suit. In that case such action would have a demoralising effect on the very principle of the League's establishment, namely, that it was to cover the whole world with its activities and busy itself with the interests of the family of nations Accordingly I suggest that its methods

should be broadened—if I may use the expression—and that its policy and debates should not be dominated in any sense by international politics in Europe alone.

Nor can it be argued that the acceptance of 'the geographical basis or principle' interferes with or breaks the activities of the League. All the problems of first-class importance germinate in the Far East. For the most part the European preoccupations of the League for the moment are legacies of the Great War and therefore, let us hope, largely ephemeral; in the Far East, 'slow-moving' as it may be, you are face to face with the many issues of magnitude which spring from the meeting of world civilisations, and mark the dawn of new—and sometimes conflicting—ideals. Such germination is a slow process. It may extend over centuries. The League should be sufficiently authoritative, sufficiently catholic, and sufficiently world-wide to deal adequately with all of them.

But this can only be accomplished by recognition of the special position of China and of Asia in general. There must be no recurrence of the procedure in 1923, when, to use a well-known Chinese literary expression: 'our critics even went as far as throwing stones into a well when the victim was already falling down inside.' No; the victim is in sound health, but it objects on principle to the treatment then received. In the interests of the League itself, there should be no repetition of it.

Surely in this great modern crusade the Powers should remember that they can count on the unqualified support of China if they allow it scope and opportunity, and such support may well be invaluable. If Easterners and Westerners stand shoulder to shoulder in this great undertaking, then one can have no fear of the result. The task of the pioneer is always the hardest, but, with unity and mutual consideration, all should be courageous and take heart, since the cause will make headway and will prevail.

CHAO-HSIN CHU.

OUR BENIGHTED 'ECONOMISTS'

THE economic troubles from which the world generally (and England especially) is suffering may be traced to the economic revolution which originated with the introduction of steam power a century or more ago, but became increasingly active after Bismarck created modern Germany.

Few people seem to realise that the economic conditions which have developed during the past fifty years have brought us to a point where the science of political economy, as taught in our schools and colleges, is no longer applicable or even intelligible. In face of these modern conditions, orthodox economics is bankrupt.

The theories upon which orthodox political economy was founded were formulated at a time when the production of wealth was a slow, arduous and often painful process, involving hard manual labour. It was a time when man lived literally by the sweat of his brow. Nature was regarded as niggardly, giving but small returns for great exertion.

Orthodox economics has preached and still teaches the gospel of scarcity—that the necessities of life are strictly and even dangerously limited by Nature, hence the need for economy. Thrift—the habit of saving—has been exalted into one of our highest virtues, and compensation in the shape of interest—better known to the ancients as usury—is claimed to be the reward not for industry or invention, but for abstinence.

Under the teachings of what was termed the 'dismal science,' the public were advised not only to save their pence and shillings, but warned by the Reverend Mr. Malthus that Nature had perpetrated a terrible blunder in making human fecundity tend to outrun the means of subsistence, and that poverty and starvation were ordained by an all-wise Providence as a rightful check on population.

> A man who is born into a world already occupied [wrote this reverend economist], his family unable to support him and society not requiring his labour, such a man, I say, has not the least right to claim any nourishment whatever; he is really one too many on the earth. At the great banquet of Nature there is no plate laid for him. Nature commands him to take himself away, and she will not be slow to put her order into execution.

This was the gospel of economic despair, which not only obtained credence a century ago, but is still the accepted doctrine of many modern writers and of the orthodox Press It is still the economic religion of Liberalism and the school of *laisser-faire* which clings so tenaciously to the teachings of Cobden and Peel.

Orthodox economics belongs to the age in which Carl Marx wrote *Das Kapital* and formulated the principles of modern Socialism, belief in which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues profess.

It was an age when hand-labour was the mainspring of all wealth, upon which Marx based his claim for the appropriation of wealth by labour. The age of modern machine-power, which has displaced labour to so marked a degree, was just commencing. The economist of those times could hardly have foreseen what has since taken place, namely, that the problem of what to do with our surplus population has been superseded by the problem of what to do with our surplus goods. In the days of Malthus, the burning question was how to get goods. To-day it is where to find markets. Small wonder that every attempt on the part of our orthodox economists to solve our modern problems has proved both ridiculous and disastrous.

> I would as soon entrust my physical health [said Mr. Arthur (now Earl) Balfour] to a doctor whose knowledge of the Pharmacopœia was that of 1840 as I would entrust our fiscal and trade policies to statesmen who have learned nothing since the days of Richard Cobden and Sir Robert Peel.

The chief object as well as the real test of a science is prevision. Applying this test to recent political events, we may easily realise how completely fallacious and inoperative are the principles upon which orthodox economics is based. Not one of our orthodox economists was able to foresee the effects of the currency deflation policy, for example, upon our trade, industries and employment, as recommended by the Cunliffe Currency Committee and endorsed by most of our professional economists.

The wonderful scientific discoveries and inventions of the past fifty years, whereby man has been able to harness the solar energy to machinery in every field of production, have completely changed the world's economic conditions.

Our facilities for the production of wealth have increased a thousandfold. From having to devote most of his waking hours to heavy toil in order to secure a bare subsistence for himself and family, the average workman has arrived at a stage where he is able to sit and watch half a dozen machines producing more than a thousand human hands could have wrought half a century ago. In every department of manufacture and production, machines are displacing the labour of millions of men. And each year wit-

nesses this continuous displacement of labour. Indeed, it is but a question of time when the only function of man in connection with production will be superintendence—the superintendence of machinery.

In the direction of food production, American experts assure us that the western and north-west States of America alone are quite capable of growing sufficient corn to feed the population of North America and Europe! Adding the whole of the grain-growing territory of Canada and the United States, enough food can be produced for feeding the whole world. They also tell us that, great as is the present output of wealth by their wonderful hive of industry, so far not more than 10 per cent. of the potential output of the United States has been reached.

The great problem of wealth production has been solved. With our present facilities, 5 per cent. of the world's people are able to furnish enough to maintain the whole world's population in a high degree of comfort. The problem confronting us to-day is how to distribute the products of machine-power so as to maintain it in constant operation. We are menaced by a congestion of commodities, and the cry is for fresh markets. Scarcity has given place to abundance. Producers are clamouring for consumers. To-day the man of mark is not the creator of wealth, but the buyer. So effective have our methods of production become that our experts tell us that acceptance of the war reparations from Germany in the shape of goods would ruin us.

From the material standpoint what the world is urgently in need of to-day is a new science of economics based upon abundance —the science of plenty. Viewed from an impartial standpoint, the economic world presents a spectacle at which—if they have still the same cynical humour as portrayed by the ancient Greek writers—the gods must split their sides with merriment. For they see a world enriched—as far as human experience goes—with an unlimited supply of all the fundamental factors of wealth for giving mankind an abundance of all the necessities and most of the so-called luxuries of life. And, with this plethora of wealth, they witness millions on the verge of starvation.

Markets, stores and warehouses glutted with goods and myriads crying aloud for them, producers seeking buyers, buyers seeking consumers, and consumers perishing for lack of goods. Surely no greater paradox has ever been presented. Over-production and starvation walk hand in hand. Where must we seek an answer to this most urgent problem? Surely in the system by which wealth is now distributed. Money, the social instrument with which goods are bought and for which they are sold, remains in this country practically what it was a century ago—a relatively scarce article hedged about by numerous laws defining its character

and functions, but left under the control of a private trading company whose profits are made chiefly by selling credit. Now the scarcer the supply of money (*i.e.*, legal tender) the greater the demand for bank credit. Hence it seems to the banker desirable that the supply of money should be strictly limited. Our monetary laws were enacted under the belief that scarcity of wealth was both natural and inevitable.

There appeared, therefore, to be no necessity for a currency which could be expanded to any very considerable degree, the effects of which might be a continual inflation of prices. Our monetary system has, therefore, become a strait-jacket for our continuously increasing production. There is no normal room for growth.

The result is a chronic insufficiency of legal purchasing power, so that, although we have millions of potential consumers at our very doors, they are unable to provide a market for our goods through lack of money. Their natural demand is unable to make itself effective. Hence the cry for foreign markets. Our foreign trade has, therefore, become superficially of greater importance than the home trade, with the result that, instead of our statesmen devoting their attention to solving our domestic problems—which are the more urgent—they are wasting their time and exhausting the patience of the people in striving to stabilise foreign affairs.

The home market is the one which every industrial nation endeavours to cultivate to the highest degree within its power—that is, every nation except Great Britain. Common-sense seems to suggest that the prime object of a nation's industrial system is to supply the people of that nation with the goods they need first, and to offer to foreign markets such surplus goods as are not required for home consumption.

In short, foreign trade—so far as exports are concerned—should be the overspill of the home trade. But our inadequate monetary system has entirely reversed this condition. We are taught to regard our foreign trade as of supreme importance and our home trade as merely a system of 'taking in each other's washing.' The result is somewhat tragic. With the closing of many foreign markets to our goods, our industries—which under a rational financial policy would be kept busy with the home demand—have to stagnate, whilst millions of workers are kept idle. And the irony of the situation is intensified by knowledge of the fact that our post-war financial policy—inaugurated by Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition Government—is mainly responsible for the sparseness of our foreign trade. The raising of the pound sterling so that 'it can look the dollar in the face' has made a barrier between foreign purchasers and ourselves by making it more expensive for foreigners to purchase our goods.

Cheap currencies form a very decided check to foreign importations, and constitute a very effective protective system to the home market. French and Belgian goods are underselling English goods in the markets of Bradford and Manchester for the first time in our history because of the fall of the franc in relation to the pound.

Our so-called 'sound currency' spells our industrial ruin. The foundation of a nation's prosperity is wealth production and not currency, whether sound or unsound. A currency that tends to industrial prosperity is *sound*, whilst one that destroys prosperity is *unsound*. For after all it should be remembered that currency is merely a tool, a means to an end—the exchange of goods.

A dear, scarce currency means an impoverished home trade, a reduced foreign trade, stagnant industry, an inflation of debts, wholesale bankruptcies, unemployment, poverty and social misery. This is the real root of England's economic troubles since 1920.

Money is distributed among the people in the form of wages, salaries, dividends, pensions, and doles. The greater the amounts so distributed the greater the effective demand for goods, which means the greater the amount of goods which can be profitably created. On the other hand, the less money so distributed the fewer goods the public are able to buy. Reduction of wages, salaries and dividends means reduced trade. It follows, therefore, that the maintenance of our antiquated currency system destroys very materially the benefits which labour-saving inventions would otherwise have conferred on mankind.

Our financial policy stands as a barrier between an almost unlimited supply of goods and the people. Poverty could long since have been destroyed but for this institution.

It has long been known that the amount of purchasing power annually distributed in wages, salaries and dividends was quite insufficient to enable the public to purchase the goods furnished by their industries during the same period, even if the goods were offered at cost prices. Major C. H. Douglas has demonstrated this fact to a mathematical certainty in his works entitled *Economic Democracy* and *Credit Power*.

The result is that foreign markets have become essential for enabling us to maintain even our home markets. For lack of sufficient currency, we have to enlist foreign buyers to keep a large portion of our population from starvation !

It seems strange, however, that the Labour leaders, who base the claims of labour to the appropriation of wealth upon the theory that labour creates all wealth, have failed to see the logical result of this attitude in face of the increasing development of labour-saving devices.

What is to happen when all labour is finally displaced and

machinery produces all wealth? Even though they claim the ownership of machinery made by labour, this claim fails when machinery is solely the product of machinery.

Even the Christian injunction that 'he who will not work, neither shall he eat,' becomes inoperative under these new conditions. If manna is rained from heaven, if all the necessities of life are furnished by harnessing the forces of Nature, and the need for human toil is abolished, are the masses of mankind to be refused any share in Nature's bounties?

This is becoming one of our immediate problems. The need for employment is growing less every year. And if the right to live is to depend upon men finding profitable employment, millions of men and women will perish, and the world's population will begin to dwindle.

Under the science of plenty, an entirely new basis for the distribution of wealth will have to be established. Since the reign of plenty has been made possible by the army of inventors, scientists, and discoverers in all lands who have worked for the benefit of their own and future generations, it has been suggested that everyone born into a community should be allowed a claim to a share of the proceeds of these inventions. For we are all heirs of all past ages. And there seems to be no valid objection to such a claim. It may be said, however, that, since we have not yet arrived at the happy stage where labour can be dispensed with, the old rules must still apply. The answer is that with the increasing output of machinery the hours of labour should be reduced. Instead of employing 5 per cent. of the population say eight hours per day, a greater percentage should be employed at a greatly reduced number of hours. As fast as the burdens of toil are lifted from the shoulders of mankind by labour-saving machines, the lot of labour should become easier, better and brighter.

We should all belong to the leisured class. This is undoubtedly the goal to which our modern industrial system is urging us. Only one formidable barrier prevents this desirable consummation, and that is our irrational, antiquated monetary system.

ARTHUR KITSON.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

I. THE PRESENT SITUATION

A LABOUR Government is in office, and we are all alive. The City is quiet, the bank directors unflustered; the heroic vision of Lord Banbury leading the Coldstream Guards in an attack upon the enemies of his country has been withheld from an expectant nation. Life seems to go on very much as before. The good old English Constitution, which has weathered so many storms, appears to ride the waves as buoyantly as ever.

If this be revolution, never has the thing been managed with more decorum. The fateful division in the Commons, prefaced by a singularly good-humoured debate from which we might glean that the Conservative and Labour leaders are not so far disjoined as their official positions would seem to indicate, was the occasion for no demonstration. The issue was foreseen and discounted in advance. It was felt that the funeral rites of Protection might have been abridged to the public advantage, and that the sooner the new Government got to grips with its work the better. Indeed, though a good deal of the speaking was sincere enough, it would be hard to match the debate for unreality, for Mr. Baldwin's Government was killed in the first days of December, and could not by the general confession have been revived; but the scene was set, the parts had to be played, and for three weary parliamentary days the ghost of the suicide, as in some old Italian comedy, upbraided in accents of falsetto indignation the necessary ministrations of the sexton.

A good deal of play was made with the argument that the Liberal Party by voting for the Labour amendment would be helping into power a party far more widely severed from them in political principles than the Conservatives, for whom Protection was, at any rate for the coming session, an extinct issue. It was easy to parade quotations from Liberal speeches denouncing Socialism and from Labour speeches denouncing Liberalism. But what were the Liberals to do? Coalition was for the moment dead, as unpopular with the Tories as with the Liberals. It was very difficult for a Liberal Free Trader who had fought the

parliamentary election mainly in defence of the fiscal system of the country, so powerfully threatened by the Conservative forces, to declare by his vote that the Conservative Government, which had just experienced a smashing defeat at the polls and had conspicuously failed in its foreign policy, still retained the confidence of the House of Commons. Abstinence from the division made no difference, for it was equivalent to a declaration that power should remain where it already lay. But the continuance of the Baldwin Government was a political impossibility. The Prime Minister had himself told the country that he could not handle the problem of unemployment without a mandate for Protection, and that mandate was refused him. His own personal desire and first and better impulse was to resign as soon as the result of the polls was known. The Cabinet, however, thought otherwise. Among other considerations, there was a party advantage to be secured by delay in that the Liberals would be forced to come out into the open and give a vote in favour of the leader of the Independent Labour Party.

Whatever doubts may have attached themselves to the probable course of the Liberal Party were dispelled by Mr. Asquith's speech at the National Liberal Club, which was followed up by an even more brilliant piece of cogent oratory during the debate on the Address. The duty of the party was to persist in the path which it had marked out for itself at the election, to vote for Liberal measures always, and to oppose an equal front to Protection and the Capital Levy. In such a course there was no dereliction of electoral pledges. A Socialist Government so brought into office would, in any case, be robbed of all power to harm.

Ten Liberals went into the Government lobby rather than adopt a course certain to result in a Labour Ministry. Their action was quite intelligible, for eight at least owed their seats largely to Conservative votes, and, as between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin, strongly preferred the popular Conservative. The majority of the party voted for the amendment. They held, first, that Socialism in any sense objectionable to Liberals was out of the question during the present Parliament; second, that there was an advantage to the country in giving to the leaders of the Labour movement the opportunity of a sobering contact with the perplexities and responsibilities of government in circumstances in which they were unable to try wild experiments; and, thirdly, that if a sweeping victory of the extreme Left were desired there was no better way of preparing for it than by a combination of Tories and Liberals for no purpose but that of keeping Labour out of office.

The composition of the new Government is quite in the British tradition. An ex-Lord Chancellor, an ex-Viceroy, an

ex-colonial governor, an eminent Conservative Churchman, the heir to a baronetcy, a general, the son of a distinguished courtier, the member of a family of wealthy brewers and landowners, mingle with trades union officials, many of whom graduated as chapel preachers. This, then, is no camarilla of Jacobins framed to rob the tills, wreck the Empire and subvert the altars. India is safe. Apart from the Prime Minister, who knows and understands the Indian problem, have we not Lord Chelmsford ? Safer still are the altars. Indeed, since the days of Oliver Cromwell there has been no such Puritan Government in England. It is to be feared that there are more preachers than politicians on the Treasury Bench !

It is, then, natural to ask whether this new Government, so mixed in its social composition, containing, indeed, antinomies only to be reconciled by the serene Hegelian dialectic of the Lord Chancellor, stands for anything new and distinctive in British politics. An insistence upon a coherent plan for nationalising land and the instruments of production would break the Cabinet to bits in half an hour. Mr. MacDonald will not be so foolish as to attempt it. His strength and his opportunity will lie in seeking to give effect to those widely spread idealistic impulses in the British people which have found an insufficient measure of satisfaction under preceding Governments. The distinctive Socialist policy will never commend itself to the country, and would demand æons of parliamentary time ; but a plan for the pacification of Europe is undoubtedly expected of Mr. MacDonald. His followers demand that Russia and Germany should enter the League of Nations; that France should quit the Ruhr and abandon her Separatist intrigues; that the reparation question should be solved, armaments reduced, the authority of the League of Nations established. All these things are required of Mr. MacDonald, in addition to the abolition of unemployment, the solution of the housing problem, the improvement of education and the reduction of the tea and sugar duties. Above all, since Mr. MacDonald is a pacifist, he is expected to release the doves of peace.

In endeavouring to satisfy these great expectations, Mr. MacDonald will not necessarily run counter to the general purposes of the Liberal, nor, for the matter of that, of the Conservative, Party as they were defined in the King's Speech. Indeed, the curious feature of the present political situation is the large amount of common ground occupied by the three political parties now that Ireland is no longer a predominant domestic issue, that Free Trade is for the moment secure, and that parliamentary conditions veto the experiment of a Capital Levy. It follows that the Labour Government, if it shows the required measure of competence in administration (rather a large 'if' when we consider the precipi-

tate capitulation of the new Minister of Health to the Poplar Guardians) and can command the allegiance of its followers, should be able to surmount the difficulties arising from the parliamentary situation. By its own professions it is precluded from a policy of inflation. It cannot, therefore, raise any large sum by way of loan. Nor can it, without risking parliamentary defeat, impose an addition to the income tax. It will pass a Budget the main lines of which have been bequeathed to it by its predecessors, and will remove the thrift disqualifications to old age pensions. If it can tackle the question of dilution in the building trade, find a little money for adult education and juvenile employment centres, renew the State scholarships to secondary schools, and restore the University grants to their former level, so much the better. Towards the execution of such a programme the Government should be able to command the necessary amount of parliamentary support.

The operations at Westminster will not then be on the heroic scale. What, however, of the European situation? Will Mr. MacDonald succeed where the preceding Government so conspicuously failed? That he will find Europe less malleable and less disposed to Christian charity than he and his followers suppose may be taken as certain. While Lord Parmoor sits at the Foreign Office planning new work for the League of Nations, the military ascendency of France is being steadily hammered into the body of Central Europe. Against the Europe of the League, pacific, trustful, owning allegiance to high reason and sweet charity, there is the other Europe, the creature of fear and pride and long revenges, the old Europe of Louis XIV. caparisoned in the steel of modern science. Which will prevail? Will Mr. MacDonald's voice reach beyond M. Poincaré and Marshal Pilsudsky and Dr. Benes to the artisans and peasants of France, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia? Will the surprising spectacle of a Labour Government in England awake the slumbering energies of Continental Liberalism to a consciousness of the sinister drift of affairs? Will Mr. O'Grady's soft Irish eloquence persuade Comrade Trotsky to lay aside the gospel of terror or the policy of revolutionary propaganda? Or will Comrade Trotsky tell Mr. O'Grady to mind his own business, and the French continue to advise Mr. MacDonald to reserve his Messianic appeals for the ears of his eccentric fellow-countrymen? We must not pitch our hopes too high.

Nevertheless in a sky generally dark and gloomy there are some glimmering points of light. Trade at last shows signs of improvement. French and English experts are getting nearer to one another over the Reparations question, and now speak of a figure within the range of possibility. Moreover, the French, who are a

practical people, may be trusted, more especially with the lesson of the falling franc so present to their minds, to accommodate themselves to a disappointing reality. The great difficulty will be the Ruhr, for so long as the French are in the Ruhr the wounds of Germany are open and bleeding, and yet how are the French to recede without loss of prestige? But even here the difficulties, though great, are not insuperable. The French soldiers have never liked the Ruhr adventure, the French public has begun to discover that it has not brought reparations, and a good many of the best people in France are feeling uncomfortable as they view the unexpectedly disagreeable measures which the occupation of this district has entailed. All these sentiments are likely to find expression in the forthcoming French elections. There will not be a revolution of policy; M. Poincaré will not be dethroned, but there will be an atmosphere favourable to a reconsideration of the international landscape, and to that altered atmosphere the French President of the Council will adapt himself. We hope that Mr. MacDonald will take advantage of such a change to invite the interested Powers to a comprehensive review of the questions which now disturb the peace of Western Europe. It goes without saying that France will not evacuate the Ruhr without alternative guarantees or abate her military policy without some form of security more effective than the Covenant of the League of Nations, but we believe that, with wise and considerate handling, it should be possible to satisfy her on both these points.

If anything effectual is to be done to clear up the European situation (and the position of the British troops in Cologne, daily becoming more difficult owing to the encircling pressure of the French, pleads for a prompt liquidation almost as powerfully as the desperate lack of working capital in Germany), the Government must obtain support at home. Will it receive that support? Nothing would be easier, in the existing balance of parties, than to render the session completely sterile and nugatory. The Government may be defeated any night, since, in the lack of any agreement between the leaders, it is not to be expected that the Liberals will be whipped to defend it. If the Conservatives should choose to prevent any business being done, they can easily achieve their object. This course, however, will not be taken. There is a great deal more real public spirit in the House of Commons than outsiders are willing to give it credit for. The Government will be given a fair trial. Neither Mr. Baldwin nor Mr. Asquith are the men to lead a factious Opposition. Moreover, by the terms of their own King's Speech the Conservatives will be estopped from criticising the principles of most of the measures which Mr. MacDonald is likely to propose.

Another consideration will weigh with members of the House of Commons. The three-party system is not likely to disappear with the close of this Parliament, and the House must therefore be prepared to adjust itself to conditions under which the Government of the day will rely for its regular support on a minority party. We doubt very much whether, in these circumstances, the King's government can be carried on without either a coalition or else a formal agreement between two parties. Lord Grey advises the Liberals to vote freely according to their conscience, and in the circumstances in which he spoke, with Mr. Baldwin still in office and before a Labour programme had been announced, that was the best advice which could be given. In course of time, however, the question will certainly arise whether some general effort ought not to be made to canalise and direct the activities of the session so that they should not be entirely barren. A coalition is out of the question for the moment, but it is to be doubted whether Parliament can do its work without some kind of arrangement between the leaders as to the legislative proposals which should have priority and support. In any case it seems to be a corollary of the situation that the Government should persevere in its task, despite adverse divisions on minor questions of tactics or policy.

Socialism as a parliamentary reality is not a term of art. To nationalise an industry is generally considered to be a mark of Socialism, yet Mr. Churchill, who so eloquently defends the true Liberal platform, once gave an opinion in favour of the nationalisation of railways, and might perhaps be disposed to favour the project again, if it were coupled with a provision for compulsory arbitration in case of labour disputes. The truth is that each case for nationalisation must be judged on its business merits. Liberals are in general opposed to the nationalisation of the mines. They think, in my opinion rightly, that an industry so complicated, so difficult, depending so largely for its success upon skill in marketing abroad, can best be conducted by private enterprise; but they cannot shut their eyes to the fact that in certain coalfields (*e.g.*, the Forest of Dean and Somersetshire) the industry may die out for lack of organisation and scientific equipment, unless some external compulsion be applied. The real difference between the Liberal and the Socialist is one of initial bias. The Liberal is biased in favour of private property and private enterprise, the Socialist biased against it. The Liberal wishes to preserve private property until he is convinced that it is to the general interest that private rights should be subordinated to public powers; the Socialist regards private property as *ab initio* suspect. The Liberal attacks private privilege and private monopoly through a system of

regulation and control, the Socialist through a transference of ownership.

Holding the balance as it does, the Liberal Party is in a position to insist that electoral reform should be among the measures of the present Parliament. What shape that reform should take, whether that of the alternative vote, or of the second ballot, or of proportional representation, has not yet been decided, but it would certainly be the great loss of a golden opportunity if the Liberals were to fail to make use of their strength to secure the passage into law of a statute for the removal of the grave anomalies which deface our present system of voting. That some voices will be raised for the second ballot and others for the alternative vote is probable, though both these expedients are open to grave objections. There are many, the present writer among them, who would strongly prefer proportional representation to either.

At the very outset of its career the new Government was confronted with the awkward situation of a railway strike, an event sufficient in itself to dissipate the illusion that Labour government spells Labour peace, and as these words are being written the National Union of Railwaymen has promised its support to the Transport Workers' Union in the event of their threatened strike taking effect. The country has had altogether too much of this trouble on the railways. Why, asks the plain man should Mr. Bromley be permitted to hold the whole community to ransom? A railway strike is as bad as a police strike; it is a blow aimed at the heart of the community. A Government professing Socialist principles should grapple manfully with the whole question of strikes against the commonweal. In the Socialist State every industrial worker is, I understand, a civil servant. Is it contemplated that the civil servant should be allowed to strike? It will be interesting to see what attitude the new Government adopts upon a question intimately affecting its philosophy of the State.

In general the public will judge Mr. MacDonald's Government by its capacity for rule. Can the Prime Minister keep his own wild men in order? Has he the courage to take the unpopular course? Will he deal faithfully with the building trade? Will he be firm with revolution whenever he meets it? If the Governor of an Indian province finds it necessary to use all the reserved powers entrusted to him under the Constitution, will the Prime Minister support his authority? We believe that he will, but we believe also that he can only rise to the high level of his great responsibilities by creating a schism among his immediate parliamentary supporters.

H. A. L. FISHER.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

II. Common Form and Commonplace

A distinguished contributor to the September number of this Review remarks: 'Life for so many of us has become so superficial and such a round of dull routine' . . and this is not an unhappy lot (omitting 'superficial' and 'dull': questionable terms), which is merciful, since it is the lot of the overwhelming majority of the human race. To be *lætus sorte mea* is a very happy lot indeed for any man. How to secure the happiness of the multitude is the gravest preoccupation of governors, and the last thing that professional politicians care about. In fact, there have been epochs when these people have openly rejoiced in causing all the sorrow and mourning possible. To be sure, they baptise their sadic emotions with all sorts of fine names; but these deceive nobody. It is doubtful whether the 'Can't you let it alone?' of Lord Melbourne and the late Duke of Devonshire did not contain more wisdom than all the text-books of all the 'reformers.' Much of the world's work must always be commonplace; much of our procedure must always be 'common form.' When should we resolve that 'common form' should be, must be, thrown aside? How can we distinguish faithfully between a commonplace which has become irksome and a commonplace which is generally acceptable? This is no academical disquisition; it concerns the daily life of all the population. Take the very island where these lines are written. It has lived for 900 years by common form, and nobody could call it commonplace. To change the common form of Jersey would be an impossibility, because that fierce and versatile people would not suffer the attempt, so it is waste of time to inquire whether change would be salutary or not. Since a system should be judged by its results, we may note that from the Church to golf, with the Fine Arts thrown in as a viaticum, there is no walk of life where Jersey men have not been supreme. '*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari,*' or whatever may be the correct genitive of Cæsarea, Jersey being traditionally one of the many Cæsareas of the Roman Empire. If a thing be good, why change? How different is this

from the hysterical antics of England—England, which once possessed as good a Constitution as any country could desire, and now possesses no Constitution at all, as the result of incessant tinkering. Jersey people know instinctively that all time spent in this way is wasted time.

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best.

Thus we see that adherence to common form throughout centuries may be productive of the highest good. Let us now consider a case where adherence to common form has been absolutely ruinous. The once famous Civil Service of India was frowned on from the first. It was founded in the heyday of the examination craze of the last century, and in opposition to the stated views of the Sovereign.

So much has been said, and said with so much heat, about examinations, that we might profitably spend a few minutes in considering how far exaggerations are valuable.

What is proved by success in examinations? First of all, ambition, the resolve to 'spurn delights and live laborious days' at the time when the call of youth is most urgent. In this particular case, what was the ambition? '*De bon vouloir servir le Roi*': to serve the King by guarding and cherishing his subjects. There can be no nobler ambition on the face of the earth. Incidentally the successful acquire quite as much book-learning as any gentleman need possess. The material, then, was the best of England; all depended on how it was handled. It was mishandled so grievously that, after a life of sixty years, the service was contemptuously swept out of existence, 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.' This was the natural result of swathing, swaddling, strangling, the best minds of England in common form, and reducing the most variedly brilliant souls to the dead level of commonplace. To those acquainted with the facts it is unnecessary to add details; to those unacquainted with the facts details would be incredible. Besides, nobody in England desires information on the subject.

At this point a personal experience may be cited as illustrative, although insignificant in itself. In the middle of an ocean voyage a fellow-traveller inquired one's unimportant name, and on learning it exclaimed: 'What? Are you the man who said he came out to India to be a statesman and found he was only a clerk?' One owned the soft impeachment. Twenty years later a Viceroy (one of our best) is reported to have employed viceregally precisely the same expression: 'After all,' referring to the service as a whole, 'you are nothing but clerks, all of you.' His Excellency was right. After a lifetime of steady pressure, the service was satisfactorily pulped.

Thus we see that common form may be either invaluable or ruinous in the world of action. In the world of thought we are almost entirely governed by common form. How often in the last forty years have we not heard that 'force is no remedy,' the plain fact of life being that force is the only remedy? When a patient is suffering from gout, he does not exhort his tormentor to go away; he sends for his trusty friend Colchicum, who expels the knave intruder. This common form has been much employed in discourses on Ireland. We were incessantly assured that the Irish were, etc., etc., etc., and would never be ruled by force. Let us see, then, how they themselves propose to rule the country, now that it has been delivered from the tyranny of England. The way to get rid of Lord Lansdowne was, not to write him a polite letter, but to burn his house down; then he goes away, of course. Really a contemporary philosopher's openly expressed disdain for England and the English is amply justified. It reminds us of *The Babes in the Wood* and the very simple ruse by which Mr. Herbert Campbell, as one of the babes, got rid of his tormentors.

All this chatter about sympathy, etc., etc., persists, and has existed for several generations, in spite of the fact that the more intelligent the governed may be, the more impatient they are of all this idle discursiveness. It is, in fact, nothing but a symptom of mental decay.

Merely as a matter of passing attention, it is noteworthy that all our current common forms are essentially solvent or destructive Since the early days of the Primrose League there has been, so to speak, no rallying cry for the cause of construction and conservation. After all, mankind is ruled by catchwords. In the age in which we live all the wit is on the side of Apollyon. (The two ideas run through all history and all legend: Jehŏvah and Apollyon, Creator and Destroyer; Ormuzd and Ahriman.)

All the intelligence of this kind is on the side of Apollyon, whose opponents' wits appear to have atrophied. Good phrases are great powers. It is not a question of being funny or clever or anything of that kind. It is a question of forging and wielding mighty weapons. Thus, when the famous phrase 'self-determination' was put into circulation, there was nobody found with sufficient knowledge or courage to point out that this was only a long word for revolt. Self-determination as practised in the United States of America was not to the taste of the majority of the people. No doubt President Wilson rightly gauged our mental capacity when he decided that it was good enough for England. Facts have justified him, and this latest piece of common form has already proved itself a powerful corrosive.

Let us now take the most famous of all common forms, 'the

will of the people.' In practice this works out as the will of the wire-pullers. It is some years since the present writer was accorded the privilege of examining in these pages the meaning of the word 'people.' Without repeating that elaboration it comes to this: that the views of the wire-puller 'shall prevail' through the votes of the many who repeat the war-cry, regardless of the interests of the country and very often of the voters themselves. To use either the word 'will' or the word 'people' in connection with these bemused babblings is out of place. But what does that matter? It is a good fighting phrase. How proud every ignoramus feels as he casts his vote under the impression that he is enforcing the 'will of the people.'

The side of conservation and construction is miserably poor when it comes to useful catchwords. The present writer, in the course of some years' experience on the fringe of public affairs, was at the pains to take a note of all the reasons of Conservatives for doing nothing. There were twenty-six, plus sub-variants, all of which displayed industry, resource, intelligence, and even some subtlety, so much so that one could hardly help suspecting that the two parties were in alliance, the Radicals supplying the necessary brains. In the existing flabbiness of public opinion, success is for the man or the party who can evolve the next common form, and the more commonplace that common form is, the better, because it appeals to the largest number of people. This is the last development of the most ancient of all common forms: 'representative government.' Very aged indeed, and tottering to its last rest, is this wonderful piece of 'patter.' (Incidentally, and as a matter of inquiry, why should we have endeavoured to fasten this venerable curiosity, now almost a sheeted corpse, on to the ancient and picturesque civilisations of India? It is some consolation to reflect that they will never endure it.)

To adapt Goethe's comment on the Holy Roman Empire, we may say that there is nothing to be said against 'representative government' except that it is not government and does not represent anything.

It is no longer possible to rouse anybody to enthusiasm by talking about 'representative government.' Nobody cares what may be the nature of his government so long as he can 'look to make his bit out of it.' What is really of importance is to shout 'Democratic!' This is common form, but not at all commonplace. There never was a word so habitually used in so many different, and even contradictory, senses. Thus we have a 'democratic' king, a 'democratic' aristocracy, a 'democratic' religion, 'democratic' beauty, etc., etc.

Never was there such a triumphant common form. The only revolt against it comes from Rome, the old home of law and order

'Liberty' in the classic sense meant: 'I would not be a slave; I would have my share of power.' 'Liberty,' as a cry in the modern world, means grabbing anything you want or destroying anything you do not like. Thus one has heard the disestablishment of the Welsh Church defended with tears on the ground that 'I only ask for more liberrrty.' By what process, one marvels, could a pious old gentleman from beyond the Grampians persuade himself that the cause of liberty was advanced by depriving the humble mountaineers of Wales of all sources of spiritual consolation? But, in point of fact, there is no mental process involved at all; he was only shouting with his crowd.

This is a small, though heartrending, illustration. The most momentous result of shouting 'Liberty!' without reflection has been the abdication of the white race. When I once remarked, without emphasis, that England had taken the lead in this movement, I was flatly contradicted by a Frenchman, who was, no doubt, right, although why he should wish to claim for his country so lamentable a distinction it is hard to say. The white race must rule the black, or *vice versâ*, and the Englishmen who entered Benin city are qualified to offer an opinion as to which is the more desirable state for the dark race. Chaka founded one famous negroid State on the basis of stern military discipline. It was a fairly orderly State, and quite worth living in—for Zulus. Only, as the process involved the extermination of all Chaka's neighbours, it was of doubtful benefit to the race as a whole. Almost contemporaneously we have seen the foundation of a mainland State, Liberia, and an island State, Haiti. Benevolent experiments both, with results which we may contemplate with whatever satisfaction we can extract from them.

As we have under consideration the question of race, it is well worth our while to consider the stupendous effects on the history of the world produced by the Kalima. Those of us who are of the faith will conclude that there is nothing remarkable in the triumph of a Divine revelation. Secularly considered, it was a magnificent fighting phrase, within the comprehension of the simplest. Its manifold effect, as translated into human endeavour, was, among other advantages, the production of miracles of art, from the Alhambra in Spain to furthest Ind, nothing of which, we may conjecture, would have existed if it had not been for the invention (or the inspiration) of an elderly widower domiciled in Southern Arabia some 1200 years ago. Here then we have an example of common form which has had no commonplace results, and has been of incalculable benefit to the human race. 'If we could only say the right word, we could call the tribes out of the desert; there is not a soldier worth firing at in Asia, except the Sepoys.' Thus Tancred, the idealist, but 'they have no artillery,'

comments the prosaic Baroni. Allegory. Thus is the ideal invariably 'crabbed' by the real. In this case, the real was right, though not for the reason Baroni gave. If anybody would learn how slender would be the result of 'calling out the tribes,' let him read Mr. Doughty's work on the subject (Cambridge: at the University Press, 2 vols., 1400 pp.).

Here we see in operation the decay of a race, a race that very nearly vanquished us and ruled the world. It has often been made a subject of inquiry how far the results of civilisation are permanent. What could undermine the Western world? Nothing in the way of weapons of warfare; but it may rot to pieces internally, and no words, even inspired, can resuscitate dying races.

The resounding narrative of Mr. John Buchan obscures his subtle psychology. Thus, says Lancelot Wake, 'all we humanitarians and pacifists have hatred as our mainspring. . . . We are full of hate towards everything that does not square in with our ideas.' That is, no doubt, why they are successful. Hatred is a tremendous driving force, but if we compare Mr. Wake with Mr. Disraeli, writing three-quarters of a century earlier, we are conscious of a sensible decline. 'The principle of our society, which is to aspire and to excel,' is a noble thought, and, no doubt, was the driving force when Disraeli wrote. It is not the driving force to-day. Unhappily, the prevalence of hate as a driving force is both a symptom and a cause of decay. There was hatred enough in the Eastern Empire, but it did not save Constantinople. All the common forms of our time have their origin in hatred. 'Taxing the food of the people,' for instance, was an incomparably clever war-cry, and still persists after twenty years of wear and tear. To neglect common form and commonplace is to throw away the most potent weapons a public man can wield. Mr. Gladstone was prolific and ingenious. Perhaps 'the classes and the masses' was the most effective of his many catchwords. It was the first of many designed to set us all by the ears. Tremendous has been the driving force in the propagation of this furious gospel, for it has succeeded in a comparatively short space of time, say forty years, in transforming the temper of the people: the English, once so easy-going, have become cantankerous and unhappy.

All this is the work of Apollyon, and highly successful work. When shall Jehovah condescend to inspire the word?

This is not fanciful. We have but to consider the failure of Mr. J. Chamberlain to realise this. There was once a popular song entitled *Not for Joe.* As a result of many omissions and, above all, the omission to secure a good cry, his crusade was nicknamed 'All for Joe,' which was malicious, but witty and effective.

We have very high authority for the statement that his tenure of office was a blessing to the Colonial Empire, which is much to say. We might say more. Nevertheless, and keeping close to our theme, what brought his cause down with a crash was his making a present to his opponents of the famous phrase 'taxing the food of the people.'

Life was always a routine; once it was the routine of great thoughts: now it is the routine of little thoughts. The usual explanation of this decline and its accompanying symptoms and manifestations is that we are living in an overcrowded land, which of all current commonplaces is perhaps the soundest and the most lamentably true.

It is remarkable that the youth of both sexes are still expatiating with rapture on a thing which never existed, and which mankind individually and in the mass will not endure at any price. In the word 'equality' we find summed up every condition for the construction of a sound and enduring common form. It is perhaps the most powerful solvent of Western civilisation. It flatters the ignorant by telling them that they are just as good as the learned, and probably better (charming contradiction). It flatters the vulgar by telling them that they are as good as the refined. It flatters the poor by telling them that they are as good as the rich and, by the usual insinuation, very much better behaved. It appeals to every base and mean thought (and we all of us have base and mean thoughts).

It is important to label one's views and actions 'progressive' or 'advanced.' When the Local Self-Government Bill was introduced some thirty years ago, there were protests against the Tories 'stealing the Radicals' thunder,' as to which something might be said. The real objection (as was pointed out) was that it scattered corruption over the whole country instead of concentrating it in Whitehall. As for being 'progressive' or 'advanced,' it was hardly more than a bad copy of the system of local self-government already established in Gaul under the Antonines, with one serious difference: the omission of the Imperial central censorship. Since we have stumbled on the word 'central,' let us reflect on the word 'decentralisation,' much put forward as a relief of the 'labours of the House of Commons.' (Incidentally, 'honourable members' would not find their labours excessive if they would refrain from making speeches which nobody reads and passing laws which nobody wants.)

If they meant what they said, the advocates of 'decentralisation' would rejoice at discovering in Jersey (probably it is a discovery to them) a perfectly decentralised government which is also a perfect government. What is their attitude? They try to bully, which is a hopeless game, because they have no

locus standi. They even, incredible though it may seem, try to levy contributions. The sum demanded was, for a small island, not inconsiderable. With much fever of the brow and a piece of paper and a pencil, one worked out its proportion to our national outgoings. It amounted to about one hour and a half's expenses.

This is intensely funny, of course, but it is really rather lamentable as a considered performance, humiliating also for Englishmen, who are accustomed to think that their countrymen have some knowledge of the art of government.

It is also important to call oneself 'practical'; to speak patronisingly of one's opponents as 'unpractical' is always a good card to play. One has listened to speeches and conversations innumerable conducted on this line of thought, if we call 'thought' that which is the burking of all thought. What lies behind? At the best laziness, the disinclination to take pains, and stupidity, which, being congenital, cannot be helped; at the worst hatred. Take the case of the 'practical' man who refuses all help to the land. After reading many dissertations, enduring many harangues and conversations, and remaining for years in what the great Huxley called 'that most wholesome frame of mind "suspended judgment,"' what does one conclude? Why should so many people, differing so widely in habits and station, combine to ruin the land? Why should the town hate the country? It is useless to tell them that no civilisation can be stable that does not rest on a prosperous agriculture, because these words are not in their vocabulary. They would smile politely or impolitely and condemn such a statement as 'unpractical.' Not even the dread memory of 1917 proves to them how terribly practical it is. The land of England is worse off than ever since it became clear that it was our first line of defence. Do they then hate the country? They do. Fierce, venomous, implacable hate inspires all these rhodomontades and sentimentalisms. They like to see my lord taxed out of his castle, and the squire taxed out of the hall. They love to see the farmer in the bankruptcy court, and, above all, the farm hands on the parish. They take more pleasure (naturally) in the misery of the poor, firstly, because it is acuter, and secondly, because there is so much more in the aggregate. The richest joy of all is to see the hated land of England run to waste.

One would have thought that the very words 'the land of England' would have set hearts beating high. They do not, neither high nor low, nor at all. This is the result of shouting 'Free Trade' (which trade never was). The commonplace drowns all reason and deafens all ears, even to the appeal to self-interest. Only say 'free,' and you may commit any folly and any wickedness unrebuked, and almost unheeded—truly a magic word.

It was my misfortune, some years ago, to offer to a fellow-traveller a newspaper of the wrong political colour. He refused with asperity, remarking that he would have all such publications suppressed and the editors sent to prison. This is quite the right temper, the temper which wins a cause; but as for being 'advanced,' as my 'progressive' friend professed himself to be, it is as old as Marius and Sulla.

Faith.—Although it seems incredible, people will believe—do believe—in anything provided that it is not at all obvious, as a contemporary wit observed. Thus they will believe in making money by backing horses; they will believe in Christian Science; they will believe in Theosophy (though they will not believe in the Apostles' Creed); they will believe in the League of Nations (though they will not believe in the British Empire).

The Conservatives once possessed a creed; but their leaders betrayed them, and they are 'scattered on the hills like sheep without a shepherd.' Granted that Conservatism is dead or dying, it is not more moribund than Liberalism. All our old commonplaces are hollow, our common forms worn out. Socialists alone have a creed, conveniently protean, but still a creed. Imperialists have no creed, although the present writer was once granted the privilege of formulating 'The Creed of Imperialism' in these pages. It was acclaimed all round the Empire, but fell on deaf ears in England.

No creed or form has any efficacy that does not emanate from faith. Really it seems almost like an appeal *ad misericordiam*; but since the Socialists have faith—and, therefore, must win, since their opponents have none—would it be too much to ask them in their hour of well-earned victory to spare the British Empire? For that is where the 'Imperial race' is—on its knees.

W. F. LORD.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since this article was completed we have had the noble cry 'Keep the home fires burning.' Unhappily, it was slightly premature. Fifty thousand cold hearths cry to heaven; but to keep the home fires burning before they are lighted! No doubt the dissolution deserved all the grand names applied to it, 'honourable' and so on, but the net result has been very much what might be anticipated when a gentleman sits down to play cards with a sharper.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS TO-DAY

III. Protection and the Labour Party

One of the most interesting studies at the moment in politics is the attitude to protection of the home markets of those who claim to represent trade unionists and who place themselves under the banner of the Labour Party. In politics they have declared themselves against protection of industries by means of tariffs, though in practice the trade unions are the most Protectionist bodies in the country. It may therefore, in view of this anomaly, be interesting to probe into the reasons of their present attitude.

As a sincere 'Protectionist,' and as one who has made a close study of industrial conditions, it may be permissible for me to discuss the psychological aspect of this matter. There can be no doubt that all members of the Labour Party are 'Protectionist' at heart. Their minds have, however, been centred too much on the hated capitalists at home, without thinking sufficiently of other people abroad whose vile influence is much more serious to our country. Some little time ago I visited the Baltic States. While in Esthonia I visited a factory at Narva, close to the Bolshevik frontier. There I found a very large cotton spinning and weaving mill, so large that it employed 8000 people, and had 500,000 spindles. This mill was being run by British capital and British brains in the form of managers and foremen. The only thing that was absent was British labour, and this for a very good reason. The conditions in that factory were such that they would not be allowed for one moment either by British law or by the British trade unions, and it is quite right that such conditions should be prohibited. The average wage was 3*s.* per day, there were no factory laws, the hours of labour were sixty per week, there was no workmen's compensation, no unemployment or health insurance, and none of the machinery was guarded as it is compelled to be by the law of this country. Not many days ago, in private conversation with a prominent member of the Labour Party, this story was recited, and I asked him what he would do when faced by imports coming into this country made under such conditions. His answer was terse and emphatic. He

said that he would not merely impose a tariff, but goods manufactured under such conditions would be absolutely prohibited from coming into this country. The same idea prevails in the mind of many members of the Labour Party. Mr. Penstone, who fought me in Macclesfield, as Labour candidate, both in 1922 and 1923, had the following passage in his recent election address:

> The problem of sweated imports, with its resultant unfair competition, is now receiving international attention. The Covenant of the League of Nations provides for international standards regarding hours and work conditions. The trade union stamp should be the merchandise mark, and by the utilisation of international machinery sweated commerce could be entirely prohibited.

The obvious inference to be drawn from these words is that something in the nature of prohibition of imports not bearing the trade union stamp would be instituted. Indeed, something of this kind has already been put into force by the Building Trades Union, which refuses to put foreign doors, sashes and frames into houses unless they are made in factories enforcing British trade union conditions. Many quotations from Labour members' speeches and writings could be given favouring Protection, but perhaps the most striking is that made by Mr. Jack Jones, the robust Labour member for Silvertown. Mr. Jack Jones, speaking in 1916, said: 'If it is right for us to muzzle the British sweater, it cannot be wrong to muzzle his foreign competitor.' These are exactly my sentiments, but no doubt, if I had made this remark, I should have immediately been dubbed a 'reactionary Protectionist.' Protection is often condemned as reactionary, but in reality it is decidedly progressive.

How does it happen, then, that the Labour Party oppose Protectionist proposals? It is certain that a Labour Government with real power would be forced to adopt some form of Protection. If industries were nationalised, if the State as employer were substituted for the private employer, what would the Labour Party do if sweated foreign goods came in to undercut the productions of those nationalised industries? Some form of Protection would be necessary. Probably the form of Protection in favour with members of the Labour Party would be complete prohibition of imports of goods where the rates of wages, hours of labour, and conditions are contrary to those allowed by the British trade unions. This, of course, is a much more vicious form of Protection from a Free Trader's point of view. Why, therefore, do the Labour Party oppose the mild dose of Protection as suggested by the Conservative Party?

Here are, in my opinion, some of the reasons. Most of the leaders of the Labour Party are first and foremost Socialists and trade unionists second. This is their primary creed and

ultimate goal, and it must not be forgotten that nationalisation and the Capital Levy are their avowed means to this goal. If we read Mr. Philip Snowden's writings on the taxation of land values, which, after all, is a form of capital levy, we find the truth revealed. His ultimate goal is not revenue, but nationalisation of land. He hopes by continual taxation to make the possession of land by private people impossible, and thus eventually secure the land for the State without paying for it. This, in effect, is the undiluted doctrine of confiscation. This is at the back of the Socialists' mind when they preach the Capital Levy doctrine. Now I am quite sure that if nationalisation and the Capital Levy were put before the public in this form they would receive little support from the worker. Much support for the Capital Levy is given on the mistaken idea that it would make the rich men pay. We are all agreed that the rich men must pay the major portion of the taxes of the country. Our only concern should be the best means of extracting these taxes from them. It is useless, and worse than useless, to impose taxes which will frighten capital abroad. We do not want to cut off our nose to spite our face. To return, however, to the Labour Party and Protection. The main reason why their support is not secured is the suspicion that Protection is a dodge to put profits into the manufacturers' pockets without compensating advantage to the worker. It might, incidentally, be pointed out that the State would gain enormously from these profits, and that at least one-half of them would reach the Treasury in the form of income tax, super-tax, and death duties.

Apart from the foregoing, I feel convinced that if Protectionist proposals are accepted some large measure of social reform can be adopted. Let us examine the proposals which have already been put forward. First, old age pensions; these are at present paid to people at the age of seventy. I feel confident that in the minds of very many workers prejudice exists against employers because men are thrown out of work and on to the scrap-heap in their old age. Such cases are undoubtedly the exception. To-day employers hold much more enlightened views. Indeed, in my opinion, any industry run on such lines is doomed to failure. There must be the human touch in industry if success is to be achieved. That is the main argument against State enterprises. Socialistic experiments of this kind lose all soul, and the worker becomes a mere machine. Though cases of 'ill-treatment' of old employees are rare, they provide a rich ground for socialistic propaganda. The first task, therefore, under a Protectionist policy, should be to provide pensions at an earlier age and on a more generous basis. After all, when trade is bad, and unemployment is rampant, the men of sixty are those who find it most difficult to get back into employment.

Another scheme which should be carefully and sympathetically scrutinised is that of providing pensions for widows. There is no sight so sad as that of a young wife who loses the breadwinner, and who is left with young children of school age. What chance has she? True, many a kind heart very often comes to the rescue, but if there is one thing the average worker resents, it is charity. Charity is, after all, the finest thing in the world for the giver, but there is also the receiver to be thought of. If industry cannot look after its unfortunate victims, who suffer through no fault of their own, it is a very bad look-out. Many of my friends will say I am preaching Socialism; I am only advocating the very old doctrine of Christianity. Christianity and Socialism are as far apart as the poles. Christianity preaches the gospel of love; Socialism sings a hymn of hate every morning at breakfast, preaches a sermon of discord all day, and goes to bed with an imprecation of ill-will.

Some may say that these are the uneasy reflections at the dawn of a Labour victory. But most of what I am saying was said by me in the House of Commons five years ago. For five long years it has been impossible to advocate proposals of social reform which have been dear to many Conservative hearts. And, after all, most of the great measures of social reform have sprung from Conservative minds. The great obstacle up to the present time has been that all these proposals would create a new charge on industry, and industry was not in a position to stand any new charges; indeed, it is not in a position to-day even to stand the charges which have already been created.

It must at once be said to the Labour Party that they will not be able, with safety to industry, to create these new charges if they continue to allow imports from countries where these benefits are not conferred upon the workers. Only by adopting a Protectionist policy can these measures of social reform be carried through. I do not think a Protectionist policy will be successful unless these measures of social reform accompany it.

The claim that this policy of protecting the home markets is a dodge to enable 'big business' to make big profits has to be met. Five years ago I was an ardent advocate of profit-sharing, but I have since had a cold douche of adversity in my own business. After paying very large profits away in boom-times to the people employed by me, bad times and serious losses followed, and then I found no one of those who had benefited was willing, or even able, to help me meet my losses. That is the 'fly in the ointment' of all profit-sharing schemes. At the same time, I do still accept as a general principle that the profits of an industry should be the basis of all wage settlements. There is nothing so objectionable, in my opinion, as wage settlements based on the cost of

living. They never enable the worker to rise above the mere existence level. They do not enable him to benefit from the good times of boom periods. After all, what are the profits of an industry from a national point of view? Rates and taxes, which are a first charge on a business, are certainly a national profit; wages and salaries are certainly profits from a national point of view, equally with manufacturers' profits. What we want is an arrangement which will ensure an equitable distribution of profits among all.

There is no trade union official who is not disturbed at the constant necessity of reducing wages in order to compete successfully and to avoid future loss of trade. If trade were good and profits high, would any trade union allow wages to remain on a low level? In fact, many Free Traders openly give as the reason of their views that Protection would give too serious a power into the hands of the trade union leaders, and enable them to press for wage increases. That is really the whole basis of the creed of the Cobden school. It is absolutely a bogey that the workers would not gain from the profits of Protection. The trade unions would see to that—it is their business.

One of the most thoughtful addresses in the new Parliament was given by Mr. Frank Hodges, the new member for Lichfield. In his speech he developed the point that low wages were not the basis of low cost production, and that they were bad from every national standpoint. During his speech he made these remarks:

> There is one further point which must give cause for reflection to hon. members when they consider how foolish, how uneconomic and how unproductive was their particular plan for the reorganisation of industry in this country. It is to be admitted that they have a plan. That plan was to stimulate production through low cost, and the low cost was to be effected by low wages. I remember so well going to Downing Street in the year 1921 and inviting the Coalition Ministers to discuss with me the absurdity of trying to cause a revival of trade through low wages in our industry. I remember the present Prime Minister, sitting in the Cabinet room with the right hon. member for Carnarvon Boroughs (Mr. Lloyd George) and other members of the Cabinet, declaring outright that the only way by which trade could be revived in this country was for men to begin to accept cuts in wages. I protested then and endeavoured in a humble way to indicate the calamities that would follow. Every one of those calamities has befallen our country. Now the task of restoring prosperity in our country must be more difficult and more remote than ever, because of this particular attitude that was adopted.

I agree with Mr. Hodges, but does he not see that foreign goods made under conditions not allowed in this country, if allowed to compete with ours, mean lower wages? Taking the 300 millions of manufactured goods last year, how much importation of coal does this represent? Certainly a very large amount for power only must have been required. I wonder if Mr. Hodges has made a comparison of the wages paid in Belgium, France, Germany,

and elsewhere in Europe, to their coal-miners. I am sure that, at the present rates of exchange in these countries, the British worker, badly paid as he is, is receiving much higher wages. It is true, the cost of living is also lower on the Continent, and therefore the Continental worker is better off. From a competitive point of view, however, the worker can only regard the comparative basis of wages. Mr. Hodges must surely see that we can never secure a high wage basis, an ideal in which he and I are in complete agreement, until we have real protection. I think Mr. Hodges and other Labour leaders overlook in their economic researches that cost of labour and cost of raw material are comparatively minor considerations in the cost of production. The cost of labour at home must be more or less the same, owing to trade union activity. The world price of raw material is nearly always the same to every manufacturer, owing to the ordinary laws of demand and supply. The factor in working costs which is really material is the standing charges: rent, rates, taxes, depreciation and renewals, office and management expenses, national health, unemployment, and workmen's compensation insurances, all those things which have to be paid whether a factory is working short time, full time, or overtime. To give a concrete example, there is in my constituency a factory making boots, shoes, and slippers. The standing charges of that factory equal 9 per cent. of the turnover. The turnover is 1000*l.* per week at present. If it is working full time and full capacity, that factory can turn out 2000*l.* per week. If that turnover were secured with the same standing charges, those standing charges would be reduced to 4½ per cent. In such an event that firm could pay higher wages to their workmen and sell their products at a lower price. But such a turnover would be impossible except under a protective tariff. That is how Henry Ford pays the highest wages in the world and sells the cheapest motor car. The general term given to it is 'mass production,' but such factory organisation is impossible unless sweated foreign competition is eliminated.

The Labour Party, particularly the trade unions section of it, must be Protectionist when it secures legislative responsibility. Every Labour Party in the world has developed extreme Protectionist tendencies, much more extreme than I would advocate. I venture to predict that they will do so in England too. A trade unionist cannot logically defend the position when he refuses to allow manufacturers to work more than an eight-hour day, or a forty-eight hour week, and yet allow goods made in factories abroad where sixty-hour weeks are in operation to come into this country free of all hindrances. Yet in Germany I understand that a sixty-hour week is being imposed by law upon trade unionists in all factories

One thing can be said with truth: the Labour Party gain more electoral advantage from their social reform proposals than from Socialism. There are very few working people who are attracted by Socialism, but there are very many who are attracted by the proposals of social reform. Those social reform proposals cannot be put into effect. The Labour Party have always gone into the electoral field with one great tactical advantage. They have never had office responsibility. They have never been in a position to carry out their promises to the electors. Now that they are placed in their present position, the situation is interesting. Up to the present they have promised everything to all men. It is very easy to promise; it is not nearly so easy to give legislative effect to those promises. So it is with many of their promises of social legislation. They will all cost a lot of money; they will all create serious charges on industry. They will bring the day nearer when industry will have to be protected from unfair competition; they will bring the day nearer when new sources of revenue will have to be tapped. There is the large new source of providing large revenue—not less than fifty million sterling—by taxing manufactured goods on importation.

Another great promise often put forward by Labour candidates is that the duties on tea and sugar will be abolished. These duties cannot be abolished without raising the income tax to at least 7*s.* in the pound. If such a tax were imposed, there would be such a slump in trade that it is doubtful whether as much revenue would be raised from such a tax as from a 4*s.* 6*d.* income tax. The only way the duties on tea and sugar can be abolished, as they ought to be, is by placing duties on something else. They are certainly thoroughly bad taxes. They fall heavily on the very poor people They increase the cost of living to those who can ill afford it. They are, especially sugar, vital necessities of life. They cannot be produced in Great Britain, beyond a very small amount of sugar. Therefore the taxes do us no good whatever in the way of finding employment for our workers. Where can be the logic to tax necessities like tea and sugar upon importation and to allow luxuries like silk, lace, and motor tyres to come in free? The ideal of the Labour Party with reference to the abolition of tea and sugar duties I can claim as an ideal of my own. There is this vital difference, however: I can in my programme give a concrete example how the necessary revenue will be raised.

The day of Protection has been postponed, but, unless I am much mistaken, the taste of legislative responsibility by the Labour Party will do more to convince their leaders that Protection must be adopted. It is the very essence of their creed, the foundation upon which trade unionism is built.

JOHN R. REMER.

THE GHOST IN 'HAMLET'

If science to-day is the only absolute monarch and threatens by its tyrannies to nullify art, those who resent its arbitrary rulings have at least the poor consolation of knowing that it must follow the course of all absolute monarchies and go by the board. Never was there so magnificent an impostor. It affects to relieve us of our burdens, but only increases the weight. Life, being the supreme paradox, cannot be regulated by square and compass; and science, in striving to reconcile its inconsistencies, is bound by its inherent logicality to defeat its own ends. It is a cynical conjurer temporarily deluding our senses with iris-tinted dissolving views, only to demonstrate at the finish that the hope held out by these alluring colour harmonies has no more solid basis than a few fragments of coloured glass in a kaleidoscope. It has destroyed our imaginations and given us nothing in exchange. Negation has superseded belief; we have been tricked into dropping the substance for the shadow.

The old idea that life was preparative, cathartic, a mysterious prologue not fully to be understood until one knew all about the play, has been made to walk the board. Latitudinarianism abounds, and irresponsibility rules. People live selfishly and for the day. In the mind's eye vision has become finite. Our goal is now a material goal guarded by Mammon, and the scrum of existence is carried through without any restraining referee. Nobody wins, and everybody gets hurt. And all through the deadly machinations of science, that inverted philosopher's stone which transmutes into baser metal all the precious things it touches. Far-reaching indeed is its influence; in the body politic it has brought about a steady shifting of the centre of gravity. Where now is Lincoln's ideal of government of the people, by the people, for the people? Startled out of their sanity by the rapid atrophy of the public conscience, those who occupy the seats of the mighty are vainly seeking to restore the equipoise by mischievous, molly-coddling legislation. Perhaps it was inevitable that the rights of citizenship should be infringed, that Germany should infect the world with the enslaving spirit of her *verboten*. After all, freedom is only compatible with a sense of

high moral responsibility. But the fact remains that willy-nilly we are becoming a sober (and emasculated) people by Act of Parliament. Admitted that, though legislators be virtuous, the average sensual man is still permitted his cakes and ale, are there not normal working hours when the unfortunate thirsty one must perforce eat his cakes dry? It will be a poor world and a colourless one when one has to live, as Tybalt fought, by the book of arithmetic. There is little need for those of us who have attained our grand climacteric to seek rejuvenation from the monkey gland, seeing that our pastors and masters have written us down children.

Science, in occasionally transcending the impossible, affects to make all possible, but only succeeds in furthering incredulity. We concede the dramatist fewer postulates because we have no longer any imagination to place at his disposal. In the theatre common experience is the test of possibility: the traffic of the scene must be almost wholly concerned with the axiomatic. The conditions are hostile to the creation of a new poetic drama and unfavourable to the fostering of the old. Extraordinary indeed is the paradox which presents itself once we look at the matter concretely. For example, we who know full well from Dewar's demonstrations of the capability of the conversion of gases into solids have actually begun to deny Shakespeare's right to materialise ghosts. Pegasus is to be shorn of his wings and made to obey the rule of the road.

If our reverence for Shakespeare is anything more than lip-worship, the time has come for crying a halt to the double-quick of the iconoclasts. Experimentation upon him has practically reached breaking-point, a dubious compliment, since the dramatic cause which depends upon mere novelty of exposition is a poor cause, a cause unrooted in the public mind. Not that purposelessness has always marked, or is at present wholly a characteristic of, these innovations. For a score of years past there has been evinced by producers in certain centres of the English-speaking world a steady disposition to suppress in whole or part the visible presence of the ghost in *Hamlet*, the one ghost, be it noted, in the wide domains of dramatic literature of which it has been aptly said that alone is 'a ghost with a personality.' Fortified by the growing impression held by the most rabidly modern-minded of the intellectuals that there were in reality two spectres in the tragedy, a true and a false, and that the impostor figured in the closet scene, the iconoclasts, with Sir John Martin Harvey at their head, began their tinkering with that scene. The supposed subjective ghost of Hamlet's imagining was reduced to *vox et præterea nihil*, a mere gramophone record. One knows not whether this was widely approved, but there is certainly no evidence of its being disapproved; on the contrary, as time passed

advantage was taken of the inertia of the public mind to 'go the whole hog.' Not only the supposedly false, but the admittedly true, ghost was denied authority 'to walk the night.' The *reductio ad absurdum* was fearlessly made fourteen months ago in New York in a revolutionary and, it must be said, very successful revival of the tragedy in which the majesty of buried Denmark shrivelled up into the shadow of a shade All that remained of 'that fair and warlike form' which so convinced Horatio of its identity was a ray of light and a voice. An imaginative appeal, truly, but, as I hope to show, an appeal subversive of the poet's intention.

Experience and the trend of the times constitute the guiding star of the Shakespearean producer. Challenge him for wilfully ignoring expounders of the text, academic and popular, and he would probably urge that few books share the merits of Mr. Richmond Noble's *Shakespeare's Use of Song* in having a practical as well as an æsthetic side. One recalls in this connection how Dickens in his will prayed his children to read their Bible and not to allow any man to put a gloss upon it. Lying at the back of the producer's mind is the opinion that the best authority on Shakespeare is Shakespeare himself, and in that, seldom as he lives up to it, he is right. After all has been said speculatively that can be said, the final court of appeal is the Quartos and the Folio. The truth will emerge and conquer by convincing if the advocate takes care to stick to his brief; special pleading has been the curse of latter-day Shakespearean exegesis.

By a strict obeyal of this precept and by considering the play purely in an historical spirit (which means bringing a synthetic Elizabethan mind to bear upon an Elizabethan product) I hope to make Shakespeare speak on his own behalf, to educe some, and not the least important, of his intentions when mapping out *Hamlet*. If the old texts deliver a true message—and so far as this particular investigation is concerned, not having been puzzled by discrepancies, I have had no occasion to challenge their authority—there is only one ghost in the play, an objective ghost of an amplified Senecan order whose visible presence throughout is an essential factor in the conduct of the general scheme. The distinction to be made between the ghost of the battlements and the ghost of the closet scene—a distinction which can be shown to have been made originally—is not a matter of contrasting the real and imaginary, but a matter of vesture. This point, though inferior only in importance to the visible presence of the ghost, has long been lost sight of through the departure from prescript of the Restoration players, a stupid lapse which was reverently followed well up to within living memory. There is a justification for the ghost's appearance in the closet scene, but none for his

appearance in armour. Hamlet says 'my father, in his habit as he lived,' and armour is not a habit (Shakespeare called it harness); and so cumbersome an equipment was never really lived in. A diver does not live in his submarine attire nor a fireman in his helmet.

Here the text is borne out by a direction in the First Quarto, a direction none the less authentic because it disappears in later issues: 'Enter the ghost in his night-gowne.' We shall see later that the ghost had a purpose in appearing in panoply in the earlier scenes, and that this purpose had been fully served once the dread revelations to Hamlet had been made. As to the argued subjectivity of the spectre in the closet scene, if it had been a simple conjuration of Hamlet's brain it would surely have been conjured up as seen before, and Hamlet is clearly surprised at its appearance in another garb. His assurance to his mother,

> Ecstasy!
> My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
> And makes as healthful music,

is also an assurance to us that he was not the victim of self-delusion. But the sticklers for subjectivity refuse the proffer on the plea that the real ghost, having nothing new to convey, had no reason to reappear. That, in a sense, is a valid argument, though it only serves to obscure Shakespeare's intention. Shakespeare foresaw that objection when he made the ghost say:

> Do not forget: this visitation
> Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But that was not his real reason for bringing on the ghost at this juncture. His real reason, which was to precipitate the catastrophe, rendered it necessary that the majesty of buried Denmark should be seen and heard only by his son. Viewed by the purely modern intelligence, as in latter times it often has been viewed, this restriction places the ghost in the category of the subjective. But Shakespeare happened to be writing for the mediæval-minded, and the classification is erroneous. Early stage conventions dealing with the supernatural were based on popular superstition, otherwise they would neither have proved acceptable nor understandable. Judging by what was shown on the stage before and after the production of *Hamlet*, there must have been a common belief to the effect that most supernatural visitants, including angels, devils and ghosts, had the power of making themselves visible and audible to certain selected persons in a group while remaining unseen and unheard by the others. Thus in Heywood's *King Edward IV.*, Part II., a play which slightly preceded *Hamlet*, one notes that the messenger who

arrives in the fourth act, while the glib-tongued, torch-carrying ghost of Friar Anselm holds the stage, is utterly ignorant of the presence of the spectre. In a later play, Chapman's *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, we cannot assume otherwise than that the ghost of Bussy is substantive, since at the beginning of the fourth act it delivers a long soliloquy more or less directly to the audience. Yet when it appears before the Guise and Clermont and addresses itself to the latter with the view of whetting *his* blunted purpose, the Guise hears nothing and marvels why his companion is so perturbed. Here the analogy with the closet scene in *Hamlet* is perfect. So, too, in *The Birth of Merlin* there is quaint discrimination in the third act, for, whereas the clown hears the devil's voice without seeing him, he is both seen and heard by the clown's sister.

Reverting to the closet scene, it was vitally necessary for the furtherance of the plot that the ghost should appear at this juncture and that the queen should not see it. She is wavering to whom her allegiance should be given, whether to her husband or her son, and Hamlet's symptoms of apparent madness load the dice against him. In striving to save her he has lost her ; and the price of her misconception is her life.

Just a last word on the vexed question of subjectivity. Here, if we are to arrive at any definite conclusion, historical criticism must displace logic. Circumstances demanded that the early Elizabethan stage ghost, or, more definitely, the ghost of sixteenth century drama, should be purely objective. It was not till the close of Shakespeare's second period that the subjective ghost somewhat timidly emerged, so timidly that it never wholly succeeded in ousting its predecessor. To say this is to fly in the face of received opinion and deny that the ghost in *Julius Cæsar* is subjective. Fortified by the facts, one deliberately takes that attitude. The primary denotement of the subjective ghost was its silence (virtually the only trustworthy test), and the type is not to be traced earlier than the ghost of Banquo.

The defect in the Elizabethan stage ghost was that it was never properly psychologised. Subjectivity and objectivity were constantly confused. Careful planning was precluded at the outset by the circumstance that ghostly procedure was a ready-made convention. Springing initially from Seneca, it was a graft from the arid neo-classical drama of the academies. As it happened, the weighty oratorical Senecan ghost presented nothing that outraged the belief of the credulous and highly superstitious masses. For them, had it not existed, it would practically have had to be created, since in their minds there was only one type of ghost, the objective type. It was for this reason that, no matter what the particular conception of the dramatist, all ghosts had to be

materialised. Poets to whom spectral objectivity was anathema readily availed themselves of the device of indicating subjectivity by means of the materialised dream, a popular convention adopted notably by Shakespeare in *Richard III.* Even, however, in this refuge confusion of thought obtruded itself. The dream was sometimes allowed to develop into reality. Thus in Heywood's *If You know not Me, You know Nobody,* Part I., there is a dream scene in the course of which an angel leaves a Bible in the sleeping queen's lap, which she finds there and comments upon on waking. Tourneur makes progression and evinces subtlety of mind in *The Atheist's Tragedie,* a play of Shakespeare's final period, but even he is not able to avoid all confusion of idea. The ghost of Montferres is seen in this, appearing now to the sleeping and now to the waking intelligence of Clerimont, its son, with this discrimination, that it is only to the sleeping intelligence it addresses itself in speech. Here the modern sense of subjectivity is in no wise exceeded, but the impression is marred by after-events. When the ghost makes its appearance before Clerimont and the sentinel, both see it, and the sentinel pierces it unavailingly with a bullet. So, too, while it is clearly Webster's idea in *The White Devil,* a play synchronising with *The Atheist's Tragedie,* to deal exclusively with the subjective in presenting severally the ghosts of Isabella and Brachiano, he likewise merges suddenly into the objective in making the shade of Brachiano cast earth upon Flamineo. This grave lapse recalls the odd act of the ghost in *Locrine* in striking Strumbo on the head when he offers to give the starving Humber food.

Clearly, it is idle to apply the foot-rule of modern metaphysics to Elizabethan concepts. One must take the early dramatist as one finds him, give him what he asks for or allow him to sleep in peace. There is no honourable middle course.

And now to finish with the crux in *Hamlet.* There yet remains to be demonstrated the prime necessity of discrimination in the ghost's attire. Since the dawn-of-the-century stage ghost was almost absurdly conventional, we have to ask ourselves: Why this departure from the normally attired spectre, the spectre so bluntly stigmatised in the induction to *A Warning for Fair Women* as 'lapt in some foul sheet or a leather pilch' to come screaming in with cries of '*Vindicta!* revenge, revenge'? Has it any significance beyond mere whim or a desire for novelty? Assuredly it has. There was purpose in the ghost's haunting of the battlements in armour, though that purpose has long been obscured by sundry pedantic commentators who have discoursed irrelevantly about the old custom (somewhere and somewhen) of burying warriors in panoply. If the murdered king were so buried, it is surprising that Hamlet, on first seeing his apparition, should ask

why he had 'burst his cerements,' and marvel over beholding him 'again in complete steel.' Why 'again' if he had seen him 'quietly inurned' in it? And how did the ghost contrive to burst the cerements while still retaining the armour?

To reveal the absurdity of this line of thought it is only necessary to point out that it is the guise in which the ghost appears rather than the ghost itself which arouses speculation. Hamlet indicates this when he speaks of the ghost's coming in 'questionable shape,' by which he means vesture which sets the mind wondering and provokes inquiry. 'Shape' was an old theatrical word signifying dress, and Fletcher sometimes uses it in the sense of 'disguise.' Here, however, Massinger comes in aptest as Shakespearean illustrator, and one need quote only from the *personæ dramatis* of *The Virgin Martyr*, where Harpax, the evil spirit, is described as 'in the shape of a secretary.' What we require to grasp is that the shade of the murdered king dons armour for a certain purpose, and that purpose is served once he has made his dread and disastrous revelation to his son. His aim in walking the battlements is to use the watch as unsuspecting instruments. It is his purpose to arouse speculation as to the why and wherefore of his coming without affording any clue to the real reason. His appearance in complete steel is admirably calculated to effect all this. Horatio at once falls headlong into the trap, and in falling drags the others with him. He notes that the apparition of the dead king wore

> the very armour he had on
> When he the ambitious Norway combated,

and proceeds to augur from this some ill-boding against the welfare of the State. There are whispers of a blow to be struck soon by young Fortinbras in attempted recovery of his father's lost lands. Bernardo at once puts two and two together:

> Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
> Comes armèd through our watch; so like the king
> That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Nothing could be better calculated to serve the ghost's purpose, but he is not really worrying about affairs of State, and says nothing on that score in his interview with his son. His ends are accomplished once he has divulged the circumstances of his murder and urged Hamlet to revenge: the rest will follow in inevitable sequence. Having no thoughts of the possibility of the young prince's procrastination, he does not purpose returning, and takes a long farewell:

> Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

The certain term he is compelled to walk the night is not yet expired, but he need no longer haunt the battlements, and he need

no longer wear armour. We are to assume, having evidence warranting the assumption, that thenceforth he revisited the glimpses of the moon 'in his habit as he lived.' But the stars were ranged against him, and had ordained the destruction of his dynasty. It was unfortunate that Hamlet should have the crucial interview with his mother at an hour when the ghost was free to be present, 'the very witching time of night, when churchyards yawn,' since, not content with listening, the still tortured spirit impulsively intervenes. Mark the irony of the situation. In striving to save the queen suffering by not making himself apparent to her, he only precipitates disaster. The mother is thereby convinced of the madness of her son, and takes sides against him. The tragedy is a lesson of the futility of revenge. It was inevitable that the ghost's mission should not prosper: 'Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'

If such were Shakespeare's intentions in writing *Hamlet*, the inference is clear. Any performance of the play which fails to show the visible presence of the ghost in all his scenes or to discriminate between the armoured ghost of the opening act and the gowned ghost of the closet scene is profanation, an insult to the poet's intelligence and dishonour to his memory.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

BROADCASTING AND LITERATURE

It is probable that historians will find the year 1923 chiefly remarkable for the amazingly swift popularity of broadcasting. Within a few short months ' wireless ' has caused the manufacture of thousands of miles of wire and made suburban back gardens, as seen from the train, look like a series of aviaries. One hears schoolboys learnedly discussing the wave-lengths of Newcastle and Paris and elderly men of affairs concerning themselves more seriously with the merits of such and such a ' set ' than with such and such an investment. The thing sprang up in the night like a mushroom. Mushroom-like, its special newspapers have sprung up beside it, to be diligently read from cover to cover by the enthusiasts. It is within the means of almost everyone, in which aspect it resembles the cinematograph. It has seized the people's fancy and in one moment become the people's chief hobby. And yet there is good ground for the belief that it is only at the beginning of its reign. From the technical point of view there is no doubt that it will be greatly improved, and in several respects. But if it is to be of real value, to be anything more than a toy, it will have to be improved otherwise than technically.

At the very beginning one was content to regard it as a toy and no more. The marvel and the novelty of it in themselves sufficed. It would have been exciting, for an evening or two, to have heard one of the dulcet-toned staff repeating the alphabet. One was disposed also to give the organisers a good deal of latitude and forgive them many sins of omission and commission. They were experimenting and had not yet found their feet. But time is passing, and their foothold is still insecure, perhaps indeed less secure rather than more. The moment, it may fairly be claimed, has come for a protest and a warning. For broadcasting undoubtedly stands at the parting of ways.

It is, indeed, astonishing that people of intelligence have not made some protest already at the inanity of much of what they are given. They are given the news, which is useful to those who do not see the newspapers. They are given a great deal of music. The best, it appears, cannot for special reasons be provided. In any case the transmission of music by ' wireless ' is far inferior to

the reproduction of the modern gramophone. They are given plays or scenes from plays. But we learnt many years ago from an earlier invention, the electrophone, that, unless the plays are literary masterpieces, the transmission of dialogue when action cannot be transmitted is dull and unsatisfactory. In this respect the cinematograph has an advantage even greater over the electrophone or 'wireless' than has the gramophone in the case of music. For the rest, what is there? A few lectures on science and sport, on shopping and 'beauty culture,' some of them well enough in their way, some utterly inane; a certain number of political speeches. Occasionally a critic talks of letters, or a popular author reads an extract from his work. On the whole, there is small evidence that the organisers of broadcasting have awakened to the possibilities of good or ill which are latent in the wonderful invention committed to them to exploit or to the realisation of their responsibilities, at once splendid and onerous.

These organisers have, it must be admitted, a bad example in the history of the other recent invention which has, as the French say, 'come down into the street' for the entertainment of the populace all over the world. One could not easily frame a worse wish for the future of broadcasting than that it should go the way of the cinema. Nor is this statement made from any pedantic or stilted point of view. One does not expect or desire to see the cinema devote itself exclusively to those films which, by a narrow reading of the term, are called 'educational.' (All good drama, it need hardly be insisted, even of the light or melodramatic order, is educational in a broader sense.) One does not wish to see farce or passion or pageant ruled out, or the picture theatre completely converted into an adjunct to the school and the scientific laboratory. But the fact is that the cinema has followed not one, but half a dozen, false trails since its inception, so that now, after nearly a generation of active life, it has hardly begun to learn first principles. If this be the result of a course of action which we can all follow, is it probable that the many courses of action which are invisible to us tend to the public good? There has been an orgy of spending, apparently for spending's sake, till what is known by the hideous title of the 'super-film' stands for superfluity of display and little else. Moreover, the public taste has been debauched by false art, and its sense of fitness undermined by false ideals. There have been honourable exceptions and many gallant attempts to stem the tide of crude sensationalism, while at the moment there are certainly signs of a general improvement, if only as yet a very slight one. The change for the better is probably due to financial pressure rather than any more liberal cause, but, such as it is, it is to be welcomed.

There is, however, one respect in which broadcasting differs,

and is long likely to differ, very markedly from the cinema. In the case of the latter the damage has been done not merely by blatant commercialism, but by blatant foreign commercialism. The faults of the vast majority of films are not English faults. The morals, the social standards, displayed in them, are not ours, except in so far as they have moulded ours to their own likeness. The whole mechanism, with its extraordinarily powerful influence, is imposed upon us from abroad. With regard to 'wireless' this has not happened, and experts declare that if it ever does happen it will not be for some time. Broadcasting is in the main our own concern, a national affair and a national responsibility. It is going to have, in any event, a most important influence upon national life. Someone must see to it that the influence is a good one. If those to whom its management has been delegated have not enough energy or imagination or goodwill to ensure this, they may be certain that sooner or later the work will be taken from their hands. Unlike the cinema, broadcasting could be taken over in a day by the Board of Education without any disturbance or hiatus in its operation.

'It is no use,' wrote Sir Oliver Lodge recently upon this subject, 'enlarging our powers of communication if we have nothing worth while to say. The moral and spiritual development of mankind ought to keep pace with its material achievements.' Could any statement contrast more violently with the attitude that has been taken up with regard to the cinema? Sir Oliver might have added the artistic development, unless he considers that adjective included in those which he has used. His words imply that the employment of this great new invention should be based, not upon pandering to the public weakness, but upon appealing to and reinforcing the public strength. There is no fashion in which this can be more effectively achieved than by broadcasting daily some of the finest of our incomparably fine store of national literature.

It is easy to anticipate the cry, the series of cries, that will go up to greet such a proclamation. It would never do. It would never pay. It is not what the public wants! The public, it will be added, likes what it gets at present, and there is no proof that it would like anything else better. If we urge that the public does not always know precisely what it wants, that it is ready to take what it is given, we shall be told that we are taking a low and undemocratic view of the public intelligence and free-will. But at least that view is a finer one than to suppose that the public cannot be induced to prefer the good to the indifferent. We all of us to a great extent take what we are given. The power of suggestion is the modern advertiser's triumph. People in the mass are undoubtedly easily reached by the easy sentiment, the cheap emotion, the crude sensation that strikes the brain without

requiring it to do, on its side, any work at all. But they are capable of responding to the fine sentiment, the true emotion, and the subtle sensation to meet which their intelligence has to go half-way. This has been amply proved in the last twenty years or so by the spread of good books, due to the publication of cheap reprints. It is not pretended that there is not a mass of trashy literature, but it is equally certain that at no time has so much good literature been read. Here those humbly placed in life often set their superiors in wealth and ease a good example. The books read by typists in train and tram are sometimes far better than those which the wives of their employers borrow each week from the circulating library. The former are not obsessed by the idea recently noted as prevalent by Sir Henry Hadow, that the word 'book' means a newly published novel. The fact that publisher after publisher has undertaken the reprinting of good books in cheap form is proof that there is a public to appreciate good literature—if encouraged to do so.

To assist in that encouragement broadcasting has a splendid opportunity. It can and should be made literature's recruiting sergeant. It could make appeal to those insensible to any other form of attack, many of whom would assuredly bless it later on for breaking down the defences of their ignorance and apathy. There has not, let it be repeated, appeared in our national life anything comparable to it in potential influence since the invention of the cinematograph. I speak here of the good it can do. One shudders to think of the harm. I do not pretend there is a risk of its teaching people to murder or steal. But there is a risk, which must be avoided, of its adding its power to that of certain other influences, only too apparent, and tending to soften their brains. That is the problem : is it to be a strengthening influence, by giving people the best, or a softening influence, by giving them the worst ? If good literature were a tonic with an unpleasant taste, it would still be right, if possibly not democratic, to insist upon the former course. As a fact good literature makes its conquests swiftly and easily, and every convert is made happier as well as stronger.

It is not, it need hardly be said, suggested that 'wireless' should be wholly or even mainly employed for the broadcasting of literature. Let it stick to its news, its lectures on various subjects, its music, but this in moderation, not to an extent which, as is reported to be the case now, robs concert-halls of their audiences and artists of their living. But let the reading of passages from our great writers form part of its regular daily programme. They must be carefully chosen by a critic who is widely read and of sound judgment.

As to the form of literature to be chosen, while all may be tried on occasion, some appear more suitable than others. Probably

the very best form of all is the essay, by reason of its compactness and self-sufficiency. The good essay is a perfect little literary creation, complete in itself, containing the whole of its writer's message and all the wisdom or fantasy or humour with regard to its single subject that is in him, whereas the chapter from a novel is always a slice, the fraction of a whole. And at the head of all essayists for the purpose I put Charles Lamb, not merely because he is the greatest of our essayists, but also because his is one of the very rare names, even among the first, that have not an enemy. You may talk of Shelley beating his wings in vain, you may say of Wordsworth what Byron said of him, of Byron what Swinburne said of him, of Swinburne what the latest 'Georgian' says of him; plenty of people will agree, and no one will be shocked. Now certainly the first three of these figures are greater than that of Lamb. But if you disparage him, none will agree with you. You will sit apart and be shunned. Sheer brilliance, sheer greatness even, will win the admiration it merits, but breed some opposition also. It is to a great extent the personal qualities that shine through Lamb's work, the sweetness and gentleness of his character, which disarm all that opposition. It is those qualities as well as the beautiful simplicity and ease of his style, the humour and delicacy of his portrayal of incident, which make him almost the ideal writer to appeal to men in the mass, if they are brought to hear him.

Next I think I should put Hazlitt among the essayists, though for very different reasons. Hazlitt will win no man's love by reason of his character, nor was he filled with Lamb's love for mankind. As a literary critic pure and simple I would set him considerably below Coleridge. Coleridge, however, is rather the lay Bible of the man of letters than a general source of inspiration. He is also somewhat unwieldy and has more than a little of the heaviness of that Teutonic philosophy in which he was so deeply versed. The merit of Hazlitt lies in his masculine boldness and vigour, in his almost unerring taste, the speed with which he goes to the heart of his subject, seizing by an inspiration, which is one of the highest attributes of criticism, upon that which matters, and neglecting that which is not essential. No man points more surely to the right path than he. From the present point of view he has a double virtue: to know him for himself is a liberal education, and he is an ideal cicerone to the other glories of our letters.

For a reason similar to that which makes the essay so suitable for broadcasting, the short story would serve admirably. But with us it is more or less a modern institution, and in the case of modern short stories copyright would presumably have to be taken into account. That, however, should not represent any great difficulty. With regard to the novel the disadvantages have been stated.

They are more apparent in the case of some writers than of others. Of my own two idols among English novelists, Sterne and Thackeray, I am not sure that the latter would be suitable. His canvases are enormous and thronged with personages. He builds up his plots slowly and carefully. Such *dénouements*, he teaches with infinite patience, result from such upbringing of the young, such circumstances of the times. He is not easily nor profitably cut up into slices. Sterne, on the other hand, with a really skilful reader, would be most effective. One could pick out from *Tristram Shandy* a score of passages in themselves perfect little episodes. And the broadcasters would in his case be introducing to the widest public a novel which has high claims to be ranked as the greatest in our language.

The supreme writer for our needs is, however, undoubtedly Charles Dickens. I know no other so suitable for reading aloud. In most of his books the plot matters little; with Mr. Pickwick it matters not at all. What does matter is character and the gentle play of humour upon human nature's foibles. Moreover, he has long been recognised as having the widest appeal of any man since Shakespeare. The very simplicity of his types, the element of caricature in almost every one of them, qualifies him better than other great writers to combat the modern purveyors of cheap sensation on their own ground. He knew all the tricks of their trade, nor was he above using them on occasion. But when he does so, even when he is at his most sentimental or his most morbid, his essential grandeur and nobility shine through and transform the artifice. How far, far, better a thing are the tears spilt over Sydney Carton than the sobs over the 'sob-stuff' of our day, whether in print or on the screen.

What has been said with regard to the broadcasting of plays when several speakers take the various parts applies with force even greater when they are read by one person. The dialogue must be more than merely clever: it must have inspiration. Shakespeare and the drama in verse at once arise in the mind. But here there are difficulties and pitfalls. It would be fatally easy to frighten away more people than were attracted. The readers would have to be chosen with regard to other qualifications than a pleasing voice. To read blank verse education and training are required, a real knowledge of the English tongue, an appreciation of what is read. How difficult is the task can be best realised by noting the failures of good actors and actresses of the modern school. That difficulty overcome, the broadcasting of Shakespeare would be invaluable. We complain that our greatest poet and dramatist, one of the half-dozen supreme figures in the world's literature, is neglected. To some small extent that is due to the fact that when his plays are put on the stage they are fre-

quently ill acted. To an extent far greater it is due to the nervousness of the populace about being presented to a 'classic,' to a writer who is supposed to do them good and improve their minds. It would be proved to them that *Hamlet* was at least as exciting as *Scaramouche*. If they are of voluptuous temperament they would discover that Juliet was a more passionate heroine than any star that ever shone in Hollywood. Why, broadcasting would fill gallery, pit, and upper circle, perhaps even stalls, which are not what they were and cannot be hurt by a little instruction in matters of taste, at the next Shakespearean performance, more quickly than all the exhortations of the critics or the appeals of the posters.

Lyrical poetry, the greatest and most unique of all our treasures, has been left till the last. Is it over-ambitious to suggest that people can be taught to appreciate this form through the medium of broadcasting ? Is there any cheapening of the treasure in thus associating it with what the majority of people still regard as a toy? I think we can answer 'No' to both doubts. The second, indeed, is easily disposed of. Broadcasting, if it fulfils its proper functions, will become more and more important, and will be regarded less and less as a toy. For the rest, the same considerations apply as to dramatic poetry. It must be read by a man or woman with some understanding of prosody and the traditions of English verse. And of it there can be said that the inveterate Goths would have no cause for complaint. They would not even have time to be bored. The most delightful songs of Herrick can be read within the space of a minute. For this reason also the field is far wider than that of other forms of expression. A third-rate novelist is always a third-rate novelist. His poor little stores of gold can scarcely be separated from the clay. A third-rate poet may have his Divine moment, in which he digs up from the recesses of his soul a perfect jewel. Was it not a third-rate poet who wrote :

> When I survey the bright
> Celestial sphere :
> So rich with jewels hung, that Night
> Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ;
>
> My soul her wings doth spread,
> And heav'n-ward flies,
> The Almighty's mysteries to read
> In the large volumes of the skies ?

Many another besides William Habington has had his forehead touched for an instant in like fashion by the fingers of the very Muse. Outside the range of the great lyrists from Campion to Tennyson, there is the whole tribe of little men, in the work of many of whom is to be discovered the authentic *cygne noir*.

The difficulties I have mentioned are none of them hard to

surmount. It remains only to find our 'editor.' He must be a man of letters, widely read, but conversant with life as well as letters. He must be no pedant, on the one hand; on the other, he must not be timid nor afraid on occasion to follow a path that at first sight appears difficult. His position would be a proud one. He would have a chance offered to no literary critic on a newspaper's staff of spreading abroad the love of good letters.

When one compares the problem with any similar one connected with the cinema one is struck by its simplicity. The reform of the cinema will come, is coming, but it will be a slow affair, beset with difficulties of finance, of vested interests, whether of producers or actors, above all with regard to that question of American control. In this case the financial problem is insignificant, there are few vested interests (and such as there are need not be interfered with if they play their part fairly), and there is no alien influence. The whole machinery could be set working within a fortnight. Half an hour in each day's programme will certainly not upset the organisation.

But I have no intention of excusing the project with the plea of Jack Easy's foster-mother for her baby, that it is a very little one, nor of taking up an attitude of meekness. I believe the matter to be of very great importance, and I believe that the State must see that it is put in train unless that is speedily accomplished without its interference. The tendency of the mechanisation in the modern world is to cause life to be lived at top speed. The danger is that the things of the spirit become engulfed in that whirlpool, and also that minds continually assailed by impressions cleverly designed to strike the attention of people in a hurry become dulled to all others. So there is nothing reactionary in the slight fear that many feel when confronted with yet another of these impulses to 'speeding up.' But here we have a new discovery, a new machine for 'speeding up,' which, without loss of its powers to that effect, can actually be employed as an ally to the spiritual side of life. Let us insist that it is so employed.

Broadcasting of literature will not take the place of reading. Those who read already—and by 'read' is meant the reading of that which it is worth while to read—can neglect it if they choose. Nor, assuredly, will it diminish reading. Its effect will be to cause people to read more and with better aim. For many it will have the effect of opening gates to a country in which they have hitherto considered they had no rights, of making clear to them that the best is always the best, of revealing to them the pleasures whereof ignorance or prejudice or mere lack of initiative have hitherto robbed them.

CYRIL FALLS.

HOMER AND MODERN THOUGHT

THE *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, like the monoliths of Stonehenge, stand as imperishable monuments of a prehistoric time, precious alike for their grandeur and their antiquity and promising great enrichment of our historical knowledge, but yielding their priceless secrets only with great slowness and amid much obscurity, and all the while overawing us with their indefinable mystery and majesty. They reflect a period and a civilisation with which the modern mind has very little in common: not in time alone, but in culture, politics, religion, morals and art, we are remote from the Homeric world. We do not believe in Homer's gods, nor do we approve, fortunately, of Homer's ethics; and yet we love him and revel in him for 'the surge and thunder' of his verse, for those musical swinging hexameters, for the freshness and simplicity of his outlook on life, for his Shakespearean insight into the human mind and his Shakespearean power of depicting it, for the skill and beauty of his story-telling, and above all for that unnamable and lovely something which is present in all good poetry, and which, like the fragrance of spring flowers, catches us up into the third heaven, where we hear things which it is not possible for man to utter. Our delight in Homer is a healthy reminder that our world, with all its differences, is after all one world, that man, however unlike to his brother-man, is yet moulded in the same image as he, and that human life and human art are of interest everywhere and at all times just because they are the gifts of the same eternal Creator.

When Grote wrote his great *History of Greece* in the 'forties and 'fifties, and even when Holm wrote his in the 'eighties, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were themselves the first landmark in the story. It was admitted that a long course of development must have preceded their composition; but of this period nothing was known except a few dubious inferences drawn from later times. The story told in the poems, as well as in the rest of the Hellenic myths, was regarded as fiction. Recorded history began with the first Olympiad in 776 B.C.; the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were composed at some period in the preceding century; a few earlier migrations could be identified: but beyond that all was blank.

Within the last thirty years, however, a change has come. Archæological research has added enormously to our knowledge. It is now known that from before 3000 B.C. to about 1200 B.C. first the island of Krete, then the Kyklades, and lastly European Hellas and the Troad, were the seats of a highly developed culture, of non-Aryan and probably Nilotic origin, and usually known as 'Minoan' or 'Mykenaian.' Somewhere about the seventeenth century B.C. the culture of Krete was brought to European Hellas, which consequently became studded with Minoan settlements (in some cases rising to powerful kingdoms) and penetrated with Minoan art. But apparently about 1400 B.C. the country was invaded by fair-haired Aryans from the north-east, the Akhaians, who overran in stages practically the whole peninsula, overthrowing the Minoan princedoms, substituting a military hegemony of their own, and absorbing, rather than destroying, the Minoan culture. An earlier wave of the same Aryan movement had flowed eastward across the Hellespont, and had led to the establishment of a kindred sovereignty at Ilion in the Troad, which developed into a wealthy and powerful seat of combined Minoan and Indo-European civilisation. Western Asia Minor, for the rest, was occupied by a number of probably scanty populations, whose origin and connections are little known to us.

Such, roughly, was the situation around the Ægean basin when, about 1100 B.C., the Akhaians of Hellas, under the leadership of Agamemnon, the king of Mykene, came with a great fleet to the Troad, laid siege to Ilion, sacked the other cities of the neighbourhood, and at last captured and destroyed Ilion itself. The siege and fall of Troy, discredited by the older historians, is now accepted as an historical fact by most modern scholars. True, wide differences of opinion exist as to how much of the familiar legend can be admitted to the pages of history. Some, like Bury, Hall, and Farnell, content themselves with accepting only the bare fact, together with such additional features as archæology or tradition put beyond question: others, like Leaf and Chadwick, are prepared to embrace a much wider range of detail, and, without aspiring to finality or certainty, are prepared to give credence to the rape of Helen, the wrath of Akhilleus, and the names and chief exploits of the Akhaian leaders, stopping short only of such details as the 'auburn whiskers' of Menelaos.

But, however much or little of the detail be trustworthy, the main fact is there. Its cause, whatever be the truth about Helen, was probably commercial jealousy—a desire for free access to the Black Sea for purposes of trade.

The obvious prevalence of confusion and exhaustion during the period immediately following the war did not exclude the possibility of much quiet and culture: and it is to this period

that we must refer the origins of the Homeric epic. The picture of life presented in the poems includes, as a fairly familiar figure, the bard, who lives and sings at the chieftain's court. In the *Odyssey* we are shown the blind minstrel Demodokos, who at the festive board of Alkinoos, the Phaiakian chief, sings about the famous doings of Odysseus and Akhilleus and the scandalous story of the love of Ares and golden Aphrodite. He uses his lyre to accompany his own songs as well as to provide music for the dancing. In the house of Odysseus himself is a similar musician, Phemios. Akhilleus, the *beau idéal* of the Akhaian warrior, enjoys playing on the lyre himself and singing of the glorious deeds of men. Assuming, therefore, the reality of the Trojan war, it was only natural that, after that great exploit was over, stories of the war should be told in song at the courts of military chieftains up and down the country. A number of definite arguments point to the eleventh century B.C. as the time when, and to Southern Thessaly as the place where, the nucleus of the *Iliad* took definite shape. These arguments are as follows :

Firstly, the theme. It is safe to assert that, if the *Iliad* is at all the result of a process of growth, one big stage in that growth was the expansion of an original tale about the wrath of Akhilleus. Now Akhilleus is represented to us as a Thessalian hero : his father's realm embraces the south-eastern corner of Thessaly. What more natural than that his heroic deeds should be specially celebrated in the same region ?

Secondly, the dialect. The Homeric epics in all surviving texts are in a variety of the Ionic dialect. But it has been observed that, in the case of many words whose metrical value would be different in Ionic and Aiolic, the Aiolic form is used. This would seem to show that the poems were composed, in part at least, in an Aiolic dialect, and afterwards transposed into Ionic. The regions where Aiolic was spoken were Thessaly, and later Boiotia and the northern colonies in Asia Minor.

Thirdly, the local colour. Those parts of the *Iliad* that have best claim to belong to the primitive nucleus about the wrath of Akhilleus contain many allusions to the wild woodland scenery, the desolate mountains, the snow-capped Olympos, all of which would be specially familiar to the dwellers in Thessaly.

Fourthly (especially in regard to date) the distribution of races recognised in the poems. About 1000 B.C., but lasting in all over a long period, great changes took place in Hellas and Asia Minor. In the first place, invaders from the east entered Thessaly across Mount Pindus, and the people later called Boiotians left Thessaly and entered Boiotia ; then the Dorians and other tribes entered the Peloponnesos from various angles, and established new settlements everywhere except in the centre, Arkadia. Then

began the Hellenic colonisation of Asia Minor, which resulted in the foundation of a long string of Hellenic cities from Lesbos in the north to Rhodes in the south. The earliest and northern group of these were the Aiolic colonies, as far south at least as Smyrna; next in order of date, as of place, the Ionic colonies from the Gulf of Smyrna to Miletos; and lastly the Doric colonies, further south still. Now of all these changes the Homeric poems show scarcely a trace; there are no Dorians in the Peloponnesos, and no Hellenic colonies in Asia Minor. Various considerations forbid us to date the *Iliad* and *Odyssey in toto* prior to these great migrations; but in order to account for the phenomena in the poems it does seem necessary to suppose that the outline of the story, and with it the framework of the poems themselves, were fixed before the migrations took place, and fixed in such a way and to such a degree that, whatever enlargements might subsequently be made, no departure from the pre-migration geography of the Thessalian poet could be tolerated.

From Thessaly the epic poem or poems (possibly already in written form) would be carried to Aiolis, the name for that region of Asia where the Aiolic colonies were planted, *i.e.*, Lesbos and the Asiatic coast opposite as far south as Smyrna.

On modern classical maps a neat line divides Aiolis from Ionia on the south; but in the earliest times the regions occupied by the two groups of colonies overlapped. There are traces of Aiolic settlements in the island of Khios and in other places south of Smyrna; and one important Ionic city at least lay well north of it. Smyrna itself was, early in the eighth century B.C., taken from the Aiolians by the Ionians. If, therefore, we were searching for places in which Aiolic and Ionic culture had intermingled, we should naturally pitch upon Smyrna and Khios; and it is precisely to such a region of intermingling that the hybrid dialect of the Homeric poems points us.

It is further remarkable that of the whole Asiatic seaboard south of the Troad the region about Smyrna and Khios is the only one of which the poet or poets seem to show any personal knowledge. Khios itself, the wind-swept promontory of Mimas, the river Hermos and its tributary the Hyllos, Mount Sipylos with its female statue, the fertile land around the later Sardis called 'lovely Meionia,' the snowy Mount Tmolos, south of Sardis, the noisy geese and cranes in the valley next to the south—these details, when contrasted with the comparative silence preserved in regard to regions further north and south, seem to indicate a personal knowledge of the district.

In the numerous later lists of cities that claimed to be Homer's birthplace, Smyrna and Khios are virtually the only two which always appear and at the same time have a claim that is not

obviously frivolous. This claim on the part of Smyrna can be traced as far back as Pindar, *i.e.*, to the end of the sixth century B.C. Of the late and largely fictitious Lives of Homer nearly all describe the poet as being born at Smyrna of a girl named Kretheis. The Lives are mostly of post-Christian date, and differ widely in their details: but some of their statements can be traced back as far as the fourth century B.C., and their agreements in regard to Smyrna and Kretheis and other individuals named in the story are all the more striking in view of their discrepancies. Homer was worshipped at Smyrna, under the title Melesigenes (from the River Meles, by which he was said to have been born), certainly onwards from the early part of the third century B.C., and possibly earlier still. As for Khios, it is mentioned by the author of the Homeric Hymn to Apollo as his home; and a seventh century poet quotes a line of the *Iliad* as having been spoken by a man of Khios. Further, in historical times there existed a clan of poets and reciters in Khios called the Homeridai, who claimed descent from the poet and assumed a monopoly of genuine Homeric composition and recitation.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that modern scholars, with their more trustful attitude towards legends and traditions generally, should tend to revert to the old belief in the existence of a real poet named Homer. A moderate and probable view is that there was a poet so named, born at Smyrna and flourishing there and at Khios about 800–750 B.C., that he took over from the Aiolic tradition the shorter epic about the wrath of Akhilleus, and reproduced it not only in a more Ionic dress, but with enlargements so considerable as to convert it from an 'Akhilleid' into an 'Iliad.' It has been noticed that the geographical details about the region of Asia round Smyrna belong mostly to those books which on independent grounds are considered to be parts of the enlargement. Such a poet must have been a towering genius, and must have fixed on the epic story of Troy a personal stamp of such originality and depth that it could never be obliterated. Yet several reasons prevent us from regarding him as wholly and solely responsible for both of the great poems in their present form, and suggest rather the figure of one who, besides being a great individual poet himself, was also the founder of a school, the pioneer of a great and long-lived tradition, the beginner and to a large extent the awakener and inspirer of a long series of epic poets. The main grounds for this view are twofold:

1. In very early times the name of Homer was used to cover not the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* alone, but the Homeric hymns to the various gods, and several other long epic poems about the siege of Troy and other legendary incidents. Now these other epics, though some of them were doubtless ancient, are all believed to be

later than the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; and it is clear that those dealing with the tale of Troy were specially composed to fill in the spaces not occupied by these two great poems. It would clearly be absurd, despite the early opinions that might be quoted in support of such a view, to ascribe the whole group of epics to the author of the *Iliad*. Having then established the fact that the name of Homer *was* fictitiously used to cover poems not written by him, we are free to suppose that even the *Odyssey*, masterpiece as it is, and standing as it does next in antiquity and dignity to the *Iliad*, comes from a different author: and the slight disagreements between the two great poems would thus be easily explained. That the Homeric 'hymns' are by the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is the belief of no competent modern scholar. Yet all these poems, epics and 'hymns' alike, belong to the same general school of literature, are in the same dialect, use to a large extent the same phrases, and, as we have seen, were often regarded in very early times as the work of a single author.

2. That the text of the *Iliad*, and to a less extent that of the *Odyssey* also, was altered, interpolated, modified, expurgated, and in general very freely handled throughout a number of centuries, is clear on several grounds. Our printed editions of Homer give us the 'Vulgate' text, which can be traced back fairly satisfactorily to the time of the great Alexandrian scholars of the second century B.C. Before that time the evidence both of quotations and of papyri shows that the text was in a very fluid state. Without questioning the essential unity of the *Iliad* as early as the eighth century B.C., we cannot but regard it as a more or less elastic work, which for a long time different poets and reciters felt free to modify in detail as they thought best. The same result is reached through a consideration of the various discrepancies and awkwardnesses that appear in the *Iliad* as it stands. The catalogue of Hellenic ships in Book II. of the *Iliad*, for instance, has been shown by Leaf to be out of keeping with the rest of the poem and inherently impossible, and to be probably an interpolation made in the seventh century B.C. by some loyal Boiotian poet who wanted to represent his own district as the hub of the Hellenic universe. At the same time, these and other linguistic indications of composite authorship cannot be unravelled by any simple dichotomous analysis into 'genuine' and 'interpolated' matter.

> The task of separating the strata [says Gilbert Murray with reference to the linguistic phenomena] is shown to be much more difficult than the last generation of scholars imagined: you cannot simply cut out 'late parts' and leave the rest uniform. . . . The confusion of tongues is deep down in the heart of the Homeric dialect, and no surgery in the world can cut beneath it.[1]

[1] *Rise of the Greek Epic* (2nd edn.), pp. 189f, 258.

No doubt this discovery that the *Iliad* is, as Gilbert Murray calls it, a 'traditional book,' *i.e.*, one continually remoulded, enlarged, and pruned throughout a long succession of centuries (like some historical books of the Old Testament), somewhat spoils for the modern mind its simplicity as a work of art, and goes far to neutralise that gain in human reality which the reinstatement of the personal Homer seemed to promise. Yet the large measure of consistency and uniformity actually reached in the poem and the remarkable rarity of anachronisms show that fluidity of detail and multiplicity of authorship were not incompatible with the dominance of a single master-mind.

I turn from these literary and historical problems of the poems to a task to which it is still harder to do justice, the task of presenting by selection and quotation the most attractive and interesting aspects of the Homeric mind. One must pass by as indescribable the sheer majestic beauty of the verses themselves, which, as one reads on and on, intoxicate and enthral. 'Before I begin to write,' said Bossuet, 'I always read a little of Homer, for I love to light my lamp at the sun.' Keats was impressed by the weird grandeur of the poetry, though he knew it only in translation, and he wrote :

> Then feel I like some watcher of the skies
>   When a new planet swims into his ken ;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
>   He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
>   Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

I must pass by his copious and expressive epithets, welcome and delightful despite their conventionality and untranslatability, abundant too—no common object or feature of the natural world but has its appropriate adjective. A single quotation must suffice here as a sample of his endless fertility in similes. Of two warriors defending the gate in the Greek stockade it is said :

> But they, like wasps with nimble waists or bees, who have built their home by a rugged path, and leave not their hollow house, but stay there and fight off the hunters in defence of their young ones, so these warriors, though only two, would not leave the gate till they could either slay or be slain.

It is pleasant to dwell for a little on a feature specially attractive to modern minds—the Homeric interest in domestic life. 'May the gods grant thee,' says Odysseus to the girl Nausikaa, 'all thy heart's desire—husband and home and concord may they grant thee—a goodly gift, for there is nought nobler and better than when man and wife keep their home with concord in their hearts ; a grief to their foes it is, and a joy to their friends, but

they themselves know it best of all.' Apollo throws down the Greek stockade 'quite easily, as when a boy scatters sand at the seaside: first in his childishness he makes playthings of sand, and then again in his play overturns them with feet and hands.' When Patroklos begs Akhilleus to take pity on the stricken Greeks, Akhilleus says to him: 'Why weepest thou, Patroklos, like a little girl that runs beside her mother and bids her lift her up, snatching at her gown and hindering her as she hurries along, and looks at her tearfully, until she takes her up? Like her, Patroklos, dost thou shed soft tears.' The evenly matched armies hold their ground, 'as an honest working-woman holds the scales and raises the weight and the wool together, balancing them, that she may win her wretched wage for her children's sake.' Odysseus is amazed at the good sense shown by Nausikaa, 'for,' as he tells her father, 'younger folk are ever unwise!' The faithful swineherd greets his young master Telemakhos: 'He kissed his head and both his goodly eyes and both his hands, and dropped a heavy tear. And as a loving father welcomes his son, who has come home in the tenth year from a far country, his only son and well-beloved, for whom he has endured much sorrow, thus did the noble swineherd then kiss Telemakhos.'

The poet alludes to the commonest experiences of daily life, and by the touch of a magic wand gives them a weird artistic value. He tells you the time of day by saying that it was the hour 'when a woodman prepares his meal amid the mountain dells, when he has sated his hands with cutting tall trees, and weariness comes on his soul, and a desire for sweet food takes him about the diaphragm.' 'There is nothing,' says Odysseus in asking for food, 'more brazen than a wretched belly, which bids a man perforce to remember himself, even though worn and sorrowful in spirit.' 'It is not a bad thing,' says another, 'to take a meal at the right time.' Hospitality is freely granted to strangers, 'for all strangers and suppliants come from Zeus, and a small gift to them is dear to him'—a touching anticipation of a later Teacher's words: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren . . .' Food in abundance is set before the guest, and the cup of wine placed conveniently near, 'for him to drink whenever his soul bids him.' Odysseus, after describing some choice wine poured out in the house of a former host, adds: 'Then truly it would have been no pleasure to refrain.' The meal continues until all have 'put away from themselves the love of eating and drinking.'

The homely virtues of sympathy and mutual helpfulness and encouragement find frequent mention in semi-proverbial phrases; 'No advantage comes from chill lamentation'; 'Good is the persuasion of a friend'; 'Fear not in thy heart, for the bold man

is best in every adventure'; 'Say what thou hast in mind, for my heart bids me do it, if I can do it, and if it may be done'; 'A comrade who has wisdom is no whit worse than a brother.'

The ethical standards recognised in the Homeric world are of course primitive and savage. It is not only that the pages of the *Iliad* reek with the blood shed on the plain of Troy, but the most redoubtable warriors are guilty of a ferocity that has no plea in military necessity. Menelaos is about to spare a suppliant foeman, when he is thus accosted by his brother Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief: 'My dear Menelaos, why art thou so careful of men? Have such good deeds been done thee by the Trojans in thy house? Let not one of them escape sheer destruction at our hands, not even the little boy whom his mother carries in her womb; let not even him escape, but let all out of Ilion perish together, uncared for and unknown.' At the climax of the story, the combat in which Akhilleus kills Hektor, not only are the odds heavily weighted against Hektor, but he displays a far more chivalrous spirit than his successful opponent, whose desire for revenge is unqualified by any generosity towards his fallen foe, and who sates his fury in wanton outrage on the defenceless corpse. Even in the *Odyssey*, the theme of which is on the whole more peaceful and domestic than that of the *Iliad*, we hear of the savage Epeirote chief, 'the mutilator of all men,' to whom the suitors threaten to send the beggar whom Odysseus has disabled in the boxing-match. And our sympathy with the hero on his final restoration to home and wife is marred by the hanging of the slave-girls who had misbehaved in his absence and by the appalling mutilation of the disloyal goatherd Melanthios. And what makes matters worse is that no word of censure upon these enormities ever escapes the poet, except once when he stigmatises the piercing of the dead Hektor's feet as 'unseemly deeds.' Yet a finer sense of the fitness of things shows itself here and there, where the expression of it involves no censure of any particular hero. One is, in fact, tempted to ask whether the poet's interest in the warlike deeds of his heroes was not almost wholly a detached and artistic interest, hardly involving any moral judgment for or against, and never amounting to a willingness to imitate. So strong is the appeal of literary beauty that even we are able to enjoy the poems to-day despite the strongest aversion from the deeds and customs recorded; and while we ought not to ascribe our own tastes and opinions to the ancients, yet we may claim that the artist himself is not to be charged with an approval of all he depicts, especially when his theme is a well-fixed traditional story, and when his literary medium, like that of the dramatist, forbids the obtrusion of his own personality. At all events, there are not lacking in the poems strong expressions about the misery and calamity of strife.

'May strife perish utterly from among gods and men, and wrath that stirs even a wise man to be angry—wrath that is far sweeter (at first) than trickling honey, but increases like smoke in the breasts of men.' Wars are caused by economic necessity: 'It is impossible to conceal the belly's eagerness—a ruinous thing, that brings many evils to men; for the sake of it well-benched ships are fitted out and bear mischief to foemen over the unvintaged sea.' The proverb that 'iron of itself,' *i.e.*, the very sight of it, 'draws a man on,' is often quoted. And even the most warlike heroes occasionally display an almost feminine tenderness. Hektor consoling his wife and dandling his baby-boy, and the ruthless Akhilleus kindly entertaining the aged king of Troy himself, present strange contrasts to the martial figures which their names normally suggest. And even in the excitement of sacking a city Akhilleus of his own accord refrains from stripping the slain king of his rich armour, but goes out of his way to give him honourable burial. Finally, we observe in Homer traces of the Greek belief in an ideal people dwelling in the far north, who are called the most righteous of men, who wage no wars, but practise unbounded hospitality.

When, finally, we turn to the religious tone of the Homeric world, and endeavour to get behind the brilliant dramatisation of the numerous personal deities, we are struck first of all by the tendency to fatalism and even pessimism. 'Happy' is an epithet that belongs to the gods; but man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. Zeus asks the immortal horses how he came to present them to Peleus, the father of Akhilleus: 'Was it in order that ye might suffer sorrows among ill-fated men? For there is nothing anywhere more pitiable than a man, of all things that breathe or creep upon the earth.' Akhilleus avenges his friend and covers himself with glory, but the shadow of an early death hangs over him all the time. Odysseus regains his home and his wife, but at what a cost, in peril and privation, in tears and blood, in hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick! All natural occurrences, as well as human happenings, have their origin in the will of Zeus. The great quarrel on which the story of the *Iliad* hangs is the working out of his counsels. When the day of slavery overtakes a man, it is Zeus that deprives him of half his virtue. Odysseus explains why he preferred a martial to a domestic career: 'To me,' he says, 'those things were dear which the god placed in my mind, for some men enjoy some practices and others others.' Yet determinists and believers in the sovereign providence of God rarely act and speak quite consistently with their professed belief. And so we find, alongside of this primitive fatalism, a certain consciousness of human independence and responsibility. Hektor, when warned to stay the battle on account of a forbidding omen,

refuses, with the words 'There is one omen the best of all—to fight in defence of one's country.' Penelope, when referred to the message of a dream, replies: 'Dreams are unusable and inexplicable; nor are all things in them fulfilled for men.' In the heavenly court of Olympos, Zeus himself openly repudiates the responsibility of the gods for much of human misfortune: 'Alas! how mortals blame the gods, for they say that evils come from us, whereas they themselves by their own folly get misfortune beyond what is fated.' The resultant attitude of the typical Homeric man is a combination of bold self-reliance with a humble belief in the reality of Divine aid. Under trouble or provocation he calls upon his own heart to endure patiently; in the moment of danger or conflict he fights his best, knowing that the issue lies on the knees of the gods and that Zeus will take care for all things; in the extremity of need he calls to his aid the deity he trusts, knowing that, wherever that deity may be, he can hear the call of a man in distress; and whenever the will of the gods is made clear to him he complies loyally: 'For whoever obeys the gods, to him do the gods gladly hearken.'

One lays the subject down with the same feelings as those wherewith one began it. The value of Homer to the modern mind is unanalysable. So is it with all great poetry. You may thresh out the problems of its date and authorship; you may account for its dialect; you may cull its purple passages, and collect and admire its epithets and similes; you may reconstruct and summarise the poet's world-view: you may draw out his moral lessons; you may prove the truthfulness of his pictures of human nature. Yet after all your study, there remains an irreducible surd, which is contained wholly in none of these things, but which is yet somehow the heart of the whole business. A chemist can collect with exactitude all the ingredients present in a glass of wine, but he cannot impart to them the taste and aroma of wine. In the same way we can point to numerous excellencies in Homeric poetry, but we cannot account fully for its hold over us; still less can we reproduce it ourselves. We simply say, 'This is poetry; this is beauty; this is good,' and there we have to leave it. Undestroyed and unspoilt by the ignorance and cruelty and violence of the world it represents, the art of Homer charms because it is saturated with fresh and first-hand human interest, with a simple and childlike love for things in general and for human beings in particular,[2] but most of all because it is true art. Like

[2] 'He loved men and their life—their fierce, keen, bright, tender spirits; he was a "human catholic" indeed, and such men are never far from the Kingdom of Heaven. He never told us to love men; he knew of no Kingdom of Heaven; his other world is very dim, very empty of life and personality; but he did believe in men' (T. R. Glover, *Progress in Religion*, quoted in *Hibbert Journal*, April 1923, p. 616).

the moral goodness of the ideal Christian character, and the loyal truthfulness of science, the æsthetic passion of the artist belongs to the great ultimate values of life—the reflection, within the orbit of human experience, of the things which God Himself creates, displays, and loves. The quest for reality, therefore, as well as the appetite for happiness, involves the reverent appreciation of the beautiful wherever it is to be found; and the mind of man will therefore never be so modern as to listen without a thrill to that Homeric poetry which is a joy for ever because so supremely a thing of beauty.

C. J. Cadoux.

A GREAT NEWSPAPER: THE 'SCOTSMAN'

MR. J. P. CROAL has just retired from the editorship of the *Scotsman*, after service of more than fifty years upon the staff of that journal. It is understood that Mr. Croal, though relieved from responsibility, does not intend to sever altogether his connection with the *Scotsman*. Fortunately, therefore, it would be premature to attempt to appreciate a remarkable public and professional career. But the occasion of a change in the active editorial control of the *Scotsman* seems to furnish an opportunity for a brief review of the history of one of the oldest and the most influential organs of public opinion in the United Kingdom.

The history of journalism suggests that the ambition to start a newspaper is widespread, perennial, and generally foolish. So far as ordinary newspapers are concerned, the immense amount of the initial outlay now necessary has in recent times exercised a powerful restraint upon the indulgence of this ambition. But it was otherwise in early times. For a ten-pound note some 300 copies might be printed and issued, and there you were; and there you are, for a copy of your issue of 200 years ago is still to be found in some library. In his *Bibliography of the Edinburgh Press* Mr. W. J. Couper mentions some seventy journals issued in Edinburgh in the course of the eighteenth century. Of these not one, unless it be the *Official Gazette*, now survives. Doubtless it would be unfair to represent that every journal which comes to an end is a failure. *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Standard* were not failures. They had their day. Death follows a period of weakness and decay, but an honourable and successful career may lie behind. None the less is it the case that the great majority of newspapers, which were and now are not, were failures from the first. Infant mortality has taken a far heavier toll than senile decay.

The *Scotsman* does not figure in Mr. Couper's catalogue, which closes at 1800, for the *Scotsman* was founded in 1817. The origin of the paper was curious. Often the labouring mountain brings forth the mouse, but sometimes it does happen that the mouse brings forth the mountain. William Ritchie, an Edinburgh solicitor of humble origin, was keenly interested in public affairs,

was possessed of a certain literary *flair*, and occasionally contributed to the local journals. Some dispute had arisen about the management of the New (now the Royal) Infirmary of Edinburgh. Ritchie wrote an article upon the subject, but its publication was refused, and it was not accepted even when tendered as an advertisement. Thereupon Ritchie took counsel with two friends, one a literary man and fellow-Whig sympathiser, Mr. Charles Maclaren, clerk in the Customs House, and the other a like-minded bookseller, Mr. John Robertson. The three friends determined that they would show to the haughty powers that were what was what, and they proceeded to do so by founding an independent newspaper—the *Scotsman*. The first number appeared upon January 25, 1817—the Burns anniversary—and it bore as its device the scroll which still adorns the *Scotsman*, the 'emblem dear' to Burns, the Scottish thistle. The story of the origin of the *Scotsman* is suggestive both of the continuity and of the expansion of our national life. The *Scotsman*, which traces its origin to a squabble about a little local hospital, has long been one of the leading journals of the Empire. The little local hospital has become the centre of one of the great medical schools of the world.

The annals of the *Scotsman*, as regards publication and price, may be very summarily stated. At the outset the *Scotsman* was a weekly, and the price was tenpence, of which fourpence represented the Government stamp. In 1823 the paper became a bi-weekly, and the price was reduced to sevenpence. The duty was reduced to one penny in 1836, and threepence was taken off the price per copy. The Crimean war brought a still more startling change. The duty was repealed altogether, and the *Scotsman* became a penny daily, an arrangement which was disturbed only by the European war, when the price became twopence, at which it now stands.

In the business management of the *Scotsman* there has been remarkable concentration and continuity. Very few names require to be mentioned to make the record complete. John Ritchie, an Edinburgh draper, who had begun work as a hand-loom weaver, was a brother of William Ritchie, already mentioned. If John had not his brother's literary bent, he had probably more of this world's goods, and shortly after the *Scotsman* was founded he acquired the sole copyright of the journal. A substantial part of this interest was retained by John Ritchie until his death in 1870 at the age of ninety-two. The *Scotsman's* commercial name is still 'John Ritchie and Company.' John Ritchie appears to have been a man of shrewdness and courage in all business matters. If the *Scotsman* does not owe to him its great expansion, it owes to him its survival of difficulties and its sound business

basis, which rendered that great expansion possible. The family succession was taken up by John Ritchie's nephew, John Ritchie Findlay, who first became associated with the *Scotsman* in 1842, and retained the chief proprietary interest until his death in 1898. Unlike most of the makers of the *Scotsman*, Findlay did not confine his energies exclusively to one side of journalistic work, the editorial or the management. He contributed to both. Moreover, unlike the others, he was, within certain prudent limits, a man of affairs, taking part in various spheres of public activity. He has left a lasting memorial in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, which owes its erection to his munificence. His son, Sir John Ritchie Findlay, now worthily upholds the family tradition both in the office of the *Scotsman* and in public service.

But the man of original invention, the driving force which not only made the *Scotsman* one of the great journals of the Empire, but gave an impetus to the development of the modern business methods of journalism, was James Law. He was appointed business manager of the *Scotsman* in 1857, and for more than sixty years he remained at the helm. The conversion of the *Scotsman* into a daily paper gave scope for his inventive genius. He began by revolutionising the method of newspaper distribution. Hitherto this had been in the hands of independent commercial agencies near the place of publication. These agencies had a monopoly, and they had no interest to push any particular paper or to study the interest of any paper as to promptitude of despatch. Law eliminated these middle-men and introduced the system of the direct distribution to retail salesmen throughout the country. Another departure which Law initiated has had perhaps even a more far-reaching influence in the development of the provincial Press. He introduced the system of the 'special' or exclusive wire from the newspaper office to London. Connected with this was another development, the establishment of London offices of the provincial Press. Another newspaper arrangement, which is now almost an institution, owes its origin to Law: the early morning newspaper train. The first newspaper train in the United Kingdom was the 4 a.m. express which carried the *Scotsman* to Glasgow. Law was a pioneer too in the development of the new machinery and methods of rapid production, but this is a matter too technical to be entered upon here.

Turning from the side of management to that of editorial control, one marks the same continuity, the same lengthened tenures. Mr. Charles Maclaren, one of the founders already mentioned, was the first editor of the *Scotsman*, and, with one short and only partial interruption, he held that office for nearly thirty years. Maclaren was a keen politician of a Whig school which was deemed advanced at that time, and he took an active

part in the controversies of the three decades during which he filled the editorial chair. He appears to have been a forcible and cultured penman, but, though he was a keen angler, he is self-confessed as a somewhat solemn person, and the *Scotsman* of his day had not quite the sparkle which afterwards distinguished it. Maclaren was succeeded as editor by a man of his own choice who, after a period of service on the Scottish provincial Press, had been made sub-editor of the *Scotsman*—Alexander Russel, once familiarly known throughout Scotland and still remembered as 'Russel of the *Scotsman*.' Russel discharged the duties of editor from 1845 until his death in 1876. One or two London editors, but only one or two, may have been more widely known by name than Russel, but no editor out of London, before or since, has enjoyed so great and widespread a repute. What Law did for the commercial expansion of the *Scotsman* Russel did for its public reputation. Russel's power and success as an editor was direct and personal. It was his own pen, not any school which he enlisted, that made the reputation of the *Scotsman*. According to his successor, Mr. Charles Cooper, than whom no one was better qualified to judge both from knowledge of Russel and knowledge of journalism, Russel lived at the right time. He might have acquired a great reputation as a political writer had he lived later, but probably not as a successful editor. He was too slow for modern methods, and he had no great aptitude for delegation and supervision. If one could do something for him, very good, but he was not going to indicate how it should be done or revise one's composition. He would rather do it himself. He trained nobody. Doubtless, however, especially in later years, much that was written in the *Scotsman* did not come from his pen. But such was his reputation that everything that was good, or sharp, or witty, was Russel. Even in private Russel exercised the full privilege of an editor in repudiating no impeachment. Whether the response to an article was a bouquet or a brickbat, he accepted it.

Russel was a keen controversialist. He loved the arena of strife. The *Scotsman* under his direction was a vigorous party journal on the Liberal side. Yet some of Russel's sharpest differences were with a section of that party. Edinburgh Liberals of his time were not an altogether happy family, as was evidenced by the rejection of Macaulay. There were two distinct strains. There were Liberals of orthodox Whig descent, survivors or descendants of the *Edinburgh Review* school. But another school had arisen which had stripped itself entirely of its Whig trappings and yet hesitated to plunge into the waters of Radicalism. This school can be traced further back than the Disruption of the Church in 1843, but it received a powerful impetus from that ecclesiastical catastrophe. In this school adhesion to Liberalism

in politics was associated with an earnest but narrow religious orthodoxy of an ultra-Evangelical type. Russel belonged to the former school. To the latter he had a repugnance. More congenial to him the hardened Tory than the Liberal who sought to enforce an austere Sabbatarianism, frowned at the theatre and cards, shook his head over Lord Palmerston, and generally cultivated what in latter days came to be known as the Nonconformist conscience.

Russel's other favourite target was, according to his opponents, the Church; according to his friends, the clergy. Russel was an enemy of all clericalism, sacerdotalism, and religious narrowness and intolerance. There was a good deal of these in his day, and this is the explanation given by his apologists of his general attitude in religious and ecclesiastical matters. But though this is an apology, it is hardly a vindication. Doubtless the clergy have, and perhaps in Russel's day had even in a more marked degree than now, their failings and their foibles. So too, be it by all means in a less degree, have medical men, University professors, and Labour leaders. But a journal which found it impossible to deal with any medical, University, or Labour problem without garnishing the article with gibes and jeers at doctors, professors, or Labour leaders, as the case might be, would not readily be credited with much real sympathy with medicine, universities, or Labour. There was something rather deeper down than anti-clericalism in Russel's attitude towards what is, after all, the deeply seated religious sentiment of his fellow-countrymen. Russel was a Presbyterian and a member of a Presbyterian congregation, and he had an extraordinary knowledge of the Bible. But he was a religious 'moderate.' For the benefit of readers south of the Tweed, I may explain that the original and typical 'moderate' was a cultured and easy-going high and dry eighteenth century Churchman who disliked and distrusted all enthusiasms and found it much easier to extend an amiable tolerance to David Hume than to John Wesley. The moderate school was very much on the down grade in Russel's days, though he still found it in some country manses where he was a welcome guest. Even in the Established Church all the leading men were now of another school, eager for Church extension in the new urban areas and interested in Home and Foreign Missions. To Russel this new zeal made no appeal. It rubbed him the wrong way. It is not wonderful, therefore, that in Russel's day the *Scotsman* seemed to be out of sympathy, not merely with the ecclesiastical system of the time, but even with the spiritual life behind it. Professor Blackie summed it up when, acknowledging the great qualities of the *Scotsman* of Russel, he attributed to it a lack of 'reverence and love.' All this has passed away. Not

the least noteworthy achievement of Mr. Croal as editor of the *Scotsman* has been the accentuation and completion of a change of tone, begun under Mr. Cooper, whereby, without any sacrifice of independence or surrender of its liberal ecclesiastical tradition, the *Scotsman* has been brought into sympathy with the religious life of the Scottish people.

The death of Russel in 1876 placed the proprietors of the *Scotsman* in a difficulty, and they made perhaps the only serious mistake which can be attributed to them. Mr. Charles A. Cooper, the sub-editor, was a man of great ability and wide journalistic experience. But he was an Englishman, who had been only a few years in Scotland, and while his political Liberalism was without reproach, there was a doubt as to whether he was in a position to handle on the liberal lines traditional with the *Scotsman* the ecclesiastical problems which then bulked largely in public discussion in Scotland. But, above all, he had no outside public repute, and the great celebrity of Russel had created the impression that, if the public reputation of the paper was not to suffer, the anonymity of the *Scotsman* must be only formal, that the editor must be a man in the limelight. Accordingly Dr. Robert Wallace, minister of Old Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, and Professor of Church History in the University, a man whose name was then a household word in Scotland as a brilliant but cynical ecclesiastical iconoclast, was appointed editor of the *Scotsman*. The experiment was not a success. Wallace was a man of extraordinary ability and a most incisive penman, but he had no journalistic experience. The burden of the work fell upon Cooper, and it was soon found necessary to associate this with full editorial responsibility. Wallace went to the English bar, and from 1886 till his death in 1899 he was member of Parliament for East Edinburgh. But notwithstanding his great abilities at the bar and in Parliament, as in the editorial chair of the *Scotsman*, he came too late.

Charles A. Cooper may accordingly be regarded as the real successor of Russel, and his editorship lasted till 1905, when he retired. Cooper was one of the best-equipped journalists of his day. A Yorkshireman, he began life at the very bottom of the ladder in the work of the provincial Press in that county. Next he moved to London, where he worked on the staff of the *Morning Star*, formed many political, literary, and journalistic acquaintanceships, and learned the atmosphere of parliamentary life. In politics Cooper was keen, clear, and candid, and his judgment upon public questions was remarkably sound. He was widely read, could handle almost any subject with vigour and freshness, and had a facile and graceful pen. It was through Cooper's perseverance and insistence, and ultimately through his influence,

that the provincial Press obtained access to the Reporters' Gallery in the House of Commons. Cooper could never have won for the *Scotsman* the reputation for brilliant writing that Russel gained for it, but he had what, as already indicated, Russel perhaps lacked—the equipment necessary to keep pace with the new and rapid methods of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Cooper, like Russel, was a keen politician and a strenuous controversialist, but if the *Scotsman*, under his direction, maintained its old vigour and independence, it shed some of its rasp.

It was under Cooper that the *Scotsman*, which had always been a keen, but never an extreme, party journal on the Whig or Liberal side, came to the parting of the ways. To the elderly Scot who was and has always been a keen Liberal partisan, and whose memory goes back to Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian campaign, the *Scotsman* was until 1886 something to swear by politically; since then it has been something to swear at. When a party abandons a policy which it has always strenuously advocated, the member of the party who refuses to fall into line has a very fair case for the contention that it is the party, not he, who is the turncoat. But so strong is the tradition of party continuity that popularly the matter is not so regarded. The tendency to treat the person who stands out as the person who has changed is, no doubt, accentuated by the fact that alliance with a former opponent upon a certain important issue tends to promote a certain gravitation towards that former opponent's standpoint in other matters. This is well illustrated by the lives of Mr. Gladstone, the two Lords Derby criss-cross-wise, Mr. Chamberlain, and many others who might be named, including even—though in his case it was only a temporary aberration—Mr. Lloyd George. But be these things as they may, whilst the Irish crisis was doubtless the occasion of the change in the party orientation of the *Scotsman*, the change synchronised with a general change of opinion among the type of Scots who founded the *Scotsman*. Liberals point with a gratification which is natural to the achievements of the party in the decades which followed the first Reform Act. But if these were the achievements of their spiritual ancestors the physiological descendants of these spiritual grandsires are now mostly in the opposite camp. It was a jest of the *Scotsman* in the old days that a first-class railway compartment would suffice to carry up to Westminster the whole of the Conservative representatives from Scotland. If the franchise of these days could now be restored, even a single automobile would hardly be required to carry, not the representatives of that party, but their opponents, to Westminster. There was an apparent breach in the political tradition of the *Scotsman* in 1886, but substantially there was no breach in continuity. The *Scotsman* to-day stands where the

Scotsman of 1824 stood as a journal in harmony with the political opinions predominant in that middle class to which the typical Scot belongs.

In 1905 Cooper retired from the editor's chair, and was succeeded by Mr. J. P. Croal, who has just demitted office. Born in Haddington, Mr. Croal was himself the son of a provincial journalist, and he was brought up to the profession from early boyhood. In 1873 he entered the office of the *Scotsman* under Russel and Cooper, and he enjoyed the advantage of being inspired by the one and trained by the other. When the gallery of the House of Commons was thrown open to the provincial Press, Croal moved to London to take charge of the *Scotsman's* London office. For a quarter of a century he was one of the best-known Press-men in the lobbies. But this long exile did nothing to denationalise him, to diminish his interest in his native land or his disposition, on his return to Edinburgh, to enter sympathetically into the problems of its public and its social life. Although Mr. Croal has withdrawn from the editorial chair, he has not severed his connection with the *Scotsman*, and therefore, as already indicated, it would be premature to attempt to appreciate his career and the services which he has rendered to the *Scotsman*, to journalism, and to his native country. More sympathetic than Russel, better acquainted with Scottish sentiment and tradition than Cooper, he had the advantage of experience under these two eminent journalists, and he inherited and has worthily maintained the tradition of courage, independence and devoted service which they bequeathed to him. He leaves the editorial chair of the *Scotsman* as he found it, a seat second to none in influence and authority in British journalism. His successor, Mr. G. A. Waters, is a man of his own choice and training. A native of Thurso, Mr. Waters, after a brilliant University career, entered the office of the *Scotsman* eighteen years ago, and for a number of years he has been Mr. Croal's chief assistant. As the successor of Russel, Cooper, and Croal, Mr. Waters has big boots to wear, but his friends believe that he will fill them.

Scotsmen dislike the word 'provincial' as applied to themselves and their institutions. They claim to be a nation; their institutions are national institutions, and the *Scotsman* is one of these institutions. But in the understanding of journalism 'provincial' means simply 'not London'; and in this sense one may perhaps, without offence, class the *Scotsman* among the provincial journals. So regarding the matter and placing the London Press, including local editions of London papers, on the one side, and the old-established provincial Press on the other, there can be no doubt that during the last quarter of a century, whilst there may have been losses and gains on both sides, as

regards authority and dignity the balance is in favour of the provincial Press. The provincial Press, as well as the London Press, has had to study popular taste and general 'up-to-dateness.' But the provincial Press has sacrificed less than the metropolitan Press of the old traditions of journalism. Two words, now familiar, which would have been unintelligible twenty years ago, illustrate this: 'stunt' and 'syndicated.' The provincial Press is not syndicated, and it does not run stunts. The metropolitan daily Press—well, it is, and it does. One may estimate the number of persons in these islands who read a daily paper in 1870 at perhaps 500,000. To-day the number is perhaps from twelve million to fifteen million. But the *clientèle* of the daily Press has changed in quality as well as in quantity. The millions of the present day are inferior in intellectual equipment to the thousands of fifty years ago. This has wrought great changes in the Press. No journal has stood out entirely against these changes, for circulation is the life of journalism. But some journals, of which the *Scotsman* is one, have changed but little by way of condescension to a lower order of intellectual interest. This policy has its material as well as its moral compensations, for the number of newspapers which have stood out against sensationalism and snippets is so small that those which have done so have a steady and assured *clientèle*, whilst they have retained almost a monopoly of certain classes of the most substantial advertisement business

One of the most remarkable and unsatisfactory developments in connection with the Press in recent years is the system of 'making a Press,' and of using the Press for the furtherance, not of its own policy, but of the policy of some potent influences outside. According to the old-fashioned ideas, a statesman tabled his policy and had to submit to the judgment of the Press upon it. But nowadays the Press is used to create an atmosphere, to transform the incredible into the inevitable, and prepare for the public announcement of some new and startling departure. The recent dissolution of Parliament was an illustration of this. Apart from Press comments, nobody would have read an impending dissolution into Mr. Baldwin's speech at Plymouth. But within the next day or two it became plain to those who understood how these things are now managed that a dissolution was being engineered not by, but through, the Press. The party were being indoctrinated with the idea; the willing were being egged on, the reluctant pushed on. The *Scotsman* was not an instrument of this outside engineering. One does not know if anybody tried to make it so; probably past experience had shown the futility of any such attempt. The *Scotsman* took its own line in deprecating the extraordinary political blunder which was being

perpetuated. Doubtless the Press may initiate a proposal or strongly advocate a policy. The *Scotsman* has often done so. But if the Press is to be wholesome and retain its independence, the voice must be that of the Press, not that of some outside schemer speaking through the Press. What the *Scotsman* says upon any subject the *Scotsman* says. Nobody dreams of suggesting: 'The voice is the *Scotsman's* voice, but the hands are the hands of Tadpole.'

Efficiency, independence, courage, sober judgment, a healthy Scottish patriotism, and a steadfast devotion to the wider interests of empire, these have been the leading characteristics of the *Scotsman* throughout its long career. The *personnel* may change (though that happens but at long intervals in the *Scotsman* office), but the tradition is handed down. A complete file of the *Scotsman* now comprises more than 25,000 numbers. That file contains the most exhaustive record of the affairs of Scotland during the past 107 years. It is a record sometimes of progress and sometimes of decline, of many ups and downs, of successes and failures; but the story of the recorder itself is one of steady and continuous progress and success.

CHRISTOPHER N. JOHNSTON
(SANDS).

THE GENIUS OF MASACCIO

THE Chapel of the Brancacci, in Florence, is one of the most dramatically interesting spots in the world. With a floor area of not more than seven paces by eight, it is almost the only remnant left of the great Gothic Church of the Carmine which was burnt down in the latter half of the eighteenth century and soon afterwards rebuilt and restored in the state in which we see it to-day. The historic little shrine, the precious survival from the fire, occupies the right transept, and was erected early in the fifteenth century by Felice Michele di Piuvichese Brancacci, an eminent Florentine citizen. On April 19, 1422, it was consecrated with the rest of the church, and from that day to this the feet of many thousands have gone there in pilgrimage. For 500 years every square yard of its walls has been studied time out of number by artists great and small, by men and women of every class and of every nation of the earth.

For it was here that Tommaso Guidi worked, better known as 'Masaccio'—'awkward Tom',—a nickname given him by his fellow-townsmen for his slovenly appearance and careless habits. Here he laboured, crippled by debt and carking poverty, until very near the time of his death, at the age of only twenty-six. Nothing practically is known of his life. After all, why should anyone have been at pains to keep a record of these few unheralded and undistinguished years? Beyond the date and place of his birth, and the name and profession of his father, almost the only trustworthy documentary fragments existing relate to his money troubles. A son of Ser Giovanni di Simone Guidi, notary of the parish of Castel San Giovanni in Val d'Arno, he was born there on the feast of St. Thomas, on December 21, 1401, and named after the doubting Apostle. Throughout the few years of his artistic activity he seems to have been balanced on a very razor's edge of financial difficulty. The income-tax return for 1427 still exists, in which he describes himself and his younger brother, Giovanni, as living in Florence with their widowed mother. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their *History of Painting in Italy* give some details from the return which he then made:

His mother had lost her first husband, and was now widow of Tedesco di Castel San Giovanni. Her prospects in life were not brilliant; of her

dowry one hundred florins still remained due; Mona d'Andreuccio di Castel San Giovanni owed her forty florins, and the executors of her second husband sixty florins, as well as the rent of a vineyard in Castel San Giovanni. Beyond these sums in expectancy she possessed not a farthing. On the other hand, Masaccio, who lived with his brother, Giovanni, born in 1407, and his mother, born in 1382, though he earned six soldi per diem, owed one hundred and two livres, four soldi, to Niccolo di Ser Lapo, a painter, six florins to one Piero Battiloro, and had various articles of property in pledge at the pawnshops of the 'Lion' and the 'Cow.' His assistant, Andrea di Giusto, received but irregular pay, and claimed in 1427, for salary in arrear, six florins. The family lived in a house of the quarter of Santa Croce, for which they paid ten florins a year, and Tommaso kept one of the shops annexed to the old Badia, built, it is said, by Arnolfo, near the Palazzo del Podestà, for which he paid two florins a year. The condition of Masaccio was more favourable, according to his own account, than the reality. Niccolò di Ser Lapo, in his schedule of the year 1427, declares that Tommaso di Ser Giovanni owes him two hundred livres, and, in a later declaration of 1430, that sixty-eight livres were still due, which he had no hope of ever receiving, as Tommaso had gone to Rome, had died there, and his brother, Giovanni, pretended that he was not the heir.

Could anyone's affairs have been less encouraging? And yet it was in these distracting circumstances, living from hand to mouth, and already almost at the verge of his little span of years, that he produced some of the wonders of all time, and laid a new and lasting basis for succeeding builders to work upon. In 1422 he was enrolled in the Guild of the Speziali, or Druggists, in Florence. In 1424 he matriculated in the Painters' Guild, and the same year, or possibly in 1423, became Masolino's assistant in the Carmine. In 1425 the latter went to Hungary, either to collect a debt or execute a commission for another patron, and Masaccio was left to finish the work alone. He was still under twenty-four years of age, and with less than three more years to live. The cause of his death is veiled in obscurity, but this much is practically certain, that he went to Rome early in 1428, maybe in desperation to escape from his creditors, and that he died there soon after his arrival, unhonoured, uncared for, and almost like a dog in a ditch. The story that his body, the poor shell of that gifted spirit, was brought back and laid in the church where he had laboured and which he made so famous for the centuries to come, was therefore probably a legend. There is a house still standing in Florence where he is supposed to have lived for a short while, No. 17 in the Via dei Servi, but the foregoing meagre outline is almost all the history that we have of him. In fact, the records of his life are as few as the authenticated paintings that he has left behind. His industry, we are told, was prodigious, that he spared no pains in the mastery of his craft, and this we can well believe. Vasari says:

He was remarkably absent-minded and careless of externals, as one who, having fixed his whole mind and thought on art, cared little for himself or

his personal interests, and meddled still less with the affairs of others; he could by no means be induced to bestow his attention on the cares of the world and the general interests of life, insomuch that he would give no thought to his clothing, nor was he ever wont to require payment from his debtors until he was first reduced to the extremity of want; and for all this, instead of being called Tommaso, which was his name, he received from everyone the cognomen of Masaccio, by no means for any vice of disposition, since he was goodness itself, but merely from his excessive negligence and disregard of himself; for he was always so friendly to all, so ready to oblige and do service to others, that a better or kinder man could not possibly be desired.

Who would wish for a better epitaph? We can see him as he is here pictured—a child in affairs, unpractical, unworldly, and golden-hearted. If we are to believe tradition, the Apostle who is nearest to the portico on the right of the tax-gatherer in the noble fresco of the *Tribute Money* is meant to represent the artist himself. He is there depicted as a handsome, broad-shouldered young man with a slight, dark brown beard and moustache and dark hair brushed low across a wide forehead, with finely pencilled eyebrows, aquiline features, and large eyes—a strong, lean, forceful face. But there are other reputed portraits of him which are curiously different, with an altogether commoner and weaker physiognomy, so that we have no definite clue to what he really looked like.

The Brancacci frescoes were painted when Masaccio was between twenty-three and twenty-six years of age, at a period of life when genius, as a rule, is revealing but the promise of what is in it, when it is following rather than leading, when its work is immature and tentative, marred by imperfections and contradictions. But here was a youth, already emancipated from previous tradition, founding a school, or rather flinging wide the gates of revelation for all future artists, painting frescoes sublime, mature, and ever fresh, to be a guide and criterion for the greatest artistic craftsmen of the modern world. Giotto, who founded a preceding academy, lived thirty-three years longer than Masaccio, although even so he died before he was sixty. Raphael, the founder of a succeeding one, lived more than a decade longer. Yet here was perfect work produced in its fulness and perfection, as it were by a Divine delivery, by a youth of four or five-and-twenty, the pupil of an artist much inferior to himself, produced, be it also remembered, ere Botticelli or Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolommeo or Andrea del Sarto, Perugino or Raphael, Leonardo or Michael Angelo, had even handled brush or palette. This is what Leonardo da Vinci says of him:

After the time of Giotto the art of painting declined again, because everyone imitated the pictures that were already done; thus it went on from century to century until Tommaso, of Florentines nicknamed Masaccio, showed by his perfect works how those who take for their standard anyone but Nature—the mistress of all masters—weary themselves in vain.

What might Masaccio have done had he lived, say, for another ten years, for as long as Raphael Sanzio? What might he have done, seeing what he did, had he lived as long as Titian? Not that he could have done much better, but that he could have done so much more; that at least he would have been recognised in his lifetime for what he was; that scope for production upon a grander scale would have been given him; that opportunities for various effort would have been afforded, so that he could have left in many a fane and private palace vaster memorials of his genius. He seems almost to have divined the short time allotted to him. For he painted at a speed hitherto unknown, as has been proved by the small number of joints in the surface preparation of his walls. Like Keats, he may have felt the chill presence of death, and, with this foreknowledge of his early end, have worked in a frenzy against time and fate.

The Brancacci Chapel, where the famous frescoes were executed, contains practically all that is left of Masaccio's work. They are now nearly 500 years old, and owing to the attacks of light and dust, to the eruption of salts from the lime in the plaster, and to the continuous disintegration which infects all matter, are gradually fading away. In fact, it is only at a certain hour of the day, when the sun's beams filter through into the darker corners at the most favourable angles, that the eye can disentangle all the details. What must this little oratory have looked like when all the frescoes were in their original state and purity, their harmonious colours blending with the sunlight from the high windows? For one half of the original paintings, even in this small shrine, have been destroyed, including all those that were on the ceiling. So far as the attribution of them is concerned, the honours are divided between three artists: Tommaso di Cristoforo di Fino, better known as Masolino da Panicale, who was Masaccio's master; Filipino Lippi, whose work was added about the year 1484; and Masaccio himself. Critics are still in disagreement as to the distribution between these three of some seven out of the sixteen different subjects which make up the twelve frescoes. But there is no controversy about four or five of the finest, which are without any question from Masaccio's brush. It will be enough here to describe two of them.

The top fresco on the left, on entering the chapel, represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. A beautiful angel, robed in carmine and with flame-coloured wings, is poised above their heads, in the act of driving them forth, a sword in one hand and pointing the way into the wilderness with the other. The drapery of this angelic figure is exquisitely natural in its flowing lines, and the ease and grace with which it seems to be floating in the buoyant atmosphere are unique at this early stage

of Renaissance art. Its lips are scarcely closed, as though it had just proclaimed the sentence upon the two outcasts. And yet in the expression of the charming face there is a shadow of regret for the pain which unwillingly it has had to inflict. As for the parents of mankind, never was there a more dramatic and realistic piece of painting. Adam is striding out of Paradise manfully, but with a weary, trailing step, with Eve at his side. Remorse, shame, despair, are stamped upon him—he who ought to have been the stronger of the two and have resisted temptation. He is the very embodiment of inarticulate anguish, stunned, overwhelmed by the tragedy, and with his hands before his face, trying to shut out even the memory of it. Eve, on the other hand, in her loud, unrestrained grief, forms a remarkable contrast to the man's silent desperation. She is crying out against her punishment in uncontrolled misery, like a wounded animal, besieging the vault of heaven with it. The pain and shock, the thought of all that she is losing through her own fault, for him and for her, is forcing a heart-rending cry from her lips. Never was acute mental suffering more wonderfully depicted than in this pair of exiles. No part of it is overstrained. And although represented at the moment of their disgrace, these primal children of earth retain a kind of elemental dignity in the midst of their shame.

In studying this fresco, we can measure the debt that all succeeding artists owe to its creator. There is, however, no comparison between the truth and beauty of Masaccio's painting and the one inspired by it in the Loggia of the Vatican. Raphael's Eve wears a meaningless smile upon her face, quite out of keeping with the drama that is in progress, while the Adam is less natural and subtly conceived. His features are completely buried in his hands, almost as though the injury were facial, whereas in Masaccio's picture the hands not only shut out the scene of his fall and the friendless tract in front of him, but also seem to ward off the invading spectre of his sin and failure, and all the dread consequences of them. There is greater imagination in Masaccio's conception, and the two central figures are more lifelike—a couple of sentient, erring human beings in the early spring-time of the world. In fact, the whole picture breathes reality and expression. It satisfies the modern eye. For grandeur and harmonious colouring, for movement and the play of natural feelings, it could scarce be better. Raphael is said to have made a number of copies of Masaccio's works, and certainly the whole of his art is saturated with the influence of the earlier master. The flow of his draperies, the swelling lines beneath them, the dignity of treatment, and his free modelling of the human form, are among the evident results of careful study in the Brancacci Chapel.

On the right of the altar the highest of the two frescoes represents St. Peter baptising converts in the River Jordan. This is a masterpiece of drawing and composition. A naked youth is kneeling in the stream while the Apostle pours the water upon his bowed head. The flesh tints of the proselyte, lit by the sun into a ruddy ochre, are superb, harmonising delicately with the draperies of the onlookers. His attitude is one of concentrated devotion, with bended head and folded hands, subdued to the spell and solemnity of the moment. Just behind him is a younger lad, stripped and shivering, waiting his turn. The expression of this boy is almost girlish. He has light, waving hair, with a paler skin and less developed physique than the other. Hugging himself with his arms and with knees slightly bent, he stands there, the very posture and image of one trembling with cold. It is the gem of the chapel, a beautiful and unrivalled figure, perfect in grace and naturalness. Not so deeply devotional in character as the first, he has a look as though he regarded the rite as something of an adventure, and therein lies his charm. In masterly contrast his profile is thrown against another—that of a deeply contemplative, ascetic-looking, sad old man. Youth and eld, experience and inexperience, welcome and leave-taking, are side by side, almost a palimpsest. For both figures have their arms folded, and the old man's knees seem also to be bended, in his case from lassitude. Whatever the intent of the artist may have been, the effect of youth in its freshness is thus doubly emphasised. The little gathering of believers is set in the midst of mountainous scenery, a dark cone-shaped hill in the immediate background, with large, seamed hills further off, the river winding about their base. For the first time in the history of painting landscape is naturally represented. The impression of distance is conveyed, of spaciousness and atmosphere. The old conventional style has been discarded, just as Masaccio's draperies reveal the lines of the bodies they clothe, instead of congealing into the long, frigid folds of the earlier schools. Nine persons, each with an individuality of his own, are standing in a semi-circle, witnessing the ceremony, while a third youth is stripping for the baptism. The grouping and colouring of this painting are delightful. The perspective and chiaroscuro, the exquisite modelling of the figures, the expression on the various faces, the spirit and movement of the whole scene, give this fresco an epoch-making place in the history of art. Is it surprising that great artists came to see and be inspired by this new revelation, so vigorous, so beautiful, so serious, so true to life? These frescoes were visited and studied, to name but a few, by Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolommeo, Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, and by Raphael himself. It was on this very spot, while engaged

in copying Masaccio's paintings, that Michael Angelo came to blows with young Piero Torrigiano, who broke his nose and disfigured him for life. The quarrel may have arisen out of a dispute about the frescoes, for they were both at work upon them.

Standing in this chapel, a feeling of awe steals over one at the thought of those illustrious men who feasted their eyes upon these walls and went away inspired with a fuller understanding of their splendid craft. In very truth, it is sacred ground. Here genius has been greeted by those who knew what genius is. The very dust upon its stones are particles of great history. Even when time shall have effaced its colours, and its glory be but a memory, men will gaze upon its bare spaces, and straining their eyes to imagine lines no longer there, pause in mute wonderment and childlike reverence. For the advent of Masaccio marked a new era. It was a break with tradition, and no similar rupture has occurred since. He has never been surpassed by any later painter in grandeur of delineation and the perfect naturalness of his men and women. What, for example, could be a better illustration of these qualities than that other fresco of the healing of the cripple by the shadow of the passing Peter? There is a radiating majesty in the Apostle, combined with an intense humanity in the poor cripple, that none but this artist has been able to portray. He almost seems to have been in painting what elsewhere is supposed to be indiscoverable—a *saltus naturæ*. His frescoes were a new phenomenon, not only superior in execution to what had gone before, but unlike in kind, and, what is equally remarkable, destined to remain completely modern. In spite of increased scientific knowledge, no subsequent artist has surpassed his lifelike imitation of natural feelings and actions, the completely human aspect of some of his figures. Up to that time his only equals were the ancient Greeks in their sculpture, and it is to them that we have to turn to discover in older art the same quality of plastic genius that we find in the slowly disappearing frescoes of the Brancacci Chapel—that same truth to Nature, that same consummate modelling of the human form, that same Divine calm and order, that same visible expression of the in-dwelling spirit.

GODFREY LOCKER LAMPSON.

'THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN'

I.—THE GARDEN IN LITERATURE

God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures ; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which building and palaces are but gross handyworks ; and a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely ; as if gardening were the greater perfection.

THIS familiar, not to say hackneyed, quotation from Bacon of Verulam, may fitly introduce our subject under three heads: Literary, Sentimental, Artistic. For the passage occurs in a masterpiece of great literature, and suggests both the sentimental and artistic aspects through which a garden appeals to the garden-lover. Not that Bacon's is the earliest literary reference to what Mr. Rudyard Kipling has happily termed 'the glory of the garden.' Such references may be multiplied from the very dawn of human history. Classical scholars can recall Homer's description of the garden of Alcinous, which suggests a fruit garden or orchard with flower borders round it, as in old-fashioned country gardens in England. Nor is it only scholars that are familiar with a yet older picture, that of the garden of Eden in Genesis iii. ; the Greek word for which in the Septuagint Version, παράδεισος (Latin *paradisus*), has associated visions of heavenly bliss with the beauty of fair gardens. Thus Milton, expanding into stately verse the quaint, terse prose of Bacon, tells us that

Blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by Him in the east
Of Eden planted. . . .
. . . Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view ;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste ;
Betwixt them lawns or level downs, and flocks

> Grazing the tender herb, were interspersed,
> Or palmy hillock: or the flowery lap
> Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
> Flowers of all hues and without thorn the rose,

and so on, in a *crescendo* of magnificent description too long for quotation here.

The Bible, Homer, Milton, Bacon—what further need have we of witness that ' the glory of the garden ' can be and is a topic for great literature ? We can all of us, moreover, call to mind other instances, ancient or modern, in prose or in verse, of its literary treatment by famous writers. Chaucer, Spenser, Keats, Tennyson—turn where you will among the best names in English poetry, you find some recognition of the glory of the garden, to say nothing of such paler poetic lights as Cowper or Thomson, or the versifiers innumerable, journalists, essayists and book-makers, who have aired their ideas upon gardening and flowers.

Of prose writers who have dealt with gardens and gardening, either directly or by way of illustration, the name is legion. The *Spectator*, as might be expected, indulges in graceful moralising, Addison, for example (No. 414), on the contrast between the spontaneous beauty of Nature and the trim artificiality of formal gardens; Steele (No. 455) on the analogy between the growth of beauty, colour and sweetness in flowers or fruit and the development of mental graces; or Addison again (No. 477) in his description of an ideal garden, with an ingenious analogy between gardening and poetry. This whole paper breathes the spirit of Bacon's essay *Of Gardens*, the last paragraph, in particular, pointing plainly to the source of the writer's inspiration:

> You must know, Sir, that I look upon the Pleasure which we take in a Garden, as one of the most innocent Delights in Human Life. A garden was the Habitation of our first Parents before the Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the Mind with Calmness and Tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent Passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the Contrivance and Wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable Subjects for Meditation. I cannot but think the very Complacency and Satisfaction which a Man takes in these Works of Nature to be a laudable, if not a virtuous, Habit of Mind.

Coming down to our own times, many a garden-lover has read with sympathetic approval the pleasant sketch of *The Garden that I Love* by Mr. Alfred Austin, a more attractive writer in prose than in verse, and better journalist than poet. Some of us, too, have found like pleasure in charming descriptions of old Italian gardens by Mrs. Humphry Ward and others. But the mention of Italian gardens suggests questions bearing

upon the artistic aspect of our subject—art *versus* Nature, formalism *versus* spontaneity, stately parterres and trim box hedges in fantastic shapes *versus* the unchecked luxuriance of herbaceous borders in some 'careless-ordered garden,' such as that to which Tennyson invites his friend F. D. Maurice,

> Where, far from noise or smoke of town,
> I watch the twilight falling brown
> All round a careless-ordered garden
> Close to the ridge of a noble down.

II.—The Garden Sentimental

In approaching the sentimental and artistic aspect of gardens and gardening, it is difficult to know where to begin, when to end, and what selection to make from associations that crowd into the mind—associations, it may be, of some garden familiar in childhood, and invested by memory with a halo of romantic beauty which perhaps it never deserved; associations with flowers and their names, with their form and their scent. We can all in some measure feel such associations, even though we cannot say, with Wordsworth:

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Just now I spoke about the connection of pictures of heavenly bliss with the beauty of fair gardens, as suggested by the Greek word παράδεισος, an Oriental word for a park or pleasure ground. One vivid example of this connection of ideas is recalled by the beautiful garden of La Mortola, on the Riviera, between Mentone and Ventimiglia. There, in a steep, sheltered ravine, terraced in every direction down to the sea, grow rare, beautiful, or curious tropical plants from every corner of the world—from South America, from Africa, from Australasia, from India, China or Japan, and from islands of the sea: a sheltered, sunny spot, like that 'island valley of Avilion,'

> Where falls not hail or rain or any snow
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-bosomed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.[1]

Almost the only level spot in this paradise is a terraced walk across the garden overarched by a 'pergola,' at the open end of which appears a vista of the blue Mediterranean, with a lovely stretch of coast-line up to Bordighera basking in sunlight; while close at hand, inscribed upon a stone surface, is this sentence from

[1] Tennyson, *Morte d'Arthur*. The lines are reminiscent of a well-known passage in Lucretius, iii. 18—22.

the Vulgate version of Genesis iii. 8: 'AUDIVERUNT VOCEM DOMINI DEI DEAMBULANTIS IN HORTO' ('They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden'), as well they might in such an earthly paradise.

To not a few garden-lovers their gardens have been a storehouse of ideas. One such spoke of his 'soul-garden,' because there among the shrubs and plants his best thoughts came to him. The happy song of birds, the whisper of wind in trees, the fragrance of flowers, the green grass so restful to the eye brought a feeling of contentment which for a time obliterated the discords and distractions of the world outside. To such a one his garden seemed as full of thoughts as a violin or organ of harmonious sound. Endless, too, are the associations of flowers—their symbolism, their varied names, the sentiments, grave or gay, romantic or pathetic, that custom or imagination has attached to them. The 'language of flowers' has often been considered a vehicle for expressing feelings of love, constancy and so forth, how far back it is not easy to say, but we certainly find it in Shakespeare, for instance in *Hamlet* (Act IV., sc. 5), where poor mad Ophelia says:

> There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, . . . and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me. . . . There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died.

'Forget-me-not' is a name that tells its own tale, adding new charm to what Tennyson calls

> The sweet forget-me-nots
> That grow for happy lovers.

But who first gave the name, and when? 'Snapdragon,' 'buttercup,' 'red-hot poker'—appropriate enough to the appearance of those flowers—how did those names arise? Were they given to amuse children, or as mere nicknames, or in revulsion against long-winded scientific titles affected by nurserymen and botanists, to whom the buttercup is *Ranunculus acris*, columbine *Aquilegia*, snapdragon *Antirrhinum*, sunflower *Helianthus* (the same thing in Greek, though the nurseryman or gardener does not know this)? What puzzled heart first named a flower 'love in a mist,' and why should that same flower be also known as 'devil in a bush'? Why, again, should 'bleeding heart' have been ever called 'Dutchman's breeches'? What story lies behind the name 'London pride,' borne by one of the simplest and least pretentious of flowers? Or 'traveller's joy'—what tired wayfarer first thought of—we might almost say, felt—this name for the grey shrub over some cottage or farmhouse porch?

These and other old English names for familiar garden flowers, some persisting side by side with the scientific botanical name,

some unfortunately superseded by it, are in harmony with the sentimental and artistic aspect of gardens and gardening; and when names have to be found for newly discovered flowers or new varieties, attempts might be made to find good English names, the simpler and more poetical the better. But no: the botanist's or florist's first idea is to commemorate himself or to compliment some lady relative or friend; and flowers beautiful in themselves, and deserving beautiful names, get saddled with such titles as 'Brugmansia,' 'Bougainvillea,' 'Tschichatchowia,' or 'Eschschollzia'! 'Fuchsia,' 'Dahlia,' 'Wistaria,' are less cacophonous; but 'the glory of the garden'—at any rate of an English garden—is not enhanced by thus commemorating the names of three worthy German botanists: Herren Fuchs, Dahl and Wistar. And what of the names given to countless new varieties of the most glorious of garden beauties, the rose? Does a rose-grower's catalogue enhance the artistic aspect of 'the purest of human pleasures' by the associations which it calls up? We have lately seen 'Frau Karl Druschki' give place, under pressure of anti-German feeling, to 'White Queen,' as the name of a beautiful, though scentless, rose; and it might be well if this process were repeated in other cases. But even among roses there are pretty names, not only of old-fashioned favourites, but of modern varieties, *e.g.*, 'Irish glory,' 'Irish modesty,' for two beautiful tea-roses from Ireland. Most personal names, however, are simply dull; and (as a writer on this subject says) 'even humorous names are better than dull ones; and the gardener is to be commended who christened a new cucumber "Tender and True," when he might have called it "Lord Kitchener" or "Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman."'

But some will tell us that 'the glory of the garden' makes a higher appeal than to sentiment or to artistic taste. Bacon, we may remember, calls it the 'purest' of human pleasures; and not a few since Bacon have claimed for it a moral influence upon the character. Steele in one of the *Spectator* papers already referred to (No. 455) connects the development of flowers and fruit with the growth of moral grace in the mind; Addison in another (No. 477) thinks that 'the very Complacency and Satisfaction which a Man takes in his Garden is a laudable, if not virtuous, Habit of Mind.' The same idea was well expressed by an old friend of mine, the late Reginald Bosworth Smith, for many years a master at Harrow, who was all his life (as recorded on a memorial tablet in the school chapel) a loving student of birds and flowers.

To acquire love of flowers [he wrote] is like acquiring a sixth sense. Gardening is one of the few occupations and amusements which have no objectionable element at all in them. It has no element of cruelty, like all

field sports, however pleasant they may be. It gives no encouragement to drinking, gambling, or betting. It is very difficult to believe that anyone who is really fond of flowers can have anything seriously wrong with his character.

The lines of Rudyard Kipling already referred to bring out the higher moral aspect of gardening as no mere idle contemplation of things beautiful, but patient labour at humble, necessary tasks. In a garden anyone

Can find some needful job that's crying to be done,
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth everyone.
Then seek your job with thankfulness, and work till further orders,
If it's only netting strawberries, or killing slugs on borders ;
And when your back stops aching, and your hands begin to harden,
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.

III.—The Garden Artistic

Yet what meets the eye and gratifies the artistic sense of beauty must be of prime importance. What, from this point of view, is our ideal of a garden ? Is art or Nature to strike the key-note of the impression that it makes ? Are we to aim at following Nature or at improving upon her ? Is our model to be the 'careless-ordered' simplicity of a cottage garden, or the elaborate design of such palatial surroundings as Bacon contemplated—'thirty acres of ground divided into three parts ; a green in the entrance, a heath or desert in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides'—or such trivialities of eighteenth century gardening as the *Spectator* denounces (No. 414) ?—

Our British gardeners, instead of humouring Nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our Trees rise in Cones, Globes and Pyramids. We see the marks of the Scissars upon every Plant and Bush. . . . For my own part, I would rather look upon a Tree in all its Luxuriancy and Diffusion of Boughs and Branches, than when it is cut and trimmed into a Mathematical Figure ; and cannot but fancy that an Orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful, than all the little Labyrinths of the most finished Parterre.

Such fanciful treatment of shrubs and hedges may still be seen here and there in England ; but we feel for it something of the contempt which Addison felt in his day, when it was much more common. It is neither Nature nor art, perverted Nature and bad art ; and it offends our taste. It is curious, like old Staffordshire pottery, but nothing more. So, too, apparently felt Milton when he wrote that the rivers of Eden fed

Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill and dale and plain.

English taste, at any rate, recoils instinctively from over-formal stiffness in a garden; and though as part of the surroundings of some stately mansion we see the fitness of 'Dutch' or 'Italian' gardening, we should not like to see it set the whole tune, so to speak, even at Chatsworth or at Hatfield; still less should we welcome it as the dominant note of some vicarage or suburban garden. Our English love of the country and of flowers, so different from that of Frenchmen or Italians, has permanently influenced our taste in gardening, which, says a very competent authority,[2] is based upon the cottage garden, as in Germany the equally national and popular taste in music is based upon folk-song. Gardening in England, says this writer, is national and popular; and

it was because gardening was a national art practised for love, and not as a fashionable amusement, that it recovered from the perversities of taste which infected all arts in the nineteenth century. But it would not have recovered so quickly unless the tastes of rich and poor had been alike, unless the rich had found in the gardens of the poor what they desired in their own gardens. This is the great difference between gardening in England and in other countries, that in England the cottage garden sets the standard, in other countries the standard is set by the garden of the palace or the villa (*i.e.*, country house). And the reason for this is that, though circumstances have made us herd together in towns, we remain at heart a country people.

Then, after showing that artistic garden design should have regard to the size and style of dwelling-houses which gardens adorn, this writer continues:

Our older garden designers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries understood this thoroughly. At their best they could design gardens that were both stately and simple, perfectly suited to the noble houses which they surrounded, and with no pretence to be either wild or palatial. Then, as there were houses fitted for every station of life, so there were gardens fitted for every kind of house. The first invasion of this happy state of things was made by the Dutch fashion of over-elaboration and formality against which Marvell protested. Then came the French and Italian palatial ideals; and then the violent reaction of landscape gardening. . . . The cottage garden has delivered us from the minor, but disastrous, fashion of bedding out. It has given us back some of our old delight in gardens, but it cannot by itself give us back the true principles of design. These, probably, can only be recovered with the true principles of architecture.

'The true principles of architecture'—that is much too thorny and too complicated a subject for the fag-end of thoughts

[2] The anonymous writer (or writers) of *Studies in Gardening*, a series of articles reprinted from *The Times*, 1907-8. The article headed *English Ideals of Gardening*, from which extracts are here made, is an admirably suggestive discussion of this point.

upon 'The Glory of the Garden,' which, as Rudyard Kipling reminds us, 'lies in more than meets the eye':

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees;
So when your work is finished, you may wash your hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass away:
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!

T. L. PAPILLON.

BIRDS OF SICILY

Some fifty years ago, when quite a youngster, fresh from Harrow and bird-nesting days, I remember writing an essay on the migration of birds in Sicily for publication in an Italian scientific journal, and being struck with the exceptional and almost unique opportunity this island offers for the observation and study of that most wonderful phase in the life of our feathered friends.

Sicily's geographical position undoubtedly assures it a prominent and privileged place as one of the chief highways of bird migration, and renders it an attractive resort for many species of migratory birds during their periodical journeys to and fro between north and south.

Situated as it is in the most central part of the Mediterranean, within a comparatively short distance of the African coast, and lying midway, a natural bridge as it were, between Africa and Europe, the island stands out invitingly as a resting place, or halting stage, for birds passing from one continent to the other.

For many species of migratory birds Sicily, moreover, must be something more than a mere resting place, for, thanks to the very varied physical character of the country and the consequent diversity in its climatic conditions and in its vegetation, several of these species are enabled to prolong their sojourn in the island for a longer period than would be possible in most other parts of the Mediterranean.

Thus one finds that during the warmer months the higher wooded mountains and their deep shaded valleys harbour and are the breeding haunts of many of the summer migrants; while throughout the colder season the low-lying plains and richly cultivated country of the sea-coast districts, together with the sea-shores themselves, bathed by the tepid waters of a southern sea, and last, but not least, the numerous marshes and wide stretches of waste land, provide a congenial and ideal home for countless species of winter visitors.

Notwithstanding this great abundance in the number of the migrating species which visit Sicily, especially during the period of passage, and in certain favoured localities, there is no denying the fact that at some seasons of the year bird life is not

as conspicuous as it might be in this island, or as compared with what it is in some other countries. This has often been remarked by visitors to Sicily, and specially by those coming from England, where our countryside is so rich in bird life.

One of the reasons frequently given to account for a lack of birds at certain seasons in Sicily is that all species, large and small, no matter what they may be, are ruthlessly shot or otherwise destroyed by the native population, but this is hardly correct, nor would it suffice to explain the matter satisfactorily.

Although the Sicilian 'gunner' may not be altogether blameless of the charge of shooting any and all birds that may come across his path, I honestly do not think that this can be held in any way responsible for the deficiency. Pot-hunting, moreover, is more or less confined to the neighbourhood of the larger towns and is not general among the country-folk, who, apart from being a hard-working and industrious people, absorbed, for the most part, in agricultural pursuits, would certainly not consider such small game worthy of their powder and shot, especially during these hard times.

The netting of birds, far more terrible in its wholesale destruction than the gun, is fortunately not commonly practised in Sicily, as it is in some parts of continental Italy.

The deficiency noticed in the quantity of birds at certain seasons in this island is probably simply due to natural causes, far beyond the control of man and independent of human agency. Sicily, it must be borne in mind, is eminently a mountainous country, and, taken as a whole, by no means a well-wooded or a well-watered one. Although its mountains were probably once clothed with a luxuriant forest growth, they are now for the greater part bare of such vegetation, and water is not abundant during the summer months.

That delightful combination of woodland and agricultural country, so suited to the tastes and requirements of most birds, which is to be found throughout almost the whole of England, as also in some other countries, is entirely wanting in Sicily. The pleasant homestead, with its orchards and gardens, surrounded by rich arable lands and bounded with thick hedgerows, so attractive for nesting purposes for many species of birds, is unknown here, as are also the numerous small woods and copses and the well-watered meadows so plentiful with us.

Be the reason what it may, Sicily cannot claim to be very rich in resident birds. The island, indeed, may be said to be the permanent home of comparatively few species of birds, though the resting place of many, a resting place visited, in the majority of cases, both in spring and in autumn, though, in some few instances, in one of these seasons only. It is the exclusive

habitat, so far as I am aware, of but a single species, the Sicilian long-tailed tit (*Acredula sicula*), a bird which I had the good fortune to discover a few years ago, and which apparently is not to be met with elsewhere, though it resembles to a certain extent a closely allied species inhabiting the Caucasus.

The number of species of birds resident or to be found in Sicily all the year round may roughly be said to be between forty and fifty, while that of the migratory species which visit the island is certainly not less than 200. Besides these, there are a good many species, probably between thirty and forty, which are to be met with from time to time here, but whose occurrence is so rare or fitful as to preclude any right or claim to be considered otherwise than as accidental visitors.

It is impossible here to speak of the whole of the Sicilian ornis in detail, and I therefore propose confining my observations chiefly to those birds which may be considered the more important or interesting among the resident species and the rarer or accidental visitors.

Commencing with the passerine birds, I would say that several of the *Turdidæ*, or thrushes, are to be met with in Sicily, though, with but two exceptions, they are all winter migrants, some of which, like the common thrush and the blackbird, are remarkably abundant, whilst others, like the redwing, the fieldfare and the ring-ouzel, are more or less rare in the island. The two exceptions are the rock-thrush (*M. saxatilis*), a summer migrant in Sicily, and the blue rock-thrush (*M. cyana*), a resident species.

The latter is one of the most charming and attractive of Mediterranean birds, and in Italy generally goes by the name of *Passero solitario*. The name is not inappropriate, for the bird is somewhat of a hermit and is seldom to be seen otherwise than alone, not even its mate being within sight as a rule. Though nowhere abundant, it is to be found in most parts of Sicily, chiefly frequenting the lower hillsides and rocky ground, where breeding sites are not wanting. A watchful and extremely wary bird, it can, however, hardly be called shy, and it may often be seen at close quarters, perched conspicuously on some boulder or the fragment of an old ruin, whence it pours forth one or two rich notes and then flits off to another similar coign of vantage. It is a sweet songster and makes a charming pet in captivity, being exceptionally tame and confiding, especially when brought up from the nest, as it often is in Sicily.

The dipper, or water-ouzel (*C. aquaticus*), is not uncommon in Sicily, and is to be met with throughout the year in most of the valleys and better watered districts of the interior. The Sicilian bird appears to be referable to the dark-bellied form of dipper (*C. a. melanogaster*).

One of the commonest and most generally distributed resident species in Sicily is the Sardinian warbler (*S. melanocephalus*). It is to be found, I think, in every town garden or shrubbery of any size, as well as in those parts of the open country where there is a bush vegetation, and is a delightful little bird, not very shy and always to be met with in pairs, no matter what the season may be. The male has a black head, and is sometimes mistaken for the blackcap, though, apart from its small size, when flying it may readily be distinguished from that species by its white outer rectrices.

The Dartford warbler (*M. undatus*) and Marmora's warbler (*M. sardus*) are to be met with in Sicily, and are said to be semi-resident in some localities, but I have no personal knowledge regarding either species.

Cetti's warbler (*Cettia cettii*) is resident and by no means uncommon in many parts of the island where water is abundant. I have frequently met with the species on the banks of the little stream the Cyane, an affluent of the River Anapus, near Syracuse, and I believe I once saw it in my own garden at Palermo.

The moustached sedge-warbler (*L. melanopogon*) is apparently to be found in some parts of Sicily, though I have not myself met with it.

The little fan-tailed warbler (*C. cisticola*) is to be met with generally throughout the island in suitable localities, such as in the vicinity of marshes and open sedge-covered wastes, where it is at times most abundant and appears to be resident throughout the year.

The Alpine accentor (*A. alpinus*) visits Sicily in autumn, and, although it cannot be considered as a common bird, examples of it are to be met with during that season and in winter on most of the higher mountains of the interior.

The hedge-sparrow (*A. modularis*) is semi-resident and to be found, more or less abundantly, in the wooded districts of the island.

The great tit (*P. major*) and the blue tit (*P. cæruleus*) are common and resident species in Sicily. The former may be met with in most gardens, even those in towns, but the latter appears to keep more exclusively to the well-wooded districts of the interior. The great tit breeds regularly in my garden in Palermo.

Of the Sicilian long-tailed tit (*A. sicula*) I have already spoken, but should add that the species is abundant in the wooded country of the interior, where it is to be found throughout the year, frequenting the higher altitudes in summer and the lower in winter.

The nuthatch (*S. cæsia*) is a resident species in Sicily, and is

not uncommon in some of the wooded parts of the interior. The same may be said of the tree-creeper (*C. brachydactyla*).

The wall-creeper (*T. muraria*) is said to have been once met with in Sicily, and a specimen of the species appears to have been obtained in the neighbourhood of Messina in the year 1842, another example having been met with a few years later in the same district. At the present day, however, I think the species must be regarded as extinct in this island.

The wren (*T. parvulus*) is resident and not uncommon in Sicily.

The golden-crested wren (*R. cristatus*) and the fire-crested wren (*R. ignicapillus*) are both to be met with commonly in the woods of the interior, but I doubt either of the species being resident here.

The red-rumped swallow (*H. rufula*) is met with from time to time, and is probably less uncommon than many would think in Sicily, though its identification, when on the wing, is not always an easy matter.

The crag-martin (*B. rupestris*) would seem to be a resident bird in Sicily. I found it in considerable numbers in winter among the sea cliffs near Syracuse, and have examples of the species, obtained in summer, in the Madonian mountains.

The pretty little serin-finch (*S. hortulanus*) is resident and one of the commonest birds in the island, rivalling the goldfinch in abundance. The nests of both these species are marvels of artistic work.

The common sparrow of Sicily is the Spanish sparrow (*P. hispaniolensis*), but in certain places, such as Messina for instance, a hybrid form between it and the Italian sparrow (*P. italiæ*) would seem to occur.

A specimen of the snow-finch (*M. nivalis*) was captured near Palermo quite recently. This is, I believe, the first authentic instance recorded of the occurrence of this eminently Alpine species in Sicily, or indeed in any part of Southern Italy.

The brambling (*F. montifringilla*) is an occasional visitor to Sicily in winter, but is by no means a common bird there

The lesser redpoll (*L. rufescens*) is of accidental and rare occurrence in the island. An example of it was obtained in my garden at Palermo a few years ago.

The trumpeter bullfinch (*E. githagenia*) is another *rara avis* here, and has been met with on but very few occasions, no doubt as a straggler from North Africa, where the species is abundant in some parts.

The common bullfinch (*P. europea*) is by no means a common bird here, and is of more or less accidental occurrence.

The crossbill (*L. curvirostra*) is another species which must

rank among the occasional or accidental visitors to Sicily. Its visits, or invasions, as they might be called, are generally effected in considerable numbers, and are probably dependent on particular conditions, such as a scarcity in the bird's food supply in its northern habitat. In 1899 a great invasion of crossbills occurred here during the month of July, and for three or four days large numbers of the species were to be seen throughout the island. In my own garden I saw many of the birds feeding on the cones of *Pinus maritima*. The following year crossbills were again seen in this island, but in the months of January and March. The last occurrence of the species was in the month of April of 1915.

Of the *Alaudidæ*, or larks, two species only would seem to be resident in Sicily: the common crested lark (*G. cristata*) and the Calandra lark (*M. calandra*). Both are abundant and of general distribution throughout the island.

The black starling (*S. unicolor*) is a resident species, and is not uncommon in some parts of the island, though very local in its distribution. It breeds in the higher mountain districts.

The rose-coloured pastor (*P. roseus*) has been met with in Sicily, but very rarely, and no example of the species has been obtained here for many years past.

Turning to the *Corvidæ*, I may say that the raven, the hooded crow, the jackdaw and the chough are all resident and fairly abundant in many parts of Sicily, though they are not all of equal distribution throughout the island. The carrion crow and the rook, on the contrary, are only to be met with as winter migrants, and chiefly in the more southern parts of Sicily, notably in the province of Syracuse.

Of the four resident species above mentioned the raven is perhaps the most abundant throughout the island. The other three are more local in their distribution. The hooded crow appears to be more often met with in the eastern districts and in the interior of the island, and less often in the west. The same may perhaps be said of the jackdaw, but the chough is to be found abundantly in the neighbourhood of Palermo and in the country to the west of it.

Although the Alpine chough is said to have been met with in Sicily, I have never been able to hear of an authentic case of its capture here.

The nutcracker (*N. caryocatactes*) is also said to have been met with formerly in Sicily, but no instance of its occurrence in the island during the last half-century is known to me.

The nightjar (*C. europæus*) is remarkably abundant throughout the island during the spring passage. Both the Egyptian goatsucker (*C. ægyptius*) and the russet-necked nightjar (*C. ruficollis*) have occasionally been met with in Sicily.

Woodpeckers are more or less rare here, though the green woodpecker (*G. viridis*) as well as the greater pied woodpecker (*P. major*) and the lesser pied woodpecker (*P. minor*) are said to be found in some of the mountain forests of the interior.

The birds of prey resident in Sicily are perhaps not as abundant as might be expected in a country so mountainous, though the migratory species, taken as a whole, are not wanting in numbers during the periods of passage. Apparently some of the resident species, moreover, have diminished in numbers of late years, and in one or two cases have become distinctly rare.

Among those still fairly abundant in Sicily may be mentioned the griffon vulture (*G. fulvus*), which may be seen on many of the mountains, both on the sea coast as well as further inland, and particularly wherever precipitous cliffs are to be found, affording suitable breeding sites. Monte Pellegrino, near Palermo, is a favourite haunt of these birds, and some of them are generally to be seen soaring above its summit, or flying across from it to the more inland range of mountains.

I remember once surprising a large number of these vultures on a slope at the foot of Monte Pellegrino where they had congregated together, attracted by some carrion. It was remarkable to see them hurriedly, though heavily, flapping away within 30 or 40 yards of me and gradually gathering speed in their flight. The young and eggs of the species are not infrequently taken by venturesome climbers and brought to Palermo for sale.

The Cinereous vulture (*V. monachus*) apparently was once to be met with in the higher mountains of the island, but no example of it has been obtained for many years, and the species is probably extinct in Sicily. In the island of Sardinia, however, it appears still to be found occasionally.

The Egyptian vulture (*Neophron percnopterus*) is to be met with constantly in Sicily, and chiefly in the spring and summer, though also occasionally in winter. I have seen it on the mountains above Palermo in the latter season.

The lammergeier or bearded vulture (*Gypaetus barbatus*) used once to be met with on the higher mountains of the interior of the island, and two Sicilian specimens of the species are preserved in the Palermo Zoological Museum. No example of it, however, has, so far as I know, been obtained in Sicily since 1866, although I have a note of having, in 1907, been shown the feathers of a large bird which had been captured alive, in an exhausted state, on the small island of Favignana, off the coast of Sicily, and which, to judge from the feathers shown me and from the description of it given me, above all the mention of it having a *beard*, must have been a bearded vulture.

The golden eagle (*A. chrysaëtus*), although more or less rare

nowadays, is to be met with occasionally in the more wooded mountain districts of the interior of the island, where the species is resident. I have more than once received young golden eagles taken from the nest, and brought them up. One of these, which I kept for many years, became very domesticated and allowed itself to be stroked and petted by those it knew.

The greater spotted eagle (*A. maculata*) and Bonelli's eagle (*A. fasciata*) are said to be resident in Sicily, though I have no personal knowledge regarding either species being found here.

The short-toed eagle (*C. gallicus*) is often to be met with, though chiefly in spring on passage. It is sometimes named the snake-eagle, from its partiality for feeding on snakes and other reptiles.

The kite (*M. ictinus*) and the buzzard (*B. buteo*) are not uncommon in the island, and may frequently be observed.

The peregrine falcon (*F. peregrinus*) is apparently resident, though not abundant, in Sicily.

The honey-buzzard (*P. apivorus*), though not a resident in Sicily, is a most common bird here during the spring migration, large flocks of the species being noticeable either passing over in open order or congregating in the olive groves in search of food, and especially towards the end of May, for it is one of the late migrants.

The erne (*H. albicilla*) and the osprey (*P. haliaëtus*) are to be met with in Sicily, the former, however, being apparently of rare occurrence, though the latter is by no means uncommon.

Of the harriers three, if not four, species are to be seen in Sicily, the common marsh harrier (*C. æruginosus*) being apparently resident and noticed throughout the year. All the species frequent the marshes, of which there is no lack in the island, and during the period of passage three of them are certainly abundant.

The eagle-owl (*B. bubo*) used once to be by no means uncommon in Sicily, and it is still to be met with occasionally, though far less often than formerly. Sicilian examples seem to be rather smaller in size than typical specimens from more northern countries.

The long-eared owl (*S. otus*), the short-eared owl (*O. brachyotus*), the tawny owl (*S. aluco*), the Scops owl (*S. giu*), and the little owl (*A. noctua*), as well as the barn owl (*S. flammea*), are to be found in Sicily, some of the species being common, while others are more or less rare.

The cormorant (*P. carbo*) and the shag (*P. graculus*) are to be met with in Sicily, the former being abundant at times, particularly during the winter season. Of the shag I have kept examples, which have been brought me alive, on a little lake in my garden, where they seemed quite contented.

The gannet (*S. bassana*) is a winter visitor to the Mediterranean, and is to be seen not infrequently in Sicilian waters, though more generally in its juvenile plumage. Adult specimens, however, are to be seen occasionally; and one such, which had been captured in a fishing net, was brought to me some years ago. I kept the bird on my garden lake for several weeks, feeding it on maccaroni and fish, but on the approach of the hot weather it pined and eventually died.

The pelican (*P. onocrotalus*) is an occasional visitor to Sicily, though in some winters it may be seen passing over the island in considerable numbers.

The Dalmatian pelican (*P. crispus*) is of much rarer occurrence in Sicily. Indeed, I know of but one instance of the species having been met with. This was in 1890, when an example was obtained, which is now preserved in the Palermo Museum.

Many of the ducks are abundant on passage, the geese less so, while wild swans are very rarely seen in Sicily.

The flamingo (*P. roseus*) may be observed occasionally here, though, as a rule, on the wing, passing over the island. Now and then, however, the species may be met with on the sea-shore and in the marshes of the island.

I have a vivid recollection of the many thousands of these birds which I used to see on the Lake of Tunis in the days before it was opened up to steamboat traffic, and often repicture to myself the glorious sight presented by a large flock of flamingoes when rising from the shallows they frequent.

Of the herons some eight or nine species are to be met with on passage in Sicily, some of them being remarkably plentiful during the spring migration, though a few are also to be found throughout the winter months.

Both the white stork (*C. alba*) and the black stork (*C. nigra*) are fairly common on passage.

The spoonbill (*P. leucorodia*) also is by no means uncommon as a migrant, and the same may be said of the glossy ibis (*P. falcinellus*).

The black-bellied sand-grouse (*P. arenarius*) and the pin-tailed sand-grouse (*P. alchata*) have apparently been met with accidentally in Sicily, and in 1910 I received a specimen in the flesh of the Senegal sand-grouse (*P. senegallus*) which had been obtained by a friend of mine near Comiso, in the south-west of Sicily. This is the only recorded instance of the occurrence of this species in Europe.

The Greek partridge (*C. saxatilis*), the only species of partridge found in Sicily, is fairly abundant and resident in this island.

The francolin (*F. vulgaris*) used once to be met with in certain districts in the south-west of Sicily, but has been extinct since 1869.

The Andalusian hemipode (*T. sylvatica*) is another species which was once abundant in Sicily, but is now no longer to be found. I remember meeting with the species constantly in the 'seventies, but it apparently became extinct soon afterwards.

Another species which is probably destined to become extinct is the purple gallinule (*P. cæruleus*). Up to the present, however, and while the marshes in Sicily are allowed to remain, this handsome bird may still continue to be met with.[1]

Allen's gallinule (*P. alleni*) is of accidental occurrence in Sicily. I have an example of the species which was obtained near Catania, in 1902.

The common crane (*G. communis*) may be seen passing over Sicily in vast numbers in autumn as well as in spring. It may also be found at times feeding on the fields here.

The great bustard (*O. tarda*) appears to be met with occasionally in Sicily, but its occurrence is accidental. Not so, however, the lesser bustard (*O. tetrax*), which used once to be a resident species apparently, and by no means uncommon. Of late years, however, like some other species, it seems to have disappeared, or almost so.

Nordmann's pratincole (*P. melanoptera*) is one of the species which appear to occur from time to time, and I have met with it on one occasion.

Several of the gulls and terns are to be found in Sicily, and are resident species. The Mediterranean shearwater (*P. kuhli*) and the southern representative of the Manx shearwater (*P. yelkouan*) are both abundant on the Sicilian coasts, and are resident apparently. The razorbill (*A. torda*) and the puffin (*F. arctica*) are not uncommon in winter and on passage.

The great-crested grebe (*P. cristatus*) and the eared grebe (*P. nigricollis*) are most abundant in winter, while the Sclavonian grebe (*P. auritus*) is also to be met with occasionally.

Before concluding this account of Sicilian birds I feel I ought to say something more regarding Sicily itself, and specially regarding its physical characteristics in relation to and as affecting its ornis. I have already alluded to the very mountainous character of the country, and may add that, owing to this feature, a very considerable part of the interior of the island is more or less inaccessible, not only to the tourist or ordinary traveller in Sicily, but even to the majority of the inhabitants themselves.

In addition to Mount Etna, on the east of the island, rising to the great height of nearly 11,000 feet, there are important chains of mountains extending along a considerable portion of the northern coast, and thence branching off inland, which in some

[1] The question of reclaiming all the marsh lands in Sicily is at present seriously occupying the attention of the Italian Government.

parts attain an altitude of over 6000 feet. The greater part, indeed, of the inland region is more or less mountainous, and although the lower hills are mostly fertile and yield fair crops of corn, a great extent of country is practically uncultivated and unpopulated.

At altitudes ranging from 2000 to 4500 feet above sea level tracts of wooded country are to be found in the Madonian and Nebrodian ranges, as well as on Mount Etna, which are probably remnants of the luxuriant forest growth we read of in the ancient historians as having covered the greater part of Sicily in remote times. These wooded fastnesses of the interior are the home of many of the resident birds of the island, and, as already mentioned, they are visited in summer by several of the migratory species, which here find conditions of climate and environment eminently suited to their requirements, and specially their nesting.

The resident species apparently shift their quarters a good deal according to the season, resorting to the higher altitudes in summer and descending to lower localities in winter.

The forest districts to be found in some parts of the interior of Sicily are certainly fascinating resorts during the summer months, not only for birds, but also for human beings.

I shall never forget a visit I once made, together with some friends, to Monte Aspro, in the Madonian range of mountains, where a Sicilian acquaintance of ours had a country house in the midst of one of these mountain forests, and the delightful change it was for us, coming straight from the hot plains of the sea coast. It was in the early part of June, when the Sicilian summer heat had already begun to make itself felt, and a 'scirocco' wind was blowing.

In little over three hours from the time we started from Palermo, we had attained an altitude of close on 1000 metres above sea level, and were in quite a different climate, breathing pure mountain air and revelling in a temperature several degrees below that which we had left behind us. In the place of the parched and arid vegetation of the low-lying country, we were in the midst of beautiful green woods, for the most part of deciduous oak, fine forest trees such as one may see in our English parks, with a sprinkling of other large trees and a rich undergrowth, fresh grass beneath our feet and birds singing around us, while the cuckoo's note sounded at intervals in the far distance. The scenery and the environment were so enchanting that we were all loath to bid adieu to this charming spot.

Another of these delightful wooded resorts is that of Gibilmanna, also in the Madonian range and at about the same altitude as Monte Aspro, though possessing the additional charm of being situated on the north coast, with a glorious view of the Tyrrhenian sea and the Æolian islands.

Besides Monte Aspro and Gibilmanna, there are a few other wooded spots, equally charming, to be found in this district, while further east, in the Nebrodian range, there is also an extensive tract of forest country, including the fine Bosco di San Fratello, situated somewhat above the small hill town of that name, and the adjacent sea-coast hamlet which rejoices in the pleasant name of Acquedolci, or 'Sweet Waters.'

Beautiful and picturesque as are the wooded mountain districts of Sicily, unfortunately, and particularly from an æsthetic point of view, they are limited in extent, a very considerable portion of the inland country being entirely bare of forest, and one may traverse vast tracts of land without seeing a single tree or shrub of any size to relieve the monotony of the landscape.

These tracts of land, the so-called *latifondi*, are given over exclusively to the cultivation of corn, and have probably been so ever since the days when Sicily was known as 'the granary of Rome.'

Few farm buildings or houses of any description are to be seen on these wide stretches of corn land. Partly from a fear of brigands and partly from that of malaria, especially in the lower-lying districts, the peasants here have, from time immemorial, been in the habit of dwelling in the small towns and villages which one may see perched on the tops and sides of the surrounding hills.

In the 'seventies I used often to visit a large estate, belonging to our family, which was situated in the very heart of this corn-growing district. My visits were usually carried out in the autumn, for the sake of the partridge shooting, and the country at that season was looking its worst, harvesting being over and hardly a vestige of green visible, with the exception of a small plantation of pistachio trees. Notwithstanding the burnt-up and generally dreary aspect of the country and the somewhat poor sport to be had with the red-legged partridge, I used to enjoy these trips exceedingly, owing to the novelty of the life and all around one. It was at a time, moreover, when brigandage was at its height in Sicily, and as our estate happened to be in one of the districts most infested by the bandits, many were the interesting tales we heard of the latter and their exploits. If the truth were only known, the very gamekeepers and other men we had about us when out shooting were probably friends, if not relatives, of some of the brigands.

A nephew of mine, who inherited this same estate in more recent years, was much taken aback, on going to shoot there, to find that the local authorities had provided a guard of carabineers to accompany him throughout the day.

Partridges, I may say, are to be found on most of the hill-

sides of the interior of Sicily, not only in the corn region, but also in the less cultivated districts and waste lands, although they are far less numerous nowadays than they used to be. Several years ago I recollect them as fairly abundant in the vicinity of Giardinelli and in the valley above the well-known Zucco estate, formerly belonging to the Orleans family, lying to the north-west of Palermo.

Partridge shooting in Sicily, however, can never have been equal to the quail shooting which was once obtainable in some parts of the island, and particularly on some of the adjacent smaller islands, notably Ustica and Levanzo. On the latter island, one of the Ægatian group, the little birds used simply to swarm at times during the spring passage, while Ustica, on the other hand, was chiefly visited by them in autumn. The neighbourhood of Palermo itself, however, afforded by no means poor sport in the way of quail shooting some forty years ago, when I used to shoot there. Of recent years the numbers of quail and many other birds of passage appear to have diminished considerably.

JOSEPH I. S. WHITAKER.

SOME NOTES ON DRESS

Dress, I understand, is the outward sign of our fall from grace; but the joy of the choosing, preparing and making of this singularly pleasant symbol is so enthralling that the primary object has become somewhat nebulous, and at this time dress has become so vast a theme and so much written about that it is with the greatest diffidence I touch the outside edge of its fringe and give only a few examples that stand out from the general ruck.

As the heritage of dress has come to us from our first parents, I will begin with them. When the conditions of Eden made it imperative for the clothes question to be considered, doubtless Adam reached down the nearest fig-leaf and wore it uncompromisingly, and thought little more about it, but not so with Eve. To her the necessity of clothing opened up a vista that throughout the ages has never passed away. Adam may have been contemptuous of Eve's decorative capabilities, but he could not fail to be impressed by the arrangement and variety of her leaves compared to his own, for surely all the flowers that grew in the garden of Eden were utilised for the making of Eve's clothing, her necklace, her garlands. And in the winter (for I personally prefer to imagine that a fur coat is not our natural heritage, but something we acquire, whatever Darwin may say to the contrary) would she not make Adam bring her in from the hunt the softest and finest furs obtainable to wrap herself in, whilst he, maybe, hung a sheepskin around him to keep out the cold? There are certain tribes in India which at the yearly festival still wear leaves as of yore; and once a year in Madras the whole of the low caste population throw off their ordinary clothes and revert to aprons of leafy twigs. As I said, Adam very likely wore in winter a sheepskin; but you have to be warm on both sides, and he would soon realise that two were necessary, and two skins, either pinned together on the shoulders by a wooden skewer or sewn together with a thin strip of leather threaded through a bone needle, and a leathern strap round the loins, would make him a dignified garment, the forerunner of the chasuble. It could not have been long before garments of a simple kind were worn, such as coarsely woven flax or wool, as the art of dyeing was known and practised even on the

body itself in very early days. The Picts, who inhabited the north of Britain, were remarkable for their pictorial decorations: hence their name Picti (painted); and the Britons dyed their bodies yellow with ochre and blue with woad, which I grow in the herb garden so as to be ready if such a fashion should prevail again (also wild woad yields a beautiful yellow dye). The Gauls and Germans dyed their chests red in the day of battle, so that their enemies should not see the blood pouring from their wounds; and the Britons, not content with naturally red hair, deepened it by using water boiled with lime. The Roman conquest brought with it to Gaul and Britain civilisation, and facial painting and rude garments were laid aside. This, however, passed away with the Roman dominion, and with the invasion of the barbarians darkness again prevailed.

Spinning and weaving must have been practised in very early days. On an old Egyptian tomb was found a drawing of two slaves spinning; and spinning songs have been sung for over 3,000 years. In the British Museum you can see linen which has been preserved for more than thirty centuries. In the good old days no girl left her mother's house for her new home without taking with her beautiful linen which had been spun by her mother or herself.

> She seeketh out the wool and flax,
> And worketh willingly with her hands.
> She layeth her hands to the distaff,
> And her hands hold the spindle.
> She is not afraid of the snow for her household:
> For all her household are clothed with scarlet.
> She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry;
> Her clothing is fine linen and purple.

The first skirt was doubtless a piece of woven material wrapped round the body and either gathered together in front or fastened on the hip with a wooden or metal skewer, very much like the skirt of to-day. The upper part of the body was left bare. That might be comfortable enough in summer, but in the winter another piece of material must have been woven to wrap round the shoulders. This sort of primeval clothing we saw in East Africa when we visited a Masai kraal.

The women wore, exactly as I have described, two pieces of a coarsely woven blue material of wool or flax, some with and some without the upper wrap. Their love of ornaments was very noticeable. Narrow bands of copper and brass were twisted round and round their necks till they reached the ears, and all wore copper or brass anklets and cuffs. The women were not attractive, but the men were magnificent in their practical nothingness, the fashionable dress being a narrow band of leather embroidered in brilliant beads, strapped round the waist, and hanging from it a

fringe of, say, 12 inches in depth made of thin chains of steel, copper and brass, which glistened and glowed in the sunlight. Adam himself could not have worn less. Some of them wore a skin thrown across the shoulder. Another of these primitive dresses we saw in Zanzibar, and it was lovely. Driving round the island, we came to a little inlet of the sea; so calm was it that only the faintest ripple stirred the surface of the waters, of sapphire in the depths and emerald in the shallows, where the ivory sand lay beneath. A Swahili girl was standing there under the blue of a tropical sky, the waters lapping lazily over her feet. As we came near she bent down to look at her reflection in the water, as well she might, a flame-coloured *sheeti* (a length of material) wrapped tightly round her, a scarlet flower stuck in her purple turban, and with this gorgeous colouring went the beauty of her figure and the exquisite bloom of her skin.

It would follow quite naturally in due time that the length of material used to wrap round the shoulders would become a shawl, which would in its turn become a cloak or a mantle; and out of it any Eve could make herself a coat by cutting a hole to pass over her head, hold out her arms for another Eve to tack down the shape of them and follow the tacking with scissors, again tack the sides to suit the shape of the body and follow the tacking with scissors, and there is your coat. Cuffs, collars, embroidery, will follow as night the day. To complete the coat effect you will then slit down the front and thus easily enter your garment. Or take another larger square of material, cut out your head entrance, let it fall over your arms down to the ground; someone looking on will instantly see the grace and simplicity of the folds as they fall to the ground, and will in her mind's eye see the gold bordering to weight them down, and will add braces to keep the figure outlined, and the Greek dress will instantly appear. I am sure it was in some such way as this that the Greek dress came into being 300 years before Christ. And so on throughout the ages clothes have evolved, becoming sometimes more elaborate and sometimes more simple as fashion has demanded.

Really useful garments have very little changed. A skirt is still a skirt, however it hangs, dampened to cling to the figure or hooped to keep away. Shawls are still shawls, and trousers are still trousers, however different in shape. I saw in London not long since on the head of a pretty woman a *liripipe*. She would have called it a toque, for it was arranged on a small invisible shape, but there was the *liripipe* all the same. A beautiful thin red material was rolled round her head and hung down from one side in a sort of pigtail—practically the same thing as was worn in the reign of Edward II. And the *cotehardie* of the same reign is still worn as the perennial jumper. It was made then, as now, of wool or silk, a vest tight to

the body and close over the hips, and to brighten up things it was sometimes made in two different colours like a Harlequin. The *houppelande* was a wide garment worn over the *cotehardie*, and must have been very cumbersome and difficult to move about in; often it was trimmed with fur and fitted only on the shoulders, the sleeves so long that they reached the ground, the collar reaching to the back of the head and buttoning up to the chin, and the coat fastened round the waist with a leathern belt ornamented with metal or enamels. Naturally there were many forms of this garment; sometimes it was long, sometimes short, according to the fancy of the wearer. In one form or another it remained until the reign of Henry IV.

The cockade worn to-day by coachmen is a survival of the *chaperon*, which was a cape and a hood, at first separate and then joined together for convenience. Fashion then required the peak of the hood to grow till it reached the wearer's feet. That became inconvenient, whereupon the wearer naturally twisted it up round and round his head out of the way with the end of his cape showing at the edge, which looked like a cock's comb, and as it was a trouble to be always twisting up the peak of his hood, he tied it up once for all and wore it as a sort of turban. This I have often seen done by the Sultan of Zanzibar, who, becoming tired of twisting up a very long length of material round his head, used to take it very carefully off and wear it next day without undoing it, thereby imitating the man who did the same thing in the reign of Edward II.

It would be very interesting to trace out the survivals of the many odds and ends that have come down to us. On a barrister's gown, just below the back of the shoulder, is a tag, the survival of a pocket into which the client placed his fee, the barrister being too exalted a personage to be fee'd in cold blood. In the reign of Henry V. the curious caul, a close cap of gold wire which was originally worn by the Jewish women, became larger and larger, and was bound round the forehead by a jewelled band. Variety is charming, and so presently it threw out two horns, sometimes twelve or more inches in length; and on the top of these horns the wimple was hung, and when you wished to be very smart a crown of gold sat on the top of the wimple.

In the reign of Henry VII. clothes became much more dignified and of great richness in colour, texture and design. Coats were worn reaching to the ground, with large collars turned back to show the shirt, which was beautifully ornamented and gathered into the neck by a ribbon, a forerunner of the coming ruffle; and the waistcoat was made of some wonderful design and material which reached to the waist, to meet the long hose, which would be of equal beauty of colour. There are many wonderful descriptions of this

Tudor king and his wife, the beautiful Elizabeth of York. Of her wedding dress it is written :

> A kirtle of wide cloth of gold damasked and a mantle of the same furred with ermine fastened on the breast with a great lace curiously wrought of gold and silk. On her fair yellow hair, hanging at length down her back, she wore a caul of pipes (a pipe net work) and a circlet of gold richly adorned with gems (1487).

Lace (Latin *lacina*, which means also fringe) was first spoken of during the fifteenth century, and is thought to owe its birth to the monasteries, as the nuns devoted much time to the cultivation of needlework. From these lace-making spread to the outer world, and became the favourite pastime of fashionable women of different nations, superseding the older arts of needlework, embroidery, and tapestry ; and so it may have been that the 'great lace curiously wrought of gold and silk' was the *pièce de résistance* of the apparel of this lovely queen. Eight years later there is a picture in the church of St. Peter, Louvain, of a girl working at a lace pillow.

Now to come to Queen Elizabeth, of the farthingale and ruffle. But there are so many accounts of her 2,000 dresses that I need not multiply them ; and I pass to one of her great assets—her hair. In the middle of her reign this seemed to have waned somewhat, for she began to wear false hair, so that in or about 1575 the fashion began to be general in England, and a great quantity was worn, more than any human beings could produce. I think it was Stubbs who remarked : 'If any have haire of her owne naturall growing which is not faire enough, then will they die it in divers colours.' I conclude he means yellow or red only, as all would follow their queen. Later in life, when her hair became less, she had her eighty wigs to choose from. Hair was at this time arranged over wire frames and padded. Stubbs again remarks : 'Haîre was frizzed and crimped, and on this bolstered haire which standeth crested round about their frontiers they apply gold wreaths, bugles and gew-gaws.' Make-up of the face also became very apparent.

Bishop Hall, who appears to have been somewhat plain-spoken, in a sermon addresses the members of his female flock as follows : 'Hear this, ye plastered-face Jezebels : God will one day wash your faces in fire and brimstone.' He evidently had no sympathy with art stepping in where Nature failed. Gloves became fashionable. The Earl of Oxford brought Queen Elizabeth a pair of embroidered ones from Italy, scented with perfumes and bordered with fur, and with tufts of roses and coloured silk. The Queen was so delighted with this new fashion that she was painted with them upon her hands.

Nightgowns were a great feature of this reign. In the Plan-

tagenet days they were conspicuous by their absence. Now reaction set in, and velvet nightgowns and caps became the order of the night, and many were trimmed with fur. Ruffles were now at their most resplendent, and many were starched red, white, blue and purple. Among the many New Year's gifts to Queen Elizabeth by her courtiers and ladies ' ruffes with rabatines of lawne cut work ' are mentioned, some edged with pearls and others edged with gold, silver, or bone (pillow lace).

It was in the reign of James I. (in 1615) that Mrs. Turner, the inventor of yellow starch for ruffles and cuffs, was executed for the murder of Overbury. She was told by Judge Coke that, as she had made yellow starch infamous, he hoped she would be the last to use it. She arrived for her execution with a rouged face and a yellow starched ruffle and cuffs. All the fashionable women turned out to see Mrs. Turner die, and yellow starch went straightway out of fashion.

In the reign of Charles I. patches came in, and feather fans, almost identical with the fan of to-day. Van Dyke has made the clothes of this reign well known ; but I think the Duke of Buckingham is one of the most noticeable figures. When he went to Paris in 1625 he took twenty-seven suits of clothing with him, the richest that embroidery, lace, velvet, gold and jewels could produce, one being of white uncut velvet with diamonds valued at 14,000*l.* With this he wore a diamond feather in his hat, together with a sword girdle, hat-band and spurs, and then he had some diamonds loosely tacked on, so that he could shake a few off amongst the people. Then came the time when the beautiful love-locks vanished, and plain cropped hair marked the Puritan reign ; the Van Dyke collar went, and a plain collar took its place, and the more religious you wished to appear the more drab you became. The women tucked away their curls under linen caps, and unrelieved gloom was the order of the day. But presently the sun broke through the clouds, and King Charles II. came into his own ; and with him came the love-locks once more, the ribbons, the laces, the short coat to show a wondrous shirt, while instead of the shoe-roses the shoes were tied with long bows. Pepys gives us all the fashions of this reign, for was he not the son of a tailor, and did he not inherit his knowledge as well as his love of fine clothes, and did he not spend much more on himself than he allowed Mrs. Pepys to spend on herself ?

In this reign we get an instance of the love of dress, which, as a rule, I do not think men possess. A more despicable character could not be found than Philippe of Orleans, brother of the Sun King and husband of the beautiful Madame, sister of Charles II.

This curious little mannikin and dandy (' A dandy is a clothes-

wearing man, whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of clothes '—Carlyle), with his big black eyes and profusion of dark curly hair, spent his days in adorning his small person and powdering his hair, and loaded himself with ribbons and jewels. He would rather face an enemy (for he was no coward) than allow his face to be sunburnt or in any way injure his complexion. Perhaps the following receipt, dated 1599, he knew and used, as it is said to be excellent for the complexion: 'Take a young raven in the nest, feed it on hard eggs for forty days, kill it and distil it with myrtle leaves, talc, and almond oil.' When his brother was fighting at Dunkirk, he spent his days on the sands of Calais playing with the Queen's ladies, throwing water over them and buying toys and ribbons brought over from England. His very soul went out to functions, funerals, weddings, ceremonies; all were alike to him providing he could dress himself up in a magnificent mantle of purple and load himself with diamonds.

In the reign of Queen Anne red and white paint was greatly in vogue. Helen Gordon says, 'perforce to keep lovers at a respectable distance lest a kiss snatched by a forward one might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer.' To-day that could easily be remedied: out would come the little bag, and all would be well. Of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 'beautiful exceedingly' and greatly distinguished by her wit and gaiety, Walpole says: 'She used very cheap white paint and left it on so long that it had to be scraped off.' Evidently cleanliness was not so much valued as the essence pot in those days in England. Yet centuries before in Egypt cleanliness was habitual, and the complete system of baths invented by the Egyptians was borrowed from them by the Greeks and Romans. After copious ablutions, in which they delighted to indulge, they rubbed themselves all over with fragrant oils and ointments, and then did they paint their faces red and white like Lady Mary, and use kohl to add brilliancy to their eyes. The use of perfumes in Rome is said to date from the year 454. The first soap (*sapo*) mentioned came from Gaul, and was made from goat's fat and ashes; but it was used apparently to dye hair, for the rage for flaxen hair was so great that those who could not obtain the desired effect cut off their own raven locks and replaced them by flaxen wigs. Martial, the Roman poet, wrote of a fair lady of the name of Galla:

> The golden hair that Galla wears
>   Is hers, who would have thought it?
> She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears
>   For I know where she bought it.

And men were not behindhand either in acquiring a beautiful golden tint produced by henna, or they, too, wore false hair.

It is curious how tints, colours, and fashion come into being. The following is interesting:

The Archduke Albertus married the Infanta Isabella of Spain, by whom he had the Low Countries in dowry. In the year 1602 he determined to lay siege to Ostend, then in the hands of the heretics, and his faithful and pious spouse accompanied him in the expedition, vowing a vow that until Ostend was taken she would not change her clothes. It was three years before she was able to do so.

Hence the tint of 'Isabella-coloured' became the rage of the season.

Mademoiselle Mars, the famous actress, made yellow velvet the rage. Wishing to help a manufacturer of Lyons, she ordered a gown of that material. She was acting with Talma, and wanted to look her very best; and when she saw herself arrayed in the yellow velvet gown she said: 'I will not look like a canary; I will not appear; the performance must be postponed.' It may be that she really did look lovely in the gown, or it may have been Talma's guile when he said: 'You have never looked so superb in your life'; and so Mademoiselle Mars, accepting his word, played, and in less than ten days all Paris was golden with yellow velvet. Years afterwards Mademoiselle Mars again went to Lyons, and a magnificent fête was given in her honour by the same manufacturer at his beautiful country house on the banks of the Saone, bought with the fortune she had made for him by wearing his yellow velvet.

And so in the present day. Last year when the tomb of Tutankhamen was discovered, in the twinkling of an eye pleats that adorned the back reversed themselves and faced the front to meet the great King, so to speak, on his own ground.

There can be no doubt that clothes give individuality, distinction and something which appeals to all. However superior you may be, however high your vision, if your garments be drab you will at once fade into insignificance should a wholly untrustworthy one flaunt by in a blaze of colour. It is said: 'By their fruits shall ye know them,' but in these later days it is much more usual to be known by the clothes you wear and be judged by them. Men of to-day are not so judged, for they wear a universal dress, and can meet each other on equal ground, and need not say, as so often women do, 'I cannot go: I have nothing to wear.' Universal dress for women would certainly obviate this difficulty, and there is no doubt that uniform does draw people together in a way that nothing else can do; but if all dressed alike at all times we should lose so much that goes to make life beautiful and joyous. Gone would be our kings and queens in their stately royal robes, their crowns, their ermine mantles, their flamboyant heralds, their lords and ladies, gorgeous in colour and blazing with jewels. Gone would be

our Lord Chancellors and judges in their wigs, their robes of black brocade and gold embroideries, gone the cardinals in their fuchsia-coloured robes, and gone the lovely flashing gold and silver fabrics shot through with scarlet and amber, green and blue, vying with the humming-birds, peacocks and every other lovely thing that delights the eye. 'Cut,' says Carlyle, 'betokens intellect and talent, but colour betokens temper and heart.' I once heard a very poor woman say: 'What a power of difference a bit of colour do make to a soul!' and she spoke a great truth, for colour makes all the difference in the world, and must always do so while the wearing of clothes endures. Carlyle says: 'To conceive mankind stripped naked would mean the immediate dissolution of civilised society.' Let us hope that such a dissolution is not imminent; it does seem extraordinary that so trivial a thing as clothes should bind us together, but there it is. When Adam and Eve donned their leafy aprons, a new era was created; æon has succeeded æon since then, but the descendant of the ancestral apron is as vital as of yore. Death alone can separate us from it.

I will end these disjointed and wholly inadequate remarks on clothes by again quoting Carlyle:

> Perhaps not once in a lifetime does it occur to your ordinary biped of any country or generation, be he gold-mantled prince or russet-jerkined peasant, that his vestments and his self are not one and indivisible; that he is naked without vestments, till he buy or steal such, and by forethought sew and button them.

ESTELLA CAVE.

THE PRESS TABLE

The chief feature of the Press table is its detachment. Newspaper men very rarely share the feelings of the audience. A speech that will move a thousand people to a great outburst of enthusiasm will leave a journalist cold. Rhetoric that will impress a crowded hall may either irritate or bore him. Excited appeals to the emotions that will reduce an audience to tears leave him unscathed.

Cold, critical, disillusioned, and sceptical, the journalist surveys the world from the Press table with amusement not unmixed with cynicism.

The conditions of his life account for this. He spends his time listening to the opinions of other people, and as a spectator of their enthusiasms, their triumphs, and their follies. He hears every side of a question, not once or twice, but a hundred times. Politicians, scientists, cranks of all kinds, parsons, freethinkers, wits, bores, royalty and revolutionaries are the raw material of his job. There is hardly an aspect of life or thought with which a journalist on a London daily is not acquainted. He goes at a moment's notice from one world to another. Within a day or two he may have to write an emotional account of a royal wedding, investigate a murder, produce a light and entertaining report of a lecture on electrons, cross-examine a member of the Government, write up a thunderstorm, and interview Mr. Bernard Shaw.

The result is that after a few years he loses any capacity he ever had for being surprised or excited. Popular enthusiasms pass him by. He is in the crowd, but not of it. He has something of the detachment of the police. Wherever there is a big crowd you will find a reporter, but he is there only because he has to be. He shares none of the feelings or emotions of the crowd. For him they are merely the raw material of 'copy,' just as for the police they are the raw material of disorder or crime.

It is true that this is not the impression he gives when he writes his story. Then he appears more enthusiastic than anyone else in the crowd. But that is his job. He is paid to be enthusiastic. It is his business to persuade the crowd that they did well to wait for six hours in a hot sun.

In recent years it has been recognised by the popular Press

that crowds are profitable things, and it has become part of the duty of a journalist to write up anything that may be expected to attract some thousands of people to the same spot. That is why big weddings are always so enthusiastically exploited. Since women began to read newspapers it has been discovered by news editors that nothing is quite so useful, with the exception of war, as a wedding. Skilfully worked up for a month or so, it can always be relied on to collect a big crowd.

But it should not be supposed that the people who arrange these crowds are themselves interested in the wedding. They are profoundly bored by the whole affair, as bored probably as the principals. For weeks before the ceremony they have to work up enthusiasm for it, and collect every possible detail that may be expected to interest the public; but they themselves are not interested. I remember being struck not long ago by the depressed aspect of a woman journalist—a Girton girl—who was obviously writing something that annoyed her. When I asked what it was she muttered with an expression of despair: 'Another column of tripe about the trousseau!' I remember, too, meeting on the stairs an exhausted reporter who had just returned from a function which had apparently been enjoyed by many thousands of people. I asked how much he was going to write. 'Two columns,' he groaned, 'and it isn't worth two lines.' Later I found him in his room, looking the very picture of misery, but writing page after page of light-hearted description and high-spirited appreciation. As he finished a page it was whisked away by a boy to the compositors. Reading his two columns the next day, you would have thought he was the biggest enthusiast in the crowd.

In the last few years a new situation has been brought about by the great increase in the number of women readers of newspapers. It has become necessary to produce something that women—in the opinion of news editors—will read. Hence the gradual decline (with one or two conspicuous exceptions) in the standard of popular journalism—the elimination of anything thoughtful, or long, or 'heavy,' the ruthless cutting down of political and foreign news, the disappearance of serious book reviews, the insistence on the merely emotional and superficial aspect of things, and the great prominence given to sentiment and passion. Rightly or wrongly, news editors have decided that women are interested only in the trivial, the commonplace, or the emotional. 'What we want,' says the news editor in despair every morning, 'is a good woman's story.' In the absence of a royal wedding, a crime of passion, Christmas shopping, a sensational divorce case, or summer sales, it is always difficult to discover something in which women may be considered

certain to be interested. As a rule, the women on the staff are unable to help. They refuse to admit that there is such a thing as a woman's story, and they resent the suggestion that it is only women who are attracted by the trivial. 'I want you,' begs the news editor, 'to write this from the woman's point of view.' The woman journalist looks at him critically. 'What is the woman's point of view?' she demands. 'You ought to know,' protests the news editor. But she insists that it exists only in the imagination of men. 'Tell me what it is,' she says, 'and I'll write it, but don't expect me, as a woman, to know.' In the end the news editor sends in desperation for a man. 'For God's sake,' he cries, 'do this from the woman's point of view!' And it is done.

At the Press table it is recognised that there is no woman's point of view. It is also recognised that when something distinctively feminine, in the accepted conventional sense, has to be done, a man has to do it. No woman can write 'sob stuff.' When tears have to be shed in Fleet Street it is always a man who is instructed to shed them. If an emotional account, say, of a wedding is needed, a man has to supply it. Men, it seems, are not afraid in these days to be feminine. Women are.

Perhaps that is why there are so few first-class women speakers. They decline to make use of one of their strongest powers—the power to act. In private life the woman is an actress, but on the platform she makes the fatal mistake of being natural. She surrenders the finesse of the drawing-room, and relies entirely on sincerity. The result is that most women speakers are dull, and incidentally very difficult to report. They are too serious, too commonplace, and too careless of form. The moment they get up to speak they throw aside all the weapons with which they are so generously armed. They cease to be women and become pale and ineffectual reproductions of men.

There are a few exceptions. Lady Bonham Carter and Lady Astor are among the few feminine women speakers. Lady Bonham Carter is in a class by herself, chiefly because she is the daughter of her father. Most women appear to think that it is enough on the platform to speak fluently and sincerely. Lady Bonham Carter knows better. She knows the value of the carefully thought-out epigram, the telling phrase, and the whimsical excursion into humour. She consents to act in the sense that she consents to be witty. (Is not all wit a form of acting, a carefully elaborated pose?) She acts, too, in the sense that she varies her voice and expression in sympathy with what she is saying. As far as manner goes, she talks on the platform as the educated woman talks in her own drawing-room—expressively, with animation, and without overwhelming sincerity. But it is not only her manner that gives her supremacy. She leaves nothing

to the chance inspiration of the moment. All her effects are prepared. She writes down her speech in cold blood, learns it by heart, and then delivers it with the skill and warmth of the accomplished actress. Sometimes a copy of her speech is given beforehand to the Press table. I have heard her follow the text word for word, with barely a mistake, for twenty minutes or so. She is one of the few women speakers enjoyed at the Press table. And she is the easiest of all to report.

Lady Astor and Lady Terrington have a feminine manner, but little regard for form. Miss Bondfield relies too much on sincerity to be really effective. Lady Bonham Carter appears, indeed, to be the only woman in the country who can be witty, emotional, epigrammatic, and eloquent in the same speech.

Among men there are only five speakers whose rising is always welcomed at the Press table. They are Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, and Lord Curzon. Like Lady Bonham Carter, they are in a class by themselves. What puts them in this class ? Their freedom, I would suggest, from the excessive sincerity that is usually so marked a feature of the bore. Like Lady Bonham Carter, they are all actors in the sense that they are witty. They are all actors, too, in the sense that they rehearse their effects. The sincere man—the man who thinks that sincerity is enough—seldom troubles about effects. Adequately armed, as he thinks, with his sincerity and his convictions, he is prepared to run the risk of boring a meeting. As a rule, he succeeds in doing so, just as Mr. Baldwin, a typically sincere man, succeeded during the last General Election.

Of the five Mr. Churchill is the most tied to his notes. He has too scrupulous a regard for form to be really fluent. Lord Birkenhead is dull with a pen in his hand, but always entertaining without it. Probably there is no other man in the country who can talk, as he can, for an hour without a note and yet not leave a single sentence ragged or fall at any time below the highest level of wit, epigram, invective, and literary finish. Many speakers owe a good deal to the Press table. Lord Birkenhead owes nothing. His longest and most intricate sentences never escape from his control. They can be reproduced exactly as spoken—a tribute that can be paid to few public men. Mr. Lloyd George gives more trouble. His sentences are apt to be left in mid-air. An interruption may cause him to abandon a half-finished phrase for another, and he leaves more ragged edges than Lord Birkenhead. But he is easily the greatest of the platform actors. Mr. Asquith and Lord Curzon, masters of the same stately perfection of phrase and the same dry polished wit, are very popular at the Press table. They leave the reporter nothing to do.

The average speaker is not so considerate. Not long ago a certain politician complained that the local Press never reported him accurately. The next time he spoke he was reported verbatim —with disastrous results. Probably there are not more than a dozen men in the country who could survive such a test.

On the whole, the level of public speaking, from the Press table point of view, is surprisingly low. Barely one speech in a thousand is 'good copy.' Those who make the average speech may perhaps be summarised in this way:

The Apologetic Bore.—A widely prevalent type. Opens as a rule like this: 'When I entered this hall I had no idea that I should be called upon to address you. It is due to the absence of Mr. Blank, which we all regret (applause), that I have been asked, as it were, to step into the breach. I do so with pleasure, but also with great diffidence. I have had no opportunity to prepare a speech, and I am . . . er . . . I am sure you will understand that I can be only a poor substitute . . . er . . . for the eloquent speaker who was expected to address you. I have really nothing to say . . .' (Talks for half an hour.)

The Unctuous Bore.—Relies on flattering his audience and giving an impression of his own modesty. Invariably begins: 'I count it a great honour to have the privilege of addressing this distinguished gathering . . .'

The Conscientious Bore.—Usually a man with a message that he is determined to deliver at all costs. Deadly serious. Considers humour waste of precious time. 'I am very glad to have this opportunity of putting before you a point of view which I have long held to be the only one that can reasonably be expected to provide a solution of the very critical problems with which we are confronted.' And so on, with the utmost fluency, for an hour.

The Hero-worshipping Bore.—Unable to get any applause on his own account, he relies on dragging in names that are certain to be cheered, if he pauses long enough. 'When I think of the great man who inspired our party for all time—I refer, of course, to Mr. Gladstone (loud applause)—I am proud to remember that we have with us to-day men who are carrying on the great work of the statesman whose memory we all revere (applause). I need hardly say that I refer to Mr. Asquith (loud applause), Mr. Lloyd George (loud applause) . . .' And so on till he has no names left and is obliged to sit down.

The Personal Bore.—A common type at banquets. Very serious and obviously determined to make as many friends as possible. 'It is my proud privilege to propose the health of our distinguished guest Lord Blankly. No words of mine can do justice to his record of public service or the unique charm of his personality. We all know Lord Blankly (applause). We all

admire him (applause). We all love him (applause). And why? Ladies and gentlemen, it is because we know him to be the most brilliant, the most modest, the most generous, and the most trustworthy man in public life to-day (applause). I venture to say that no other man . . .' And so on till even Lord Blankly begins to feel a little bored.

There are many other types. In the course of his duties the journalist gets to know them all. After listening to a few sentences he puts aside his notebook, and waits hopefully for the next speaker.

E. CLEPHAN PALMER.

THE ROUT OF A COALITION (1784)

At the present time it is superfluous to dwell on the complexity of the material interests which usually dominate a General Election. But that strange imponderable, mass-mentality, has received little or no attention. Except at great crises, it appeared rarely before the great Reform Bill of 1832. Nevertheless, now and again there seem to be signs of its working even under the old clogging electoral system; and historians have found in it an explanation of the decisive result of that dramatic and exciting contest of the spring of 1784, which routed the Fox-North Coalition and confirmed Pitt the younger in his hitherto very precarious tenure of office.

Certainly the antecedent events and the magnitude of the issues at stake then aroused the nation to an unparalleled degree. Should it retain in office the 'boy' Prime Minister, who had entered on it at the previous Christmastide (a 'mince-pie Administration,' Mrs. Crewe called it), or should it reinstate the Fox-North Coalition, which, under that respectable mediocrity, the Duke of Portland, had seized on power in April 1783, and was ejected by George III. in mid-December? In the background there lurked these further questions: Did those former enemies, Fox and Lord North, in combining to seize the reins, betray the essential principles of the Whig and Tory parties? Was their union prompted by the patriotic aim of carrying on the King's government (then in a state of confusion owing to the balance of parties), or had they, as their enemies asserted, turned out the composite Shelburne Administration in order to create confusion, foist themselves on the King, and enjoy the spoils? Was Fox's famous India Bill, introduced in the autumn session of 1783, a disinterested attempt at remedying the abuses of the East India Company's administration, or an ingenious device for capturing the valuable patronage of that company?

In this last question lay the crux of the problem pressing heavily upon England in December 1783. Very much depended upon its solution. If the Coalition forced the India Bill through Parliament, it would dispose of patronage valued at 300,000*l.* a year—a sum sufficient to procure overwhelming political

support. Doubtless Burke (the chief framer of the Bill) honestly believed that so effective a political lever must be wrenched from the hands of George III. in order once for all to defeat his long-cherished designs of strengthening the royal prerogative. But Burke and his colleagues forgot that the appropriation of that immense driving force would expose them to the charge of bartering away their principles for pelf and power. At Westminster Governor Johnstone declaimed against their rapacity, and declared their measure to be 'more detested from day to day by the wisest and most impartial men throughout the nation.' Of course, the Company worked hard to confirm this opinion, and bade all corporations combine against the confiscating principle embodied in the India Bill. But the increase of antipathy to Fox and North throughout the country can be explained only by the growing conviction that they had cast their principles to the winds in order to entrench themselves behind the formidable ramparts of India patronage.

Nor were these the only counts against them. They proposed to the King, 'as a thing *decided*,' to confer on the Prince of Wales, whose dissolute extravagance was notorious, the enormous income of 100,000*l.* a year. This proposal infuriated the King. He even informed Earl Temple (the future Marquis of Buckingham) that he would 'try the spirit of the Parliament and of the people upon it.' Temple urged him to be patient and to throw upon the Portland Cabinet the odium of ratifying the recent peace with France and Spain, which when in opposition they had so loudly condemned and when in office had not appreciably improved. To this advice George deferred, and agreed not to dismiss them 'unless some very particular opportunity presented itself.' [1] The proposal to mulct a nearly bankrupt country of 100,000*l.* a year in order to enhance the power and pleasure of a spendthrift prince strengthened the belief that the Coalition had resolved to retain office at all costs, for the future George IV. (a fanatical Foxite) was certain to use his money and influence at Westminster and in Cornwall to bolster up the fortunes of his favourite. Here, then, was another weighty reason for driving out a Coalition which, if it controlled the funds and favours of the East India House in Leadenhall Street and of Carlton House in Westminster, could pile Pelion on Ossa in the annals of political corruption.

The King, then, was on fairly safe ground even in his unconstitutional act of ensuring the rejection of the India Bill and the dismissal of its authors. Such were the circumstances in which George summoned to his aid the son of Chatham, then aged twenty-four. It is at this point that *The Parliamentary Papers of John Robinson*, recently edited by Professor William T. Laprade

[1] Duke of Buckingham, *Court and Cabinets of George III.*, i., 304.

for the Royal Historical Society, furnish evidence of some value. Robinson was M.P. for Harwich and had long been Senior Secretary of the Treasury Board, in which capacity he controlled the funds used in support of Government candidates in the General Elections of 1774, 1780, also (to some extent) of 1784. Shortly before the exercise of royal influence against Fox's India Bill he reported as to the probable issue of a General Election. His written estimate, now before us, is probably the most detailed forecast ever published on English elections of the old type. In general it is creditably correct, considering that Robinson penned it in mid-December, shortly before Pitt's accession to office. Therefore the writer could not possibly foresee the enthusiasm which the plucky fight of the young leader was soon to arouse. The document is the output of an old wire-puller, who expects the forthcoming election to proceed on the old lines ; and his forecast is fairly accurate in regard to the 'close boroughs' and the Scottish constituencies, the latter of which were under the control of Henry Dundas, now Pitt's henchman. But Robinson went astray respecting the verdicts of the more independent constituencies, *e.g.*, Norfolk, where he stated that Coke, the local Whig magnate, had a safe seat, whereas he was ousted by a Pittite ; Yorkshire, which he divided equally between the Coalition and Pitt, whose supporters easily captured both seats ; and the University of Cambridge, which he assigned to the former Coalition members, though Pitt and his friend Lord Euston won at a canter. Other examples might be cited of Robinson's failure to foresee the utter rout of the Coalition. Dr. Laprade, however, deserves the thanks of historical students for editing a document which proves that Pitt's resolve, in mid-December 1783, to take office against a majority in the House of Commons, was no foolhardy venture, but a careful calculation of chances.

Yet, though Robinson's December forecast could not explain the course of the April elections, the editor claims, on the strength of it, that they were decided by secret influence and were not appreciably directed by public opinion. Mr. Hawke also, in a brief review of the evidence in *The Nineteenth Century and After* for October 1923, sums up even more dogmatically and ridicules the historians who have seen in the issue of those elections clear signs of the force of public sentiment. Both of them also seem to assume that Pitt won owing to underhand intrigues, while the official Whig and Tory parties, headed by Fox and North, maintained a virtuous and suicidal aloofness. The truth is, of course, that both the Coalition and the Pittites fought desperately, and used all possible means to ensure success ; but the Coalition's electioneering accounts were lost or suppressed, while Robinson (imprudent in this matter) allowed his to survive.

Over against Robinson's one-sided and largely irrelevant evidence I propose to place the verdicts of writers or speakers who witnessed the growth of popular feeling in those exciting spring months of 1784. But, first, we may note that George III. was neither able nor willing to spend the large sums which he had disbursed in the General Election of 1780, the 'immense expense' of which greatly annoyed him and depleted his private electioneering fund. In April 1782 he complained to Lord North that he could not possibly meet an outstanding account of 19,745*l.*[2] It is therefore improbable, after Burke's Economy Bill had further impoverished the Privy Purse, that much money would be forthcoming from that source for the election of April 1784. Further, Burke's Bill disfranchised revenue and excise officers, thus restricting Government influence in many towns. Also it must be remembered that, though the East India Company used all its influence to defeat Fox and North, yet they and their exasperated followers certainly strained every nerve in order to recover the India patronage which the manœuvres of George had snatched from them.

Proofs abound as to the disgust aroused by the Fox-North Coalition. Addington's old schoolmaster, Dr. Joseph Warton, expressed the general opinion when he called it 'the most shameful and the most pernicious Coalition that, I think, ever disgraced the annals of any kingdom,' and the universal conviction was that it could not possibly last.[3] Here lay the chief cause of its defeat. By their union Fox damned North, and North damned Fox. Further, Pitt's clean record, his brilliant debating powers, and his firm composure under the savage attacks of the Opposition speedily marked him out as the one man who could save England from the old gangs. Early in 1784 Lords Stafford and Percy stated their conviction that he alone could rescue the nation from otherwise hopeless confusion.[4] So, too, Earl Cornwallis wrote: 'The mass of the people are certainly with the present Ministry,' and again (March 9), 'The Ministry are triumphant, and if they manage their affairs with as much prudence and wisdom as they have hitherto done, they may keep their ground many years.'[5]

On that day the majority in the House against Pitt, which in January had been 39, sank to 1; and it is clear that the change was due largely to pressure from the public. His new India Bill conciliated the very interests which Fox's Bill had antagonised; and London, Middlesex, Southwark, even Fox's constituency, Westminster, sent up addresses in support of Pitt. Nearly 3000 electors of Westminster signed that petition. These

[2] Donne, *Correspondence of George III. with Lord North*, ii., 423.
[3] Pellew, *Life of Lord Sidmouth*, i., 30, 35.
[4] *Diaries . . . of George Rose*, i., 50, 60.
[5] *Cornwallis Correspondence*, i., 167, 173.

examples were followed by York, Edinburgh, Worcester, Exeter, and several other cities. Large meetings were held in many places, the trend being favourable to Pitt. At Aylesbury the freeholders of Bucks shouted down Burke until Lord Mahon begged them to hear him. The meetings of the Middlesex freeholders at Hackney and of the electors of Westminster in Westminster Hall afforded strong proofs of the confidence felt in Pitt. Fox was refused a hearing; he and his supporters were hustled out of the Hall, and had to repair to the King's Arms Tavern for an overflow meeting (March 14). At this tumultuous scene in the historic Hall the Radical Lord Mahon (soon to become Earl Stanhope) was foremost in denouncing Fox. As a sign of the detestation now felt for the Whig leader Horace Walpole mentions on April 11 that a fox was roasted alive at Dover 'by the most diabolic allegory.' [6]

In general, the county associations which heralded the reform movement now repudiated Fox and supported Pitt. This was especially the case in Yorkshire, where the 'associators' on March 24 carried an address to Parliament begging for a dissolution and an appeal to the people as 'the only true constitutional measure.' [7] To that step, bitterly opposed by the Coalition, Pitt at that very time had recourse, for he knew that the tide had now set in strongly in his favour. The Yorkshire Association formed the backbone of the popular movement in that county which gave an overwhelming majority for the two Pittite candidates, Wilberforce and Duncombe, in the teeth of the opposition of the great Whig aristocracy. During their canvass they found the domains of the Cavendishes, Fitzwilliams, Lord Surrey, and Lord Carlisle invincibly hostile. Yet, despite the keen efforts of the Coalition for its nominees, the feeling of the great concourse which met in the Castle Yard at York went strongly for Wilberforce and Duncombe. The Whig lords retired baffled in their coaches-and-six. Finally, the Pittites received promises of 11,173 votes, as against 2510 which were hostile or doubtful. Their victory was unprecedented, for, as a rule, the Yorkshire election had been decided beforehand in the drawing-room of one of the great Whig houses. Now the blow to the Coalition was fatal. 'Numbers of members have confessed to me,' wrote Duncombe to Wilberforce later on, 'that they owed their success in their own counties to the example set by ours.' [8] A case in point was Norfolk, where Coke was rejected.

That the nation's will must prevail, even amidst the many anomalies of the old representation, was assumed in the many

[6] N. Wraxall, *Hist. Memoirs*, iii., 295-299; H. Jephson, *The Platform*, i., 159; G. Stanhope and G. P. Gooch, *Life of Charles, Third Earl Stanhope*, 59; *Letters of H. Walpole* (ed. Cunningham), viii., 469.

[7] *Wyvill Papers*, ii., 325-327; Veitch, *Genesis of Parliamentary Reform*, 98.

[8] *Life of Wilberforce*, i., chap. iii.

popular addresses which had demanded a General Election. Further, Burke himself or his mouthpiece, in the *Annual Register* for 1784, bore unwilling testimony to the strength of the impulse which routed the Coalitionists at the polls. He stated that in many cases they neglected their constituencies and concentrated all their attention on parliamentary divisions at Westminster:

> Thus, whatever motion there was in the country being all on one side and in one direction, it appeared to be more general than perhaps it really was. It acquired, nevertheless, by degrees great strength and force, and not only drew within its vortex everything that was light and afloat, but carried away even those whose principles were imagined to be more deeply rooted. No ties, no attachments, were able to hold against it. Friendship, gratitude, and even dependency gave way. Several instances occurred during the ensuing elections in which the agents and servants of great men were found acting openly and avowedly against the party of their employers.

Burke then states that the Dissenters worked hard for Pitt. Is it likely that these usually fervent Whigs changed sides in 1784 owing to bribery? Banned by the Court and frowned on by the law, they were the last to be swayed by corrupt practices. Moreover, the last of the following extracts from recently published letters of George III. to Pitt [9] shows that the monarch hoped that the votes of the Quakers of Westminster would help turn the scale against Fox and in favour of the Ministerial candidates, Admiral Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray. The extracts prove that the 'management' of affairs in the Yorkshire election was all in favour of the Coalition candidates and against Pitt's supporters; that two Pittite candidates started work at Coventry on the very eve of the election, yet succeeded, and apparently with no great expense; that the King himself expressed surprise at the successes, which he would not have done if the whole affair had turned on Robinson's calculations of bribery and influence:

March 28, 1784.

The accounts of York show the majority [at the show of hands] was very decided; but, by the account of Lord Percy, the management wretched, and the Sheriff, frightened by Lord Surrey into signing not being able to decide as to the majority.

March 28, 1804.

. . . No candidates have yet started at Coventry against the two late members, which is the more extraordinary, as I am told two new men might certainly, at not more than 2000*l*. each, succeed, the town is so desirous of a change of representatives.

March 30, 1784.

. . . I am happy to find two candidates are likely to be found to oppose the late representatives of Coventry. . . .

April 6, 1784.

. . . Undoubtedly, as yet, the elections have proved beyond the hopes of the most sanguine friends.

[9] J. H. Rose, *Pitt and Napoleon: Essays and Letters*, 206-208.

April 8, 1784.

I rejoice very sincerely at the success in the county election of York and also in that of the city of York. Mr. Pitt will certainly not require that attention should be had that a proper candidate be found for Hull.

April 13, 1784.

. . . Nothing can be more material than the account of Mr. Coke having declined in Norfolk, as it is as strong a proof as the decision in Yorkshire of the genuine sense of the people.

April 17, 1784.

The success at Coventry is a most agreeable event. . . .

May 1, 1784.

The poll for Westminster of this day still continues favourable to Mr. Fox; but I have heard that the Quackers [*sic*], though in general unwilling to take part in elections, have no disinclination on the present state of the poll to come forward, if properly applied to, and that their number amounts to near 300, which would place Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray in a very decided situation. . . .

That the votes of the Dissenters availed much in the 1784 election was again vouched for by Burke in his *Observations on the Conduct of the Minority* (1793), wherein he asserted that Pitt had attained power by the support of the Court and of the Dissenters; and he added this remarkable confession: 'That House of Commons, whose confidence he [Pitt] did not enjoy, unfortunately did not itself enjoy the confidence (though we well deserved it) either of the Crown or of the public.' [10] When a prominent enemy of Pitt admits that the Parliament which George III. dissolved in March 1784 no longer enjoyed the confidence of the nation, it is surely superfluous to explain Pitt's victory at the polls as due to subterranean working.

Much has been written about Fox's success at Westminster against the gigantic power of the Court. This explanation leaves on one side the influence of the Prince of Wales and his boon companions, which probably outweighed that of the penurious King among the parasitic elements of the populace. In spite of the eager efforts of the Duchess of Devonshire, 'Perdita' Robinson and many other fair ladies, Fox long lagged behind the second Pittite, Sir Cecil Wray, and passed him only towards the end of the forty days' polling. The final votes were—Hood, 6694; Fox, 6234; Wray, 5988. Probably the magnetic personality of Fox and his helpers alone saved him from defeat. In any case the result was a moral defeat by comparison with 1780.

So, too, the triumph of the Coalitionist, Windham, at Norwich was an exception to the strong trend of things in the country. The Duke of Portland called his success 'the only very satis-

[10] *The Works of E. Burke*, iii., 506, 507 (Bohn edition).

factory event that has happened since this cursed dissolution.'[11] Very similar was the comment of Horace Walpole:

April 11, 1784.

The scene is woefully changed for the Opposition; . . . they own themselves totally defeated. . . . In short, between the industry of the Court and the India Company, and that momentary frenzy that sometimes seizes a whole nation, as if it were a vast animal, such aversion to the Coalition and such a detestation of Mr. Fox have seized the country, that, even where omnipotent gold retains its influence, the elected pass through an ordeal of the most virulent abuse. The great Whig families, the Cavendishes, Rockinghams, Bedfords, have lost all credit in their own counties.[12]

Whence it appears that influence and gold were used mainly by the Coalition candidates, and were mostly used in vain. As to the strength of popular sentiment working for Pitt Burke bore reluctant testimony in his letter of May 17, 1784, to Eden: 'The humour (I must not call it madness) of the people has much exceeded my apprehensions.'[13] Indirect testimony to the same effect is borne by that calculating demagogue, Wilkes, who in his election address asked the men of Middlesex for their votes, 'that I may be enabled to strengthen the hands of our present virtuous young Minister in his patriotic plans to retrieve your affairs, to restore public credit, to recover the faded glory of our country.'[14] The equally astute Wraxall, formerly a Northite, also saw safety in following Pitt, for whom 'almost the whole nation had declared,' who also was hailed as the reconciler between King and people.[15] Finally, Lord John Russell, editor of *Fox's Correspondence*, admits (vol. ii., p. 253) that 'the dissolution of Parliament, when it came, swept like a storm over the parties of Lord North and Mr. Fox,' and reduced them to impotence.

When George III. himself expressed surprise at the sweeping successes of Pitt at the polls, when hostile witnesses like Burke and Horace Walpole ascribed those successes to the extraordinary outburst of public opinion which marked the spring months of 1784, when every considerable letter-writer and memoir-writer of the time lays stress on the intensity of popular feeling during that election, it is merely an example of *la manie de l'inédit* to assert the contrary on the basis of a newly found electioneering forecast, drawn up three or four months before the psychological developments which have here been traced.

J. Holland Rose.

[11] *The Windham Papers*, i., 62.

[12] *Letters of Horace Walpole* (ed. Cunningham), viii., 465.

[13] *Correspondence of Lord Auckland*, i., 77.

[14] *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1784, 305.

[15] N. Wraxall, *Mems.*, iii., 329, 332.

A STUDY IN LIFE VALUES

If any laborious person with a taste for figures cares to take out the advertised ages of 500 consecutive deaths in the first page of the newspaper, omitting the rare announcements of deaths under twenty-one, he will find that the average length of life in these announcements is 70·3. And if, by way of testing these figures, our student summarises several other series of 500 similar announcements in the same newspaper, he will discover that the average length of life may vary by a decimal point in one direction or the other, but not more.

So remarkable an approximation to the Biblical figure seems almost to suggest that the Psalmist consulted an actuary before he wrote the famous verse. But an actuary would have given him very different information, for the figures are, in fact, deceptive. In the first place, they apply in the main to the more prosperous classes, whose life is considerably longer than the average for the whole community; and in the second, an additional upward bias is given to the average by a peculiar idiosyncrasy of human nature. It is noticeable that when people (and particularly women) die rather early in life the age is very frequently omitted; on the other hand, when they survive far beyond the allotted span the age is always inserted.

So marked is this tendency that in one list of 500 names no fewer than 137 persons, or more than 25 per cent., lived to over eighty—an incredible proportion, for in actual fact only one person in 224 lives to that age. No clearer proof that most people think long life a boon could be given than the fact that they advertise its occurrence, but unluckily this belief deprives the figures of most of their evidential value.

The actual expectation of life at twenty-one is about forty-one years, which indicates that the average life of persons who reach maturity is sixty-two, the individual variations depending, of course, on ancestry, occupation, habits, and many other causes. Now it occurred to me, as a problem on the border-line of eugenics, that it would be worth investigating whether exceptionally distinguished men had on the whole longer or shorter lives than their fellows, and whether there were any marked differences

between the longevity of different types of genius. I attempted to put this matter to the test by taking out the vital statistics of 500 eminent and successful men of all ages and countries; and these selected lives I have compared class by class with (*a*) their own compeers, and (*b*) the general average of humanity.

The manner in which the list of 500 was made up may first be related. I wrote down from memory the names of such artists, authors, musicians, philosophers, saints and scientists as occurred to me, subsequently ascertaining the length of life in each case (and excluding any that had died violent or accidental deaths). By contrast with these contemplative pursuits I turned to men of action, and formed a list of soldiers and statesmen; to these were added the Popes and Archbishops of Canterbury for the past 300 years, Lord Chancellors and Speakers of the House of Commons for the last century. To these, again, were added actors, architects, inventors, travellers, and others not easily classified, as a miscellaneous class.

These totalled altogether about 300, and the general average of the whole worked out at almost exactly the same figure as that of the restricted miscellaneous class.

In order to test this average, I took the first 100 names in a small biographical dictionary, and added them both to the miscellaneous class and to the general total. In both cases the average only shifted by a decimal point.

Finally, to make the test trustworthy, I added the last 100 names out of the same dictionary. The average length of life for the 500 again only differed by a decimal point from the 300 and the 400.

The classified results are as follow:

The average life of ordinary men who have reached maturity was sixty-two years.

The average of 500 selected lives was 67·538 years.

The average of 191 distinguished men taken alphabetically from a biographical dictionary was 68·46 years.

The average of 264 selected lives of very eminent men was 69·1 years.

It is clear, then, that great men on the whole live longer than ordinary men.

But crude statistics only delight crude statisticians, and the averages class by class are more significant.

Of these selected men 108 were men of action—soldiers, statesmen, popes, archbishops—and their average of life was 73·8 years.

On the other hand, 125 were men of contemplative pursuits—

artists, musicians, authors, saints—and their average of life was 64·3 years.

The man of action therefore lives 9·5 years longer than the more contemplative type, but both the active and the contemplative types live longer than the ordinary man.

I then separated these distinguished men into occupations. The average life of men of action is—

Speakers of the House of Commons (7)	80 years.
Lord Chancellors (15)	79·6 "
Popes (37)	73·9 "
Archbishops of Canterbury (21)	73 "
Statesmen (14)	69·2 "
Soldiers (14)	68·5 "
Ecclesiastics (17)	68·4 "
English kings (30)	57 "
French kings (15)	47 "

In the two latter categories, of course, inclusion is a matter of birth, and therefore largely dependent on family longevity. Now the kings of England are an interesting and easily accessible example of variable longevity. The Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts were short-lived families; twenty-three sovereigns (omitting those who died violent deaths) averaged only fifty-three years. The Hanoverians are a long-lived family; seven sovereigns averaged seventy-three years. Of the former only one (Elizabeth) lived to seventy; of the latter two out of seven were over eighty, two over seventy, and the three remainder were sixty-nine, sixty-eight, sixty-seven, years of age.

In all the other classes of distinguished men inclusion is dependent on individual success; the struggle to reach the top must in each case be severe, and sufficient in itself to eliminate men below the average strength and ability.

The men of action, however, do not prove very much, for it is evident that exceptional physical strength enabled or at least assisted them to attain eminence, and such exceptional strength is more likely to be found in men derived from healthy and long-lived families than in diseased and tainted stock. And, indeed, great men of action are a selected class of a selected class. They compete only with their peers; a man is not likely to become Speaker or Prime Minister unless he is stronger than the average member of Parliament, and therefore likely to live long. And in any event such men, and also popes and archbishops, have already reached full middle age before they are appointed.

It may seem curious that Speakers, who of all men must surely sometimes long for death, should head the list; they are far ahead of the great statesmen, as the popes and archbishops are of the class of great ecclesiastics who, like Bossuet, Calvin, and Newman,

have attained fame, but not the supreme executive rank.[1] But the close coincidence between Speakers and Lord Chancellors, and again between popes and archbishops, is interesting, and suggests that similar types, chosen for very similar offices, will show a marked approximation to each other in length of life.

I may perhaps add that, by way of testing these averages of successful men of action, I constructed a separate table of great business men—merchants, capitalists, and organisers of industry—not one of whom, as it happened, appeared in the more general list. A total of fifteen commercial leaders averaged 72·5 years, but the table, although perfectly accurate, seemed to some extent misleading. It contained, very naturally, a large number of Scots. But the Scots are a hardy race; and the average life of seven Scots in the list was 76·7 years. On the other hand, when I added the five Rothschilds in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, who are members of a short-lived race (the average life of the five was 62·2 years), the average life of twenty successful business men was 69·9 years. I am inclined to think that this is a truer average. It corresponds very closely with the average age of death in *The Times* obituary column.

With the more contemplative type, however, the argument from physical strength is reversed, for the list includes many men of genius who unwillingly died young, and others whose physique was notoriously inferior. Yet even with these pronounced disadvantages we find that this class averages 64·3 years, as against the sixty-two years of ordinary men.

But I think these lists merit further analysis.

The average of the contemplative type is:

Scientists (17)	74·47 years.
Philosophers (16)	66·7 "
Painters (44)	65·7 "
English authors (25)	62·4 "
Foreign authors (20)	62·2 "
Musicians (32)	59·5 "
Saints (7)	59·2 "

Again, the very close coincidence of English and foreign authors is impressive, and reinforces the assumption that similar types,

[1] An attempted analysis of statesmen into constitutional and revolutionary types was inconclusive, even when the list was considerably lengthened. But here the statistics do not tell the full truth, for the revolutionary is more liable to come to a violent end, and all deaths by violence are of course excluded. In some ways I regret the failure to arrive at a definite conclusion, but it has provided me with an extremely interesting list of suicides and assassinees that includes such great names as Hannibal, Cæsar, More, Strafford, Clive, Robespierre and Castlereagh. Suicide, however, lies outside the scope of this article.

leading very similar lives, will show a marked approximation to each other.[1]

There is a popular idea that poets die young. A subdivision into prose and poetry was therefore attempted, but unfortunately —at least for statistical purposes—many of the greatest authors are famous in both kinds, and were therefore necessarily omitted. On the whole the poets, with 59·4 years, were shorter lived than prose writers, with sixty-one years. It will be seen that they approximate very closely to the musicians with 59·5 years, thus lending some incidental support to Wagner's dictum that poetry is the husband, music the wife, among the arts.

The extraordinary longevity of scientists, ranging from Copernicus to Darwin and Kelvin, is astonishing; their distinguished rivals, the philosophers, average eight years less. The discrepancy is puzzling, for both classes include men of no great physical strength, and in both cases there is an extreme concentration of the will on abstruse problems, and the same general cast of mind.

At first I could only hazard the conjecture that the slow patience with which the scientist formulates his conclusions, tests, recasts, amplifies, and revises them, gave him some advantage over the philosopher, for the latter, having produced his system and perfected it, is unable to prove it, and is therefore devoid of incentive to further experiment. The scientist never reaches finality, and Nature ever mocks him with a deeper riddle still; the philosopher reaches finality in his own mind and thereafter rests content.

I must confess that this explanation failed to satisfy me. Abandoning the figures for the moment, I therefore proceeded to look into the other classes.

But the discrepancy between painters and musicians was in some ways even more puzzling. The two arts very frequently run together in families and even in individuals. Painters are often the sons or brothers of musicians, and many painters have been good musicians.[2] All the usual marks of hereditary artistic ability are often in evidence, and they would seem at first sight to promise similar length of life. Yet painters are second only to

[1] Separate lists showed that historians (seventy years) live longer than novelists (64·25 years); and it is significant that the work of the historian approximates to that of the scientist, both being concerned with long periods of time in their studies.

A parallel table of great scholars ,of the Bentley and Porson type and professors, commentators, *et hoc genus omne*, averages seventy-one years.

[2] Gainsborough and Romney were passionately fond of music; Reynolds was not, but he was deaf. Blake had no knowledge of music, but composed singularly beautiful tunes.' Musicians seem less susceptible to painting, but

scientists and philosophers with 65·7, whereas the musicians are nearly at the bottom of the list with 59·5 years.

This discrepancy naturally made me distrust my first lists, which contained only the very greatest names in both arts. I therefore constructed another series, in which the first names were included, but supplemented by an equal number of less celebrated but still distinguished artists and composers.

To my astonishment, but also to my satisfaction, the average life of painters only changed from 65·8 to 65·7 years; while the musicians changed from 58 in the supreme composers to 59·5 in a more eclectic list, thus indicating that the higher the genius of the musician, the shorter tends to be his life.

These facts seemed to prove that the figures were perfectly trustworthy, and that they possessed a real meaning of which I was entirely ignorant. Some deep but unsuspected cause obviously gives the painter a longer life than the musician.

The first, and, indeed, the most obvious, explanation that suggested itself was that musicians as a class are more precocious than painters, and the fruit which ripens early is likely to fall early. An examination of the lives of musicians seemed to indicate that this might be a real cause. It is significant that Wagner, who developed later than most musicians, also lived longer than the average; while Beethoven, who found music lessons tedious at first and always composed slowly and with difficulty, lived longer than Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, and Weber, who were extraordinarily facile, and all of whom were dead by forty-six.

On the other hand, many musical executants are as precocious as the composers—the infant prodigy at the piano or the fiddle is notorious—yet the executants show many instances of respectable longevity. The shortness of life applies only to the composers; and it is, therefore, evident that Galton's suggestion that the excitement, applause, and irregularity of public life account for the mortality among musicians is not a valid explanation. Indeed, a list of great actors that I compiled for the express purpose of testing this theory by another but similar class of public enter-

Wagner loved rich colours, and paid great attention to the scenery of his music-drama.

Another indication that the faculties are allied was in a case that came under my own observation. A child whose maternal ancestry included many talented musicians and painters showed a distinct aptitude for painting. In the ordinary course of education she received some music lessons. She showed no particular talent, but volunteered the remark that she saw the musical notes as colours. The visual perception of sound, which is said to be not unusual, probably indicates a common ancestry of music and painting, with the latter art dominant in the individual.

tainers exposed to very much the same conditions indicates that actors, with 69·8 years, are a rather long-lived class.

The actual work of musical composition is probably not in the least harmful; the popular opinion that mental labour is in itself pernicious to health has no support in fact, and seems due to a combination of intellectual sloth and jealousy of superior ability among the vulgar. It is true that Schubert remarked that 'my productions in music are from the understanding, and spring from my sorrow; those only which are the product of pain seem to please the great world most.' But Wagner and many others have left it on record that their highest pleasure was to compose; their most ecstatic hours were those in which their genius came to full fruition.

A more adequate explanation of the discrepancy between painters and musicians is the fact that many musicians have been frail and delicate, whereas painters, on the whole, are robust and healthy. The musical temperament is also more highly strung than that of the artist; Wagner, for instance, was extraordinarily susceptible to heat and cold, his sense of touch was so delicate that he could only wear silk underclothing, and the discordant noises of a great city were agony to him.

Moreover, Nature itself betrays the musician through the too exquisite sensitiveness of his ear. The painter can turn his head away from the ugliness that offends his soul, and close and rest his eye when overstrained. But the musician knows no such relief. It is impossible to exclude sound by day, and even in sleep the ear is alert and on guard. Now it seems evident that this superior susceptibility, and this impossibility of resting the organ on which he most depends, must itself handicap the musician as against his brother-artist.[4]

But, again, this did not strike me as a complete explanation, and I turned to the last, and in some ways the most interesting, class in my collection—the great saints.

The saint is the supreme example of the will to live, since he wants to live for ever. Unluckily for our purpose, however, his desire is for the immortality of the soul, not the body; and this ultimate aim escapes my statistical measure altogether.

But the saint despises this present life; death is to him but the gate of everlasting life. Now I suppose that most religious people profess to adopt, or at least do not repudiate, this attitude; even prosperous and comfortable folk sometimes assume the pose that death is a relief from sufferings and trials which are by no

[4] Reynolds lost his sight through overstrain of the eyes, but lived some time longer. Schumann, on the other hand, complained of overstrained ear—'I lost every melody as soon as I conceived it; my mental ear was overstrained. . . . I hear an incessant A'—and died soon after. A post-mortem showed brain disease.

means patent to the casual onlooker. After all, there is such a thing as humbug in this world; and the fact that the clergy are notoriously a long-lived race does not suggest any undue impatience to exchange the sorrows of this present existence for the joys of paradise.

The great saint, however, is unquestionably sincere; if one cannot believe his professions one cannot believe anything. He despises life, and has given his proofs that he despises it. Now if it is the fact that a strong will to live has some effect in prolonging life, then it is clear that the saint, who looks on death as a deliverance, will hardly live so long as less exalted souls. And the figures for nine of the greatest saints in the Christian calendar show that the average life of this class is 59·2 years, less than any other category of great men.

There is to me something very impressive in these figures.

But it will be suggested, of course, that the excessive austerities of the contemplative directly shorten his life. To test this argument, I looked into the records of asceticism, but I am bound to admit that I found many instances of ordinary, and some even of extreme, longevity. It is impossible to tabulate the figures satisfactorily, but I derived the general impression that asceticism *per se* is by no means prejudicial to long life. It is certainly far less harmful than indulgence.

Again, it will be argued that the saint is naturally of a weakly constitution, and that his piety may be a consequence, not a cause, of his defective health. In many cases this is undoubtedly true; nobody, for instance, can read Wesley's *Journal* without noticing the sickliness of many of his converts.

But the saints in my list were in most cases extraordinarily robust. The reproach of physical weakness cannot be brought against men like St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Dominic, St. Ignatius, or a woman like St. Teresa. St. Francis of Assisi was, at least as a young man, devoted to pleasure, which hardly suggests any bodily defect. St. Francis of Sales, the perfect type of Christian saint, objected to austerities, and was physically quite normal. St. Philip Neri suffered from a severe internal complaint, but he lived to eighty. St. Catherine of Siena is the only one of the company of really defective physique.

It is clear, then, that the saint can hardly be explained on this score. And I am driven to the conclusion that the relative shortness of his days is due to his expressed will not to live—at least, not to live in this dimension.

The saint, like Keats, is half in love with death; Blake has perfectly expressed this mystical longing:

> The door of death is made of gold
> That mortal eyes cannot behold;

But when the mortal eyes are closed,
And cold and pale the limbs reposed,
The soul awakes, and, wandering, sees
In her mild hand the golden keys;
The grave is heaven's golden gate
And rich and poor around it wait.

There is, however, another consideration that I put forward with somewhat more hesitation.

Scientists and philosophers are of very much the same mental cast, yet scientists live much longer than philosophers. Painters and musicians have much the same artistic temperament, yet painters live much longer than musicians. Great ecclesiastics and great saints belong to the same profession, yet the ecclesiastics live much longer than the saints. It seems obvious that some common factor unites the scientists, painters, and ecclesiastics, and differentiates them from philosophers, musicians, and saints.

I must admit that a consideration which slowly forced itself upon me seemed at first fantastic and far-fetched. But after a careful study of the available biographical material, which is immense, the mass of evidence in favour of the hypothesis very greatly outweighed the evidence against it, and I can no longer refuse at least partial validity to the conclusion.

The scientist is busied with this concrete and phenomenal world; the philosopher is occupied with abstract and ultimate values.

The painter is engaged with this concrete and visible world, the musician with the invisible and spiritual medium of sound.

The great ecclesiastic, like the great statesman, is engaged with the administration of a concrete and actual institution; the saint, on the other hand, is busied with ultimate and spiritual affairs.

In other words, the longer-lived in each class is concerned with the more temporal and material aspects of things, the shorter-lived with the more eternal and spiritual values. Now it is at least an extraordinary coincidence, if it is no more, that these habitual occupations of the mind are in each case reflected in the length of days of the greatest exemplars of their respective classes.

Life builds its little bridge in time across the eternal; and it seems that those who are more occupied with the visible things of time stay longer on the bridge, while those who contemplate the unseen world of eternity come sooner to the journey's end. Insensibly the eternal draws its children to itself from the realm of space and time.

A. WYATT TILBY.

ARE WE CIVILISED?

NOBODY can deny that superficially the answer to this question is in the affirmative. We are more civilised than our prehistoric forbears, and the circumambient evidences and proofs of civilisation are so numerous and clear that it is impossible to ignore the one or refute the other. There is ample justification, however, for the suggestion that we are by no means so civilised as we could and should be; and it will be my purpose to question whether we have not so neglected our opportunities for enhancing the measure of civilisation which we enjoy as almost to have shown ourselves uncivilised.

Civilisation has been variously defined. It has been described as culture or refinement. To me this seems very far from an elementary definition. Both culture and refinement are capable of very widely diverse interpretations. German *Kultur*, for example, was doubtless considered a remarkably fine thing by nearly seventy million people; yet most of the rest of the world felt it to be at least very far removed from refinement. Definition is not easy, for civilisation imports a state of mind common to a race, whereas culture may be attributed to an isolated individual. One may conceive a cultured hermit, but not a civilised hermit, for civilisation, or the state of being civilised, necessarily implies ability to live in some degree of love and charity with one's neighbours. A civilised State, therefore, is surely one whose inhabitants have so succeeded in modifying their primitive instincts as to have achieved a full measure of harmony, and consequent amity and comfort, within itself

That mankind has become more civilised since the days of Noah is more effectively demonstrated by the size of existing communities than by the existence of aeroplanes. General opinion is almost certainly in disagreement with this hypothesis, because it has long been the custom to hail all new inventions and all new contrivances devised by the ingenious brain of man as tokens of increased civilisation. They are, of course, nothing of the kind. They are merely instruments, many of which contain potentialities for the advancement of civilisation so long as they are properly applied. The force of this contention will the more readily be

seen by imagining, for example, the Dyaks of Borneo to have been endowed with the ability to manipulate all the inventions of the past 100 years, and to have been given a supply of the inventions themselves. One of the results would certainly be the extinction of the Dyaks of Borneo. They have not yet adequately modified their primitive instincts. They are consequently uncivilised, and the presence of motor cars and machine guns and armchairs and top hats would not increase the measure of harmony prevailing among them. It may be argued that this example is worthless, because the Dyaks did not invent the things themselves, and therefore could not be expected to appreciate their proper use: to which the answer is that the nations which did invent them have recently endeavoured to extinguish each other. Europe did not entirely destroy itself, because it is more civilised than the Dyaks of Borneo; but it will have to become far more civilised than it is now if it is to avoid world war in the future.

The great communities of to-day, the self-governing nations of the world, could not exist had they not established means of modifying the rudimentary instincts of their nationals, and that they have contrived to live and preserve their respective national unities is a tribute to the degree of civilisation to which they have attained. The coming of law was the coming of civilisation, and the acceptance of law is the evidence of it.

The acceptance of law, however, is not of itself sufficient to promote the maximum of harmony within a State. There is a limit to the power and the operation of law, and fear of the law, though almost the beginning of wisdom, is an unworthy motive for all personal actions. In every country there has grown up a mass of conventions and customs, differing as widely as do racial characteristics, which permit and prohibit with as much authority as, and even more effectually and universally than, the law itself. Many of these conventions and customs are ridiculous. They were devised, perhaps, to meet conditions which no longer persist, or else were devised to serve some snobbish or ignoble purpose. But many of them are fully justified. If we are to secure the fullest possible measure of comfort and harmony, we do not only require law to protect us from burning and murdering, and punish us for stealing and blackmailing. We want also to avoid the innumerable petty annoyances whose sum militates so successfully against the enjoyment of life. Unselfishness is the most urgently needed virtue, but selfishness has become so conventional and customary that to say so is profitless. It is, however, generally accepted that good manners are desirable, even if almost unknown; and what is the source of good manners but unselfishness?

'Manners makyth man.' If this be true, how few are men in

these days of screaming and scrambling! The great trouble is that lack of manners is rewarded, whilst their existence and practice is not. The man who remains seated in a train whilst old and infirm women stand is rewarded by the comfort which he secures. Some of the bystanders may think fierce and violent thoughts, but they do not affect the seated man. If he were seized and battered and shaken into a realisation of his offence, the law would be invited to avenge his hurt. It might be argued that his remaining seated in such circumstances was conduct calculated to cause a breach of the peace, and his assaulters might plead that they were, roughly speaking, trying to arrest him; but I have not heard of such a plea, and the law would probably confirm the right of the man to indulge his lack of manners.

Another constant irritation regarding which the law appears paralysed is that occasioned by the vendors of the racing and evening editions in London. The ordinary man may not whistle for a cab; he may make no noise in the street with the object of attracting attention without simultaneously attracting the police. This is quite reasonable and desirable, for the streets are already mechanically noisy enough without any vocal contributions to the clamour. It remains a deep and occult mystery, therefore, why newsboys should be allowed to howl and bawl without let or hindrance. Since such is the case, however, why do not other industrial organisations employ similar sales methods? Why should not thousands of brazen-throated infants invade the residential districts crying penny cakes of soap or halfpenny buns? Properly organised, there could hardly be a more successful sales 'stunt' than a battalion of unemployed, mobilised and dressed in the character of some well-known poster figure and paraded in a body through the streets, shouting in unison a familiar trade slogan. Such an affair would cost, perhaps 2000*l.* or more, but it would secure quite ten times that amount of publicity in the Press and on the cinema; and I fail to see how a law which permits a multitude of newsboys to scream and dart inconveniently about in all directions could be used against another multitude of better-organised screamers.

One of the most painful evidences of bad manners is the almost universal rush to inspect the unfortunate victim of a street accident. Were this dictated by a genuine desire to help—which is true in a few cases—all would be well. But the usual crowd exhibits nothing but a vacant, gaping curiosity, a morbid, peering stupidity. There is, undoubtedly, an instinct which impels individuals to congregate on the slightest pretext. It is an instinct common to all gregarious animals, and it operates most powerfully in the event of a killing or maiming. Wolves notoriously crowd round a dying stag, jackals round a wounded bullock. In just

such a way, but without a vestige of practical justification, do human beings crowd round an injured man, or, for that matter, round an injured bird or cat or dog. It is an evidence of the survival of an instinct for which circumstances no longer provide any reason or cause; and the too extreme indulgence of such a survival is indicative of a lack of civilisation. We cannot utterly suppress and extinguish the instincts. But it is only by limiting and modifying their reactions upon our consciousness that we are able to live as communities in anything like peace and comfort; and it is quite time that action was taken to discourage in the most vigorous manner the indulgence of the instinct to surge round and stare at, and crane necks and dig elbows and push and strain to get near, those luckless creatures who are publicly injured or afflicted. Any community, moreover, which tolerates such manifestations is clearly indictable for neglecting an obvious opportunity for enhancing its degree of civilisation.

Another instinct which no nation has properly modified is that of self-preservation. This unfortunate instinct has been most remarkably distorted by a number of arbitrary exaggerations and repressions. It has been repressed almost universally in association with war. Millions of men have been trained to place themselves in positions of the greatest danger and remain there, day after day, in circumstances of profound discomfort and hatefulness, without any physical compulsion whatever. Men have been educated to suppress this instinct should its exercise at any time become incompatible with the necessity of protecting by force the integrity of their country. The invocation of patriotism has required the paralysis of this instinct for the war period, and this paralysis has sometimes persisted after its time. We have observed and bewailed a post-war crime wave, we have witnessed the perpetration of offences by individuals who seem altogether reckless of consequences, and we have been afforded many explanations of this phenomenon. There are doubtless many causes; but when one remembers that the enduring power of all penal enactments lies in their appeal to the instinct of self-preservation, it will readily be seen that the repression of this instinct will automatically and proportionately multiply penal offences.

In the everyday world of business, however, the instinct of self-preservation has been transmuted, by a process of over-stimulation, into the instinct of grab. The present conception of civilised commerce makes it almost impossible for a man of business to refrain from grabbing. He is bound to grab in order to preserve his own existence, and thus he cannot individually be blamed for a state of affairs which is, in principle, analogous to that obtaining in any uninvaded jungle. The power to grab is

modified by protective statutes like the Companies Acts and by the existence of a mass of judgments and legal paraphernalia of singular complexity. But the propensity to grab is openly encouraged by the public rewarding of really successful grabbers, who resemble more than anything else the winners of an obstacle race in which jostling is permitted and where the obstacles are represented by trade conditions and customs, trades union regulations and, as the final water-jump, the statute and common law! It is undeniable that many men of business do render great and unselfish service to the best interests of the State, just as it is undeniable that the interchange of commodities is the life-blood of every even partially civilised community. But we have become rather myopic in regard to some of the effects of modern commerce, and are inclined to respect the successful business man not in ratio to the service which he has rendered the commonwealth, but in ratio to the pecuniary reward which he has contrived to grab. In a really civilised State there would manifestly be no differentiation; the reward would be in direct ratio to the service to the commonwealth. But such is not now the case. I know that individuals are pleased to cavil at the very wealthy, and abuse them as profiteers and pirates with much vehemence and apparent sincerity; but there is little doubt that many such individuals are secretly envious would-be pirates themselves, and there is no doubt at all that the State—which is the lowest common multiple of the minds of its citizens—persists in exalting and elevating, and sometimes even fawning upon, prominent captains of industry and commerce.

It is not my purpose or intention here to venture any suggestions for the taming of grab. The encouragement of grab, however, is nothing less than the putting of a premium upon the indulgence of a perverted and predatory instinct, and a process highly inimical to the advancement of civilisation. It will be argued that business is not essentially the incarnation of grab; but to me the essence of success in business has always seemed to be the judgment and ability to discern or create a public need, and then to prevent the public from gratifying that need except at the highest price that it can possibly afford to pay. And if that is not grab, then grab must ever remain indefinable. Competition does, of course, limit the ability to grab; but at the same time it intensifies the desire and reduces the restraints, so that the analogy of the jungle—where grab is the law and competition merciless—is strengthened. The law each year makes increasing efforts to circumscribe and impede grab, and to entangle new classes of grabbers, and that it does so is a most heartening indication of the desire to progress towards a more complete civilisation; but each such effort exposes for a while the vast and

viscuous field into which the legislators of the future will have to advance against the puissant hosts of grab.

It will very likely appear highly debatable to assert that we are less civilised than we might or should be. Such a claim seems to imply some criterion by which actual and potential degrees of civilisation can be accurately measured, and the existence of any such criterion is certainly dubitable. Yet surely it is not unreasonable to suggest that out of the paradoxical contemporaneity of world wars and anæsthesia, ogling crowds and motor ambulances, we may deduce and admit our criterion in just such a way as the presence of invisible and incommensurable electrons is deducible and admissible? There is no tangible and obvious measure of comparative civilisation; but it is clear that a world which has produced so many material appanages and trappings of civilisation should unquestionably have reached a far more advanced condition of instinctive modification. Our creature comforts are vastly enhanced; our mental processes are vastly more embarrassed. Physically we are comparatively at ease; mentally we are more violently strained than at any previous time. The civilisation which has given us constant hot water and luxurious limousines has brought us, in the aggregate, no contentment. Why?

The answer, which has remained demonstrably true throughout the ages, is that the power of modifying the primitive instincts has always been far outdistanced by material achievement. Through this cause great empires have fallen, leaving behind them traces of glory to be a wonder and a source of awe to children of a later day. It has ever been true to say of men: 'They know not what they do,' for the greatness of their endeavours is only surpassed by the insignificance of their net achievements. Had but old Greece waxed ever more wise, had but her influence and conception of civilisation increased from strength to strength down the centuries to the present day, what heights might we not know, what happiness and what content? The inspiring ruins of a State and the lettered wisdom of an æsthetic age alone are left to us as echoes of a glory now long since departed. We contemplate the one with our eyes, and with our lips we reverence the other, but with our hearts we remain uncomprehending. Plato is flattered, but disregarded: a great man, no doubt, but sadly out of date and quite inadequate in the twentieth century. Yet here is a passage which is at once strangely relevant and truly prophetic:

> Until philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of this world have the power and spirit of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, and those commoner natures which pursue either at the expense of the other are compelled to stand aside, cities will never rest from their evils, no, nor the human race, as I believe.

Philosophers have never directly exercised power and dominion, neither have they ever effectively influenced their own generation, and cities have never rested from their evils. Nor have the rulers of the world at any time evidenced in any marked degree the power and spirit of philosophy. We may not have been ruled by any who pursued wisdom at the expense of political greatness, but we have certainly had much disastrous experience of rulers who have pursued political greatness at the expense of wisdom.

The besetting fault of mankind has always been that it has endeavoured, with considerable success, to proscribe philosophers. The modern method is to describe them as 'cranks,' and deride them. This devastating epithet indicates that the person so labelled should not be taken seriously; and it is invariably employed by those whose exiguous intellects are rigorously fortified by prejudice against all new, and therefore potentially disagreeable, ideas. But had philosophers not been habitually disregarded we should be immeasurably more civilised. We should not only enjoy all the advantages conferred by the inventive genius of man; we should be preserved from the disadvantages and perils similarly conferred. We should realise the sum of the wisdom of the ages, not, as at present, the difference between their wisdom and their folly. We should render man's inhumanity to man a thing of the past, and regard it, in all its manifestations, as a violent and dastardly outrage. We should dethrone grab and substitute service, and translate the battle for existence into a grander and less lethal game of life.

We should, in fact, finally succeed in so modifying our primitive instincts as to make it possible for each to be a law unto himself and yet an agreeable citizen. What greater contentment, what greater measure of civilisation, can there be than this? Surely none; and the means of its accomplishment can be simply and effectively epitomised. They were indicated by the greatest and probably most persecuted Philosopher the world has ever known. He said: 'Love one another.' That is the prescription of civilisation.

REYNELL J. R. G. WREFORD.

CONSTRUCTIVE CONSCIOUS CONTROL OF THE INDIVIDUAL

Contents

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By F. MATTHIAS ALEXANDER

Author of "MAN'S SUPREME INHERITANCE"

The following extracts are from Press accounts of the reference made to Mr. Alexander's discovery at the British Medical Association Conference, 1923, at the meeting of the Section of Neurology and Psychological Medicine, in its discussion on the nervous child:

"Dr. Peter Macdonald (York) mentioned the discovery by Mr. F. M. Alexander, who was not a doctor, that man to-day has largely forgotten the erect posture. This discovery, he said, would be epoch-making in the history of medicine and science. He asked the audience to observe the carriage of elderly people, and said that the stoop was not due to old age, but caused old age. As a result of being treated himself by Mr. Alexander he had thrown off decrepitude, which was "undertaking" him three years ago."—*The Times.*

"Dr. Peter Macdonald (York) said he was going to take the unorthodox step of recommending to the Section the study of the work of a man who was not a medical man. His name was F. Matthias Alexander, and Dr. Macdonald regarded his work as epoch-making. He had learnt from him, or, rather, through him, three things: (1) That man did not now know the erect posture, and possibly he had never learnt to acquire it consciously; (2) what the co-ordinated use of the muscular mechanism was, to secure the posture best for the moment; (3) and this was the important thing—he had learnt how to acquire knowledge of the co-ordinated use of such mechanism. Mr. Alexander's thesis was that man's control of his musculature, thinking processes, life functions generally, so far as they were subject to volition, was ordinarily an instinctive one; that instinct was a sound guide only in a stable or slowly changing environment, that in the rapidly changing environment of our developing civilization it broke down, and that for instinctive must be substituted conscious control. The effect of his training on health and disease was astounding, though he in no way professed to treat disease at all; he professed solely to be a trainer. Flat-foot became a trifling disability which simply disappeared. Asthma became ameliorated or removed; stammering was overcome; and Dr. Macdonald had seen a "nervous child" with much of the postural deformity described in the opening paper become a relatively supple, normal child.

—*British Medical Journal.*

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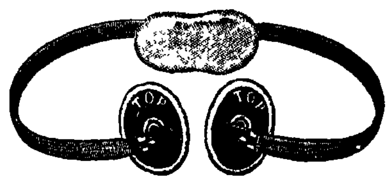
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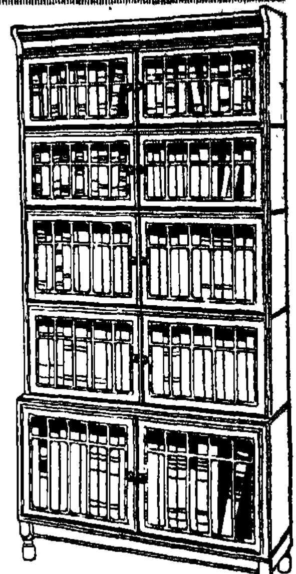


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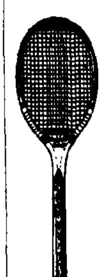
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XX

XIX

No. DLXVI—April 1924

THE SYRENS OF DISCORD

The principal object of our adoration at the present day is noise. All our activities are accompanied by some form of inharmonious sound; we travel to our offices through darkness and amidst a racket worthy of the nethermost hells; we conduct our business to the incessant clicking of typewriters; street-cries and barrel-organs madden our leisure hours; we eat to a band. So completely has noise entered into our lives, so much a part of us has it become, that the quiet of the country frightens us more than a bombardment, and we fly to the nearest railway station rather than face silence. Nor is the fear of quiet our saddest malady; we have fed so much upon noise that we have come to judge all things in proportion to the extent that they deafen us. The thunder impresses us far more than the lightning; the vociferous man is exalted into high places. Half the attraction which war affords to those who regard it as a pastime is in the uproar which it creates; and in such phrases as 'the din of battle,' 'the clash of armies,' 'the roar of the guns.'

It is a curious and sinister phenomenon, this love of explosion,

when manifested in grown men; it is an unfailing sign of immaturity of the mind; it is the boy's love of a bang, the pleasure in producing noise on a large scale which in youth we indulge with guns and fireworks. But war is only one expression of the cult of noise; in almost every walk of life they are the clamorous who succeed. The headline, the placard, the sensational poster, by these we live and are nourished. We judge the quality of merchandise by the number of square feet its advertisements occupy; we crown the poet with the most effective press agent. It is a state of things not confined to this country alone; indeed, we here may be thankful to have escaped as yet the worst excesses of advertisement. In America, so returning travellers inform us, things have come to such a pass that citizens, on the approach of some prominent person whose name is unknown to them, are heard to inquire of one another: 'Who is the big noise?'

There is a type of mind to which the loudest, the most immense, and the most extraordinary must always appear to be the best; the persons who possess it are those to whom the largest war memorial in the world would be, by reason of its very size, the finest, the longest film, by reason of the incredible number of its feet, the best. It is necessary for such people, in order to be happy, to have climbed the highest available mountain or to have kept the largest dog. They are the lineal descendant of those Romans who long ago exulted in the fact that the Cloaca Maxima was the largest drain in the world. To-day they are increasing among us, and small wonder, for all the harsh voices of modern city life agree in shouting that the loudest is the most worthy, and the biggest is the best.

The greatest exercise of self-control is needed if we ourselves are to avoid becoming worshippers of size and sound. The worst of modern methods of advertisement is their efficiency; we are affected by their stimuli whether we like it or not. We are filled against our will with terror and excitement; *Armageddon*, staring at us from a hoarding, gives us a curious sensation at the pit of the stomach; *The Girl who took the Wrong Turning* excites our morbid curiosity. Then there are the sky-signs; the night is made full of flaming words urging us to drink various kinds of wine, to smoke certain kinds of tobacco, to wash ourselves with particular brands of soap. Sooner or later our *morale* is bound to give way, we shall fall, and the advertisement kings will triumph over us. 'Something with a punch' is demanded by those who live by luring, cajoling, or threatening the public. The punch is forthcoming; we receive many punches every day of our lives, with the result that our delicately balanced æsthetic and apperceptive faculties are knocked flat and stamped on a hundred times an hour.

This is not to imply that all advertisement is of the devil. Advertisement is a legitimate and indeed essential branch of business. In order that any transaction may take place the producer must announce the nature and price of his wares to the consumer, and, provided he keep within the limits of truth, it is perfectly fair for him to make that which he has to sell appear as desirable as he can. But the moment the line is crossed and, either by direct statement or implication, the goods are made to appear other than they are, or the buyer is startled into buying something which he does not really desire, then the advertisement becomes evil. All those advertisers whose chief aim is 'punch' are striving to gain, by means of shock tactics, an unfair advantage over the consumer; these only and not the sane and often beautiful advertisements of self-respecting firms are to be deprecated.

There are many varieties of 'punch'; sometimes it is a direct appeal to the conscience, like the famous soap advertisement; sometimes, like the announcements of many patent medicines, it is a stern reminder of the number of persons who die annually through neglecting to take simple precautions. But whether its stimulus be directed to the eye or to the physical passions, whether it be frightening or alluring, its aim is nearly always the same: it is to administer a shock of some kind. In many cases it succeeds, and the individual responds in one of two ways: either he becomes irritated by such persistent efforts to make him do things against his will, and, taking up an attitude of conscious superiority, ignores them all, or he is delighted by the excessive stimulus, feels that he is really alive and that he is seeing life. He proceeds from one sensation to another, always demanding a more intense experience, until at last he reaches the end, nothing satisfies him, and he becomes bored and *blasé*. The rake's progress is not confined to the life of the senses, it may be followed in the department of any human faculty, and the results of intellectual or æsthetic debauch are more far-reaching and difficult to cure.

It is a far cry from these methods of to-day to the letters of a century ago, yet in these letters, with their excessive use of italics, we find an expression of exactly the same spirit. It is one which cannot be content with a plain statement; it must underline and italicise. Unwilling merely to present the materials and allow the reader to form his own judgment upon them, it insists upon large capitals for that which itself desires to be thought important. This is equivalent to a confession of weakness on the part of the letter-writer no less than on that of the advertiser. For if the case to be put had intrinsic truth on its side, or the article advertised intrinsic merit, there would be no need to do more than point these out. No emphasis, headlines, large

letters, or underlining would be required, for the reader, being brought face to face with truth, would naturally perceive it for himself. It is when we are doubtful about the strength of our case that we begin to shout about it; it is then, as Sir James Barrie has pointed out, that we underline our statements by such a phrase as 'The fact is.'

In the matter of the misuse of italics women are supposed to be the worst offenders; but if this form of literary vice is a failing especially female there must be set over against it on the male side the habit of booming. Men of all ages and professions love to boom; the practice gives them a sense of that superiority of the senior sex which the daughters of Eve are at times unwilling to allow. The father of the family who, with back to the fire, declaims thunderously upon the frivolities of his son; the preacher who, crashing his fist on the desk before him, bawls out some anæmic platitude; the politician who by mere force of sound communicates to his hearers his frenzy over some trivial matter, all these enjoy themselves immensely in the exercise of the ancient and hereditary masculine pursuit of booming or roaring. It matters not that what they roar about is untrue, obvious, or unimportant; their pleasure is in sound, not in sense. They love to administer the 'punch' acoustically, to crush the minds of their audience under an avalanche of noise. Thunder is all very well if used sparingly and by one who understands it; many of the poets rely on the thunder of words for their effects. There is a kind of subdued rumble which runs like an undertone through the poetry of Browning and gives it a peculiar fascination. Vergil, too, knew well the value of thunder:

> Sequar atris ignibus absens;
> Et cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus
> Omnibus umbra locis adero. Dabis improbe pœnas.

Here the very sound of the words carries us to the climax, but when all the artillery of language is let off in order to announce the birth of a triviality we are justly indignant; the mountains are in labour, and there comes forth a mouse.

All these phenomena—placards, skysigns, italics, pulpit boomings, and the rest—are so many effects of one and the same cause. It is one which lies very deep in the roots of our nature, the desire for power, the desire to affect other people. We enjoy being loved; we can bear to be hated; the one thing that we cannot endure is to be ignored. Fundamentally necessary to our self-respect is a belief that we are effective, not wholly or perfectly effective, perhaps, for imperfection is the rule of the Below, but effective in some department and in some degree, in a word necessary to the

cosmos. Corresponding to this desire to affect is the desire to be affected; the former is, as a rule, stronger in men, the latter in women, but both are present in all human beings. Both these desires are natural, and their satisfaction, up to a point, is the object of life. The purpose of a career on the earth is the gaining of knowledge, which can only be acquired by response to the stimuli of nature and our fellow-men; hence, in order to fulfil our purpose, we must both affect others and be ourselves affected: we must be both active and passive. Here, as in all other human activities, the ideal is a mean, a balance, between two extremes. The crime of those who devise sensational advertisements, of those who over-italicise, and of those who boom, is that they affect their fellow-men unduly; they are too active, so to speak; they attract attention by unfair means and direct it to things which are not really worth while. On the other hand, this persistent misuse of power causes another section of humanity to become too passive; continual over-stimulation begets a craving for sensation and a desire to be affected rather than to affect.

A proper use of emphasis is legitimate and necessary, as is a judicious use of italics. In life itself certain things are, as it were, underlined; the emphasis upon certain actions is greater than that upon others. In Nature also certain objects attract more of our attention than others; the sun and moon, for instance, though not by any means the largest of the heavenly bodies visible to us, affect us most strongly. Among minerals there is an emphasis on gold, and among animals upon cattle and sheep. These physical objects are underlined for us because they are most important in our lives. The task which, as human beings, we have to perform, is to discover those things of the unseen world which are of real importance to us. The ordinary method of doing this is by a long process of experiment and error; we discover the proper use of our faculties only after suffering from the results of their misuse; we come to know which of them are underlined by comparing the intensity of the suffering which results when we use them wrongly. This is the empiric method of arriving at the right way of life, and it is the one most generally followed; but there is another method less painful, if more difficult: it is that followed by the reason by means of analogy. Assuming at the outset the truth of the Hermetic maxim 'As above, so below,' we may work out the correspondence between the microcosm and the macrocosm; we may discover, by the light of reason and by the help of intuition, what principle of the inner nature of man corresponds to the physical sun, what spiritual substance corresponds to physical gold, and so, reasoning from the fact that certain things, such as sunlight and calm weather, have been found by men of all ages to be desirable and their enjoyment unproductive of any unpleasant

after-effect, we may arrive at a conception of the perfected microcosm, a vision of the goal towards which man is progressing. We shall then be in a position to decide which of the influences around us we ought to allow to affect us and how we should aim at affecting others; the active and passive sides of our nature will thus be balanced; the desire for power and the desire to be stimulated will find their just fulfilment. This is the work before us, and one which the advertiser and those who over-emphasise make infinitely more difficult, for they compel our attention to the wrong things; their works hide the essential under a mass of the unessential; the natural harmony of things is made inaudible by their noise.

If, like them, we put everything into italics, the italics lose their virtue; having emphasised everything, we are impressed by nothing. We become like those 'intense' persons who sustain a state of perpetual excitement, whose lives are a series of notes of exclamation.

All truths are to be found in the Bible; but so crudely and unwisely has that ancient book been administered to us in our youth that it is now the last resort to which we turn for enlightenment: only when we have found truth elsewhere in the far corners of the earth do we come to recognise that our own particular heritage had contained it all the while. Even then we cannot feel sure that the old writers really knew what they were saying, and so, giving the prophets an encouraging pat on the back, we set out again to the distant country. When Elijah went up into the mountain, the Lord was not in the wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. The most powerful things are the most silent. This is a truth which is obvious in mechanics, for all noise is the result of friction, and all friction entails a waste of power. A rattling ball-race or a screaming journal must be attended to at once, must be oiled or adjusted, or the whole machine will be thrown out of action. The lubricants of political life have yet to be discovered; indeed, we can hardly be said to have put ourselves in the way of finding them, since so many of our social engineers take greater pleasure in the noise and heat caused by friction than in the smooth working of the machine.

Many people at the present day believe that the world will be saved by propaganda, and that the louder the noise of the propagandist the greater his efficiency. The reverse of this is true: the world will be saved by the dissemination of truth, and truth does not need to be shouted. There is a faculty possessed by all human beings which enables them to recognise it when presented to them; those who scream most noisily of the efficacy of their panaceas are those who have least faith in them; they are the

equivalents in the region of propaganda of the people who begin a sentence with 'The fact is.'

To arrive at truth it is necessary to develop a sense of proportion, to discover the relation of one thing to another. All the forms of over-emphasis which we have considered spring from a lack of proportion in those who are guilty of them and beget a like deformity in those whom they affect.

Having dealt with the various manifestations of noise and blatancy, it remains to prescribe their remedy. It is a simple one, and one which will at the same time prevent a man from attempting to influence his fellows unduly and protect him against unwelcome stimuli; it is to make the inner life more intense than the outer and thereby attain that serenity which comes when the active and passive are balanced. It is absurd to advocate the regulation of advertisement by law; the remedy for this evil, as for all others, is within. To the man who has attained serenity the still small voice will speak in the depths of his nature. The clamour of the advertiser, the shouting of the politician, will affect him no more. Looking within himself, he will learn to distinguish the essential from the trivial; his life will gradually attain the beauty of true proportion, for within himself he will discover the perfect archetype or pattern to which he must conform. He will affect others rightly, for, knowing the relative values of things, he will emphasise those things which are important, while the rest he will pass by. He will know when to act and when to rest, when to speak and when to be silent, for, being made one with the Good, the True, and Beautiful within himself, he will recognise their manifestations in the world around him, and will open himself to receive their influence, while that which is otherwise he will ignore.

When the external moves us unduly and without our consent, we are like dead leaves blown hither and thither by the wind; we are not making use of the life principle within us which can enable us to resist the storms of circumstance. Like young trees, we may at times be compelled to bow before the blast, but once we are firmly established in ourselves, it can never uproot us. The state of perfect serenity, which transcends all the buffetings of outward life, is beautifully described in the story of the Lord Buddha under the bodhi tree. The tempest raised by the Lord of Maya raged all around, the earth was shaken, but not a leaf of the tree shivered. The foundations of peace are within us, and when we have learnt to build upon them nothing can move us. It is because we follow all kinds of wandering marsh-fires instead of walking by the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, because we listen to all the loud voices from without instead of to the still small voice, that our national and personal

life is so discordant and troubled. We have even come to regard the inner voice as a stern and unpleasant watchman, a destroyer of joy, urging us against our will along a path of intolerable pain. The still small voice, the conscience, is not a spiritual thorn in the flesh; it is the voice which tells us how to attain that radiant and indestructible happiness which our whole nature craves. It does not, as we are apt to think, speak only to our moral nature; it is an æsthetic conscience, an intellectual touchstone. Official religion has been so occupied in seeking for God as the Good that it has forgotten to look for Him as the True and the Beautiful. We recognise that we ought to abstain from stealing, but we are not persuaded that to live voluntarily in ugly surroundings is also an offence against the highest within us.

The nature of man is threefold: he has will, mind, and heart; the still small voice is also threefold: it is the voice of God speaking through man's whole nature. There is a mode of mind higher than the logical, and to which the reason may bring its results for approval or disapproval; it is to this higher mind that the intellectual conscience speaks; but most of us are so pleased with the cleverness of our logic that we feel no need for anything more. Yet, although the nature of man is threefold, it is also one, and neglect of any one of his faculties necessarily reacts on the other two. The immoral man will gradually lose his æsthetic faculties, and the man who persistently refuses to lift up his eyes to beauty will find it less easy to be good.

If we could be content to be quiet for a little while, to listen to the voices within us and drink of the joy that is for ever welling up from the centre of our being, we should be happy. Balance and proportion would naturally reassert themselves, for they are of our true nature; over-emphasis and all the expressions of blatancy would vanish. We should cease to crave for the stimulus of the roar which is without, for our ears would be attuned to the music which is within.

G. H. Bonner.

FOREIGN POLICY OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

THE main question in the foreign policy of all civilised States after the gigantic historical revolution, such as the world-war proved to be, was, and still is, how to cool down excited passions, how to renew normal economic life and settle political disputes; in a word, how to accomplish both *the political and economic restoration of Europe* and to secure the future peace of the world.

All the responsible men of the European nations, together with public opinion everywhere, have always agreed that international relations need to be guided by new methods founded on three principles:

1. Respect for the territorial integrity and political independence of States.
2. The fulfilment of signed treaties and international law.
3. The recognition of a peaceable solution of international disputes by diplomatic means and arbitration or court decisions.

The League of Nations, built ideologically on the basis of these principles and forming a part of, or even a corrective to, the Peace Treaties, was to be the embodiment of the methods mentioned, and thus also a solution of the main question as formulated above.

In practical politics, a mere announcement of a pact could not, of course, mean also the integral enforcement of the new principles, nor the solution of all the complicated problems left us by the war? For not all States were at once ready to sign the Pact of the League of Nations, and only a few would submit, in practice, to its stipulations in regard to the international court of arbitration. And how many problems have there been besides which could not be solved at that time according to the rules of the League of Nations owing to their close connection with the liquidation of the war? Of course, both the leading ideas and the system of the League of Nations were adopted immediately by a number of important European States, but all the Great Powers were conscious of the fact that their new methods would not enter, as if by miracle, into the life of the European nations and the machinery of European politics, but that it would be necessary at first to clear a way for them and gradually help them to pre-

dominate. For those political parties which aim at changing the new political conditions in Europe by force, *i.e.*, by *putsches* and revolutions, the new methods described above had no significance whatever.

In striving after the consolidation of Europe and its individual parts, and after settling some questions left open by the war, it therefore was, and still is, necessary to make use of other instruments and methods than those of the League of Nations. The vast number of the meetings held by the Supreme Council, the inter-State and international conferences, the direct conferences of the statesmen, and many treaties between the individual States, all were, and still are, the main features of European politics, which, as all its leaders claim, desires peace, order, and the restoration of normal life. But have all these political actions real peace aims? Could not there be found, in some of them, traces of old methods, or does not one or other State try to obtain one-sided advantages? Are we not returning to the pre-war politics of rival groups, competitive armament, and the struggle for supremacy, which would, at a critical moment, refrain from no step in order to gain the desired ends?

Such are the doubts, objections and questions connected with the daily occurrences in the politics of each State and in European politics in general. Not that I consider them a fault; on the contrary, they seem to be a proof that the European public is alive to the danger of a return to old political methods and tendencies, and that it knows its democratic duty of controlling Europe's post-war policy.

It is only natural that doubts like these arose also regarding the policy in which the Czechoslovak Republic is one of the factors, especially against its last act, the Franco-Czechoslovak Treaty. I shall therefore devote a little time to discussing them.

I think nobody would claim that a small State like Czechoslovakia had direct aggressive aims, or that its wish to be at peace with all its neighbours and to strengthen its own position from the pacification of the whole of Europe was not sincere or genuine. The geographical position of the State, its industrial potentialities, its political situation—all this must lead any of its nationals to the firm conviction that only tranquil and consolidated conditions can make Czechoslovakia sufficiently safe, and that nothing but peace will help its people to assert and develop their abilities. But, even regardless of this direct interest in peace, the traditional character of the Czech nation is naturally disposed to ideas of peace and humanity. It was the Czech King George of Podebrady who drew up the first concrete plan of an international and inter-State organisation on the same lines as our League of Nations, with the object of securing for his own country, as well

as for Europe, eternal peace. And it was the Czech pedagogue and bishop of the Czech Brethren, Jan Amos Komensky, who in his life-work developed the idea of humanity and the co-operation of all nations. President Masaryk, whose philosophical work is based on the Bohemian Reformation and also on Komensky's writings, gave to these pacific and religious underlying ideas a modern political form in his *New Europe;* moreover, he has shown elsewhere that the post-war conditions should induce all European nations to make agreements, and that their evolution leads gradually, but inevitably, to a United States of Europe.

And here we are faced with the question: Is the practical policy of Czechoslovakia in accordance with these principles?

There never was, and I think there is not now, any dispute in the democratic States of Western Europe as to the fact that for the creation of a new peace-loving Europe it was necessary to defeat and break the system forced upon Central Europe by Germany and Austro-Hungary, a system of militarism, imperialism, dynastic absolutism in constitutional disguise, of national oppression and cultural and political reaction. But it seems that, in judging the conditions of Central Europe from afar, it is easily overlooked that the accomplishment of what was necessary meant the making of changes through which Russia, although in another manner, had to pass, but which the rest of Europe never experienced. Some of the prominent dynasties were removed; with them also fell the old system of political and social privileges, and old frontiers were replaced by new ones. A political revolution went through all Central Europe to break the fetters of subjected nations and to push the zone of Western democracy hundreds of kilometres farther east.

To effect the consolidation in this part of the new Europe meant a great deal more than to put right the general consequences of the war. It was necessary, especially in the first days of the general insecurity and political chaos of Europe, to defend the new order of things against attempts at restoration, against elements which wanted to see the expelled dynasties restored in the hope that in this way the old system of economic and political privileges would be restored, against the reaction which would not only kill the liberty of peoples barely freed, but would also undoubtedly hasten to resurrect the defeated system in the whole of its extent and, sooner or later, threaten most dangerously the peace of the whole of Europe.

When the newly-liberated States took up the work in this direction themselves, it was only after much consideration, in which account was taken not only of the comparative weakness of the League of Nations and of the violent methods which the reac-

tionary circles of Central Europe were ready to use, but also of the fact that the new Central Europe must prove, by the positiveness of its constructive and consolidating policy, its ability to live, and that all those who judged the Central European conditions merely from the economic point of view, or even pessimistically, had to be convinced that there was not going to be a new Balkans. To-day one period of this policy is almost history, and its results can be judged with all frankness.

The defensive treaties of Czechoslovakia with Yugo-Slavia and Rumania were the starting-point for this policy. They were to make the restoration of the Habsburg rule in Central Europe impossible, this being considered the only guarantee for upholding the democratic results of the political revolution of 1918. And anyone who judges circumstances objectively and knows Central Europe must come to the conclusion that these treaties not only strengthened the independence of the States making them, but likewise helped to create conditions for new political methods and the peace of all Central Europe. The treaty between Czechoslovakia and Austria, which is another link of the same policy, expresses this peaceful tendency with still greater distinctness, for, although it is a treaty made with the remainder of a State originally hostile, both parties agree to live in peaceful co-operation. That this is not a mere figure of speech is proved by these facts: the Czechoslovak help to Austria; the Czechoslovak co-operation in the recovery of Austria; the active economic relations; the friendly solution of all questions in dispute, as, for instance, of the problem of minorities by the Brno agreement and the system of mixed commissions. The other States friendly to Czechoslovakia are gradually adjusting their relations to Austria in like manner. The attitude to Hungary will be marked in the history of Central Europe by a far more complicated curve, but I doubt not that it will end in the same way. All the political efforts of Czechoslovakia and the other Little Entente neighbours of Hungary had the sole aim of convincing this State that it is necessary to refrain from the policy of hostile propaganda, to form mutually friendly relations and, in general, to adopt new political methods. In the negotiations for the recovery of Hungary I never fail to emphasise these very points, and we firmly hope that, sooner or later, our relations with Hungary will be the same as with Austria, or that this country will voluntarily link itself up with the new system of the States of Central Europe, which are bound together both geographically and economically. And, on the whole, there is not, in my opinion, anybody in the West, a few open friends and tools of the old *régime* excepted, who does not understand by this time that the Czechoslovak policy in Central Europe which led to an agreement with Yugo-Slavia and

Rumania or to the forming of the Little Entente, to treaties with Austria and Poland, to a *rapprochement* with Hungary, and to a great system of economic treaties, was really based on reason, as the rapid consolidation of Central Europe has proved; there is nobody who does not now see that it has decisively refuted all the reproaches heaped upon it, as, for instance, that of aggressiveness and of serving foreign interests. But I consider it necessary to emphasise particularly that this policy of ours, from its very start, adhered consciously and systematically to the ideas guiding the League of Nations, and also to point out with what effect it assisted in supporting the methods of this international institution in Central Europe. All the treaties by which our policy expressed itself defended the principle of respecting territorial integrity and political independence, the fulfilment of treaties, and, in the agreements with Austria and Poland, also the idea of settling international disputes by arbitration Furthermore, a direct intimate co-operation with the League of Nations, the frequent appeals to this institution in occasional frontier disputes, and the respect paid to its decisions in the minorities questions, may serve as proof how closely our policy has followed the new methods. This was, moreover, fully acknowledged by the League of Nations, which, by its last year's debates on the Regional Pacts and by the conclusion of these debates, accepted our policy in its whole extent and thus stamped it with its sanction.

But will not this conception of the Czechoslovak policy interfere with its latest act, the Czechoslovak-French Treaty? At least, its publication and signing have evoked such a multitude of variegated combinations and warning objections, all addressed to Czechoslovakia, that they could not be passed over lightly. For, notwithstanding the fact that this treaty reaches, owing to the geographical situation of one of its contracting parties, beyond the limits of Central Europe, it is necessary to emphasise that its spirit, as a whole, does not extend beyond the limits of the existing political system of that region. The new Central Europe, which, as said before, has by methods of its own attained the highest degree of consolidation, cannot be made entirely safe as long as the old system, from the ruins of which it grew, is not definitively done away with and as long as there is a possibility of a return to it. Anyone who knows that the Austro-Hungarian Habsburg system was a mere part and reflex of the German Imperial system of the Hohenzollerns, who knows that the Austro-Hungarian centralisation and the Berlin 'kaiserism' were mutually completing themselves, and who still remembers the comparatively recent close relations of the Austro-Hungarian reaction with that of the German Empire—he who knows all that will also realise that for the full safety of the new Central Europe

it is necessary to have some protection against the return of the Habsburgs and the possible restoration of the old *régime* in Germany. To States far removed from the latter country it may seem to be merely a question of internal politics and a change of *régime*, but to Central Europe it means the danger of new Habsburg attempts at restoration and the endangering of the whole new Central European territorial and political system. France, as the immediate neighbour of Germany, knows that the Monarchist reaction, which counts on the return of the Hohenzollerns, signifies a policy of new trouble, a policy of revenge, and a policy of revolt against the Peace Treaties; consequently France has an equal interest in the matter with Czechoslovakia, and sees the Hohenzollern peril in the same light. This, then, is the basis of the new Czechoslovak-French Treaty, which, in the sense given above, means the completing of the treaty system of Central Europe, and likewise the definite safeguarding of the order of things for the protection and consolidation of which the treaty system was built up. Objections to the effect that the new treaty was not in accordance with the spirit and intentions of the League of Nations are out of place. For, being a regional treaty, it will not only be registered by the secretariat of the League of Nations and, in case of disputes, accept the principle of arbitration, this being of special significance because it concerns a Great Power which has not as yet recognised that principle officially: it also opposes a system which is fundamentally at variance with the League of Nations, and rejects both its ideas and methods. In this sense, then, the new treaty undoubtedly means additional support for the League of Nations and its methods.

But has not this treaty another and broader political significance and aim? Is it not the expression of the French expansion policy, which wants to win over the Central European States in order to form a barrier against Germany? Will not the whole of Europe be thus divided again into opposing groups which will create a hostile atmosphere and new dangers of political tension and war?

Those who look upon the treaty in this light put a sense into it which is not there and try to connect it with the French policy on certain concrete questions, especially with the Reparations, which are a separate problem and not affected by the treaty at all. The only block formed by the treaty is a block against the reaction which would result from the attempts of German Hohenzollernism and Imperialism at restoration, a block for the protection of the new conditions in Central Europe as it arose from the defeat of the old system of the Austro-Hungarian and German Imperialism. I hold that none of the democratic European States can oppose

this block which is formed to defend the new *régime* of peace and democracy. Moreover, it was several times said very plainly that, this being the sole object of the treaty, it is open to one and all and can be joined at any time by anyone who will adhere to its principles. Should anybody protest that there was no need, therefore, to make the treaty, it will suffice to point to the fact that if the treaty was not needed by such European States as are secure in their position or remote from Germany, to Central Europe, at any rate, it means greater security and support for the constructive and consolidating policies which are being followed. At any rate, it is my firm conviction that, just as the policy pursued by Czechoslovakia in Central Europe has, by its results, disproved all suspicions in regard to its supposed aggressive aims and anti-Russian, anti-Italian, or, finally, anti-German tendencies, the results of the Czechoslovak-French Treaty, too, will show all the objections now made against it to be entirely groundless. I believe, in particular, that the treaty will rather facilitate the *rapprochement* of France with a democratic Germany than widen the abyss between them, and that, by its indirect results, it will aid in the solution of the difficult problems which have as yet obstructed the consolidation of Europe.

In another place I have already shown that Czechoslovakia would have welcomed the conclusion of an Anglo-French Guarantee Pact, which would have supported the Peace Treaties, and would also form an important guarantee for the new Central Europe as regards the independence and security of the States that have been formed there. Such a pact would, undoubtedly, have made the present Czechoslovak-French Treaty wholly superfluous. Yet, although this treaty had to be concluded, because we waited in vain for that Anglo-French Pact, it does not necessarily mean that our policy turned sharply against Great Britain, and I think that we shall show in this respect too that we do not depart in the least from the line we so far have followed, and that now, as always, we think it to be in our interest when the great European questions are solved with the participation of all the Entente Powers.

There is little doubt that treaties of the kind entered into by Czechoslovakia—and the recent Czechoslovak-French Treaty is one of them—may become superfluous as soon as the League of Nations has full authority throughout Europe, as soon as its spirit has permeated the politics of all States and its methods are universally accepted. As this has not yet been realised, there is nothing left to us but to prepare by degrees the way for the future, which can be done by settling disputes by friendly agreements, safeguarding the new order of things in Europe by partial treaties and employing the methods of the League of Nations. Our policy

has always been conducted on these lines, and I am convinced that it has rendered many valuable services to the pacification of Europe by strengthening new political ideas in this part of the world and that in this last treaty it has not departed in the least from its natural sphere of action.

EDUARD BENEŠ.

THE LONDON TRAFFIC SCANDAL

The question of improving the conditions of London traffic has so often been the subject of investigation by Government departments, Royal Commissions, and Committees in the past, without anything useful being achieved, that one cannot avoid the feeling that its recent recrudescence may again prove to be barren of practical results. The problem is, undoubtedly, very difficult to deal with effectively, even from a purely traffic standpoint, but perhaps the chief reason why it remains unsolved is that, owing to the many political and municipal interests involved, no Government has hitherto set about it with a genuine determination to produce and enforce the solution which the situation requires. If the new Government will resolutely take it in hand, and provide even a partial remedy, it will, in that respect at any rate, display greater capacity and courage than the older and more experienced Administrations in whose stead it now reigns. If, on the other hand, matters are allowed to drift as before, it will be more blameworthy than its predecessors, for the traffic position was never so bad as it is to-day, and consequently the need for improvement was never so urgent, nor the public demand for it so universal.

Owing to the gradual abandonment of crowded centres as places of residence, much larger sections of the population now pass to and fro between Inner London and Outer London than was formerly the case, and this change—so beneficial to the health and general well-being of the community—has been made possible by a remarkable development of the transport services: omnibuses, tramways, and underground railways. In the area of what is known as Greater London the number of passengers conveyed annually by omnibuses has gone up from 291,000,000 in 1905 to 1,214,000,000, and the number by tramways from 478,000,000 to 1,030,000,000. Passengers by rail also show a great increase, and whereas the aggregate number carried by the three services during 1905 amounted to 1,289,000,000, the yearly total now exceeds 3,000,000,000, or an average of about 414 journeys per head of the population. The convergence of traffic on the central area represents something like 3,000,000 persons a day, who have to be

brought in in the morning within the space of an hour or two and taken away again in the evening within a similar period of time. In the City of London alone the day population exceeds the night population by over 400,000, and it is estimated that of the people employed in business or labour in the whole of London 60 per cent. at least live in one place and work in another, and must travel daily between their homes and occupations. To this legion of workers must be added the vast army of Londoners and outsiders who daily visit shops, institutes, and places of entertainment. It has been calculated that the transport organisations of Greater London now carry an average of more than 9,000,000 passengers a day.

The partial replacement within recent years of horse-drawn vehicles by mechanical transport, which takes up less room, moves faster, and conveys heavier loads in proportion to its size, has helped towards keeping down congestion in the streets. This, however, has been more than outweighed by the large numbers of privately owned motor cars now in use, and by the custom which has grown up of sending direct to their destinations by road goods which formerly were conveyed there by rail. Huge motor vans, laden with merchandise of every kind, daily leave London for distant parts of the country, while Smithfield, Billingsgate, Covent Garden, the Port of London, and similar places are responsible for placing on the streets an amount of heavy traffic quite unknown twenty years ago. The number of vehicles which in a twelve-hour day pass road junctions like Hyde Park Corner (56,000), Trafalgar Square (42,000), Piccadilly Circus (41,000), and the Marble Arch (33,900), is now fast approaching twice as many as at the beginning of the century.

Facts such as these serve to illustrate the growing urgency of the traffic problem, and it is to be regretted that the value of the excellent passenger transport services now available to the public should be so greatly impaired because successive Governments have failed to provide a proper system of traffic control.

In considering the obstacles which stand in the way of traffic improvement—some of which are probably more important, and others more absurd, than most people realise—we are confronted at the outset with the fact that, while it is nobody's business to study the question as a whole, many authorities are constantly engaged in studying their own particular bits of it, and this they do only too well. There are, for example, in the 'County of London,' the London County Council, the City Corporation, and the twenty-eight Metropolitan Borough Councils, while outside this area, but within Greater London, are five County Councils, three County Borough Councils, six Borough Councils, sixty-five Urban District Councils, and thirteen Rural District Councils, or

122 different bodies in all. Besides these there are the Commissioners of the City and Metropolitan Police, the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Health, the Home Office, and the Ministry of Transport. All these authorities are entitled to have their say regarding matters by which traffic is, directly or indirectly, affected.

Additional complications arise from the fact that separate Londons have been created for the purpose of dealing with the different public services, all of which, again, in one way or another, are bound up with the question of traffic. There are separate Londons for police, for sewage disposal, for criminal jurisdiction, for electricity supply, for burial regulations, for markets, for water, for telephones, for the Port Authority, and so on.

It may also be recalled that London has reached its present size in piecemeal fashion, as local conditions or accident prescribed, and without any proper provision being made to meet possible future requirements. The streets of to-day are, in many cases, the survivals of village roads and lanes developed into metropolitan thoroughfares by independent bodies and on no general plan, and their suitability for the traffic they have to carry is, therefore, entirely a matter of chance both as regards direction and dimensions. To make matters worse, streets are broken up for different purposes far more frequently than they ought to be, or need be. Numerous bodies, such as the General Post Office and the gas, water, electricity and hydraulic power companies, have statutory authority to take them up almost as and when they choose, subject to notice being given to the local administrations, and, as a rule, no objection is raised. In 1903, forty-six bodies within the London County Council area alone had the right to break up streets, and although, owing to the amalgamation of certain companies, the number is now somewhat less, there are, in Greater London, no fewer than 117 authorities which deal with street repairs. Moreover, when streets are taken up, little or no special effort is made to hasten the completion of the work, nor is it anybody's duty to consider what the effect may be if a similar operation is carried out at the same time in an adjoining district. The two great east and west avenues, Holborn and the Strand, were once simultaneously up, the only alternative route being Long Acre, which is itself always crowded with traffic. Some system for co-ordinating and expediting street repairs is badly wanted, and it should not be difficult to establish. In Fifth Avenue, New York, banners were last year hung across the road warning all and sundry that the roadway was to be relaid, and requiring all parties having work to execute under the road surface to have it done by a given date, under penalty of not being allowed to do it for a period of time, except for accident or emergency. London needs a similar

defensive system, if not one which relies quite so much on advertising.

Another hindrance to movement is caused by the law which allows vehicles to stand in streets for loading, unloading, and other purposes as long as may be 'necessary.' A vacuum cleaning machine placed on a truck has stood in a narrow street for hours while a house was being cleaned without, in the eyes of the law, any offence being committed. A case was quoted by the Select Committee of 1913 in which the effect of widening a part of the Strand, at great cost, was rendered entirely nugatory by a neighbouring firm which promptly occupied a portion of the widened area with its vehicles for the whole of the day. The vans of this firm stood 'no longer than was necessary' for loading and unloading, and consequently there was, legally, no offence. Great inconvenience is often caused, as can be seen almost any day, by vehicles unloading iron girders and other building materials during the busy hours, and perhaps in localities already congested with transport. It ought to be possible to arrange for work of this kind to be done earlier in the day, say before 9 a.m.

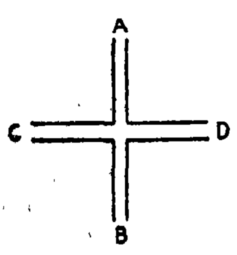
One of the most notorious instances of blocking traffic is to be seen in Whitechapel High Street, just east of the City boundary, where the famous Whitechapel hay-market is held. Towards this locality converge *viâ* Commercial Street, Commercial Road, and Leman Street, horse-drawn vehicles and mechanical transport of every description and in great numbers, as well as five double-line tramways. On one side of the High Street is a row of costermongers' stalls, on both sides is a tramway about 10 feet from the kerb, and the entire space between the two tramways is filled on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays with waggon-loads of hay, four abreast and from ten to twenty deep. Apparently the market is held under the provisions of an old charter which cannot be altered without parliamentary sanction, and although the removal of the market has many times been recommended, and could be done without detriment, it continues to be one of the greatest traffic scandals of all.

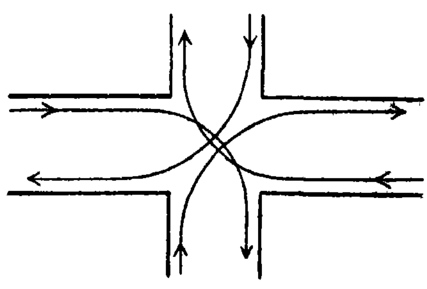
It is not generally known that 'costermongers, street hawkers, and itinerant traders' may set up their stalls, carts, and barrows in any thoroughfare, however busy or narrow it may be, and carry on their business, so long as they conform to the regulations of the Commissioner of Police with respect to the length and width of the barrow, cart or stall, and the distance to be kept between them. The Royal Commission in 1905 pointed out that streets were meant for the convenience of traffic and not for the establishment of what are practically shops, and recommended that the practice should be restricted or prohibited altogether. Nothing came of the recommendation, but fortunately the custom is not seriously abused.

It is, of course, at road junctions like Whitechapel High Street, the Bank, Wellington Street-Strand, Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square and Oxford Circus that the evils of the present traffic tangle can best be realised, and, judging from tests that have been made, and from what can be seen at almost any time, traffic passing points such as these is held up in one direction or another for the greater part of the day. The accumulated delays in many cases must amount to at least 20 per cent. or 30 per cent. of the total working hours, and the aggregate financial loss thus sustained during the year must be enormous.

There is no way by which congestion at busy crossing places can possibly be relieved except by reducing the amount of surface traffic, or—as a partial alleviation—by providing more space for movement, as at Hyde Park Corner. There the block spreads out and, once the way is clear, disperses far more quickly than it does at, say, Oxford Circus. The increased road space now being provided at the Wellington Street-Strand junction is an example of what is required, and it will greatly help to remedy what has hitherto been one of the worst cases of congestion. This method is, however, both slow and costly, and quite impracticable at many places, the Bank for instance.

Bridges and tunnels are occasionally advocated as a means of reducing the amount of surface-traffic, but they would be attended by many drawbacks, and would have to be constructed at many places before they could materially improve traffic as a whole. A bridge at Oxford Circus might afford some relief at that particular point, but the blocks at the three or four other crossings between it and the Marble Arch would remain as bad as ever. It must be remembered, too, that transport arriving at a street junction may have to proceed in one of several different directions, and not merely to pass straight across. Thus where four streets meet twelve different movements are possible, since vehicles from (A) may be going to (B), (C) or (D); from (B) to (A), (C) or (D); and so on. There is the further complication that in order to gain the proper side of the street (the left) vehicles must, in four cases out of the twelve, move across the junction in a semi-circular direction, as shown here:





At places where five streets join there are twenty possible movements, and where seven meet, as at the Bank, there are no fewer than forty-two. This being so, it follows that where a junction carries much traffic there must inevitably be much delay, and it is not easy to see how the provision of either bridges or tunnels will tend to make matters much better.

While, therefore, we may agree that the construction of elevated crossings and subterranean roads merits consideration, it is unquestionable that a more expeditious and effective plan would be to classify transport according to its nature—horse, heavy, light, etc.—and then divert some of the classes to the thoroughfares which are now but little used. Of the 5500 miles of streets in the Metropolitan Police District area about 2000 miles lie in the County of London, and here the bulk of the traffic is to be found. It is concentrated, moreover, on about one-sixth of the streets available, the remaining five-sixths being utilised much below the capacity which they possess. The use of many of them is, no doubt, quite out of the question for through traffic, but given reasonable management, coupled with the construction of short stretches of roadway to link up adjacent streets at present unconnected or connected only in a roundabout way, the distribution of transport could, it is believed, be equalised far better than it now is.

It seems ridiculous when one thinks of it that in a huge city like London, with inadequate street accommodation and requiring perfect traffic management, vehicles of any and every rate of speed should be allowed to mix together, to halt almost anywhere and for any length of time, and to acknowledge in traffic matters little or no authority except that of their owners, who, in their turn, aim only at completing the journey as quickly as possible and with little regard for the interests of other people. The need for simplifying and modernising the traffic laws has often been recommended, but they remain as 'voluminous, scattered, defective, overlapping, and difficult to understand' as when they were so described by a Royal Commission nineteen years ago.

The *Metropolitan Police Traffic Manual*, of about 600 closely printed pages, deals with laws and regulations on a vast variety of subjects, but contains very little of real assistance in regard to traffic. The Metropolitan Streets Act of 1867 is the chief statute from which the police derive their powers, and this, besides dating back to a period when electric tramways and motor transport were unknown, refers only to the County of London, and not to the area beyond. The manual lays down that 'the right of any person in a highway is to pass along it. The highway is a passage which all the King's subjects have a right to pass along.' Apparently it is upon this right of the individual that existing laws are based,

rather than upon the need for having such an organisation as will confer the greatest amount of benefit upon the community as a whole.

The Act just quoted was intended to give the police powers to allot the routes to be followed in congested districts by the different classes of vehicles. In practice it does nothing of the kind, for although it lays down that the Police Commissioners may make regulations regarding 'the route to be taken by all carts, etc.,' it appears to be held, owing to the word 'all,' that *all* vehicles must be treated alike. In other words, the police may order all vehicles to go up Regent Street or all along Piccadilly, but they cannot order some of them to go up one street and some up the other. They are, therefore, prevented from differentiating between fast and slow moving transport, and so cannot divert any part of it from the thoroughfares known to be overcrowded. They cannot even compel slow-moving traffic to keep close to the left kerb, though the custom of doing so is fairly well observed. The Highway Act of 1835 lays down that carriages and animals shall be driven on the left side of the road, and this has been held to mean anywhere on the left side of the centre line of the road. It is strange that such inadequate laws should remain unamended.

The best remedy, and the one most urgently needed, for the relief of traffic congestion, is the establishment of systematic control over the numerous omnibus agencies which now invade the streets. This is especially necessary in localities where tramways and underground railways are available, which, but for the competing omnibuses, would be used to a much greater extent than they are. It has the further advantage that it could be made effective immediately on being sanctioned. The number of omnibuses recently put on the streets by new agencies, which work for the most part quite independently of each other, amounts to about 220, and they are owned by from seventy to eighty separate proprietors. They follow routes which are already systematically and adequately served by other transport agencies, and run in and out upon them as their fancy dictates, their sole object being to secure a good load of passengers. Some of them change their routes ten times a day in their endeavour to snatch at the cream of the traffic, without a thought of what is meant by a good public service. One of the larger proprietors, whose fleet numbers six, has been known in the course of a month to change the routes of his omnibuses 500 times. In the interest of traffic and of trustworthiness of service, these practices should be made to cease.

In London, as is well known, licensing powers are vested not in the local authorities who own the roads, but in the police, and motor omnibuses can occupy any roads that the police decide to give them. The public safety and the movement of traffic at

large are the only criteria to which the police look in granting these licences. They are an executive body and rightly hold that it is no business of theirs to discriminate between one person or another, even although there may be good grounds for such discrimination; and that it is no business of theirs to set any limit to the number of omnibuses they should license, although in the country at large the local authorities, as licensing authorities, exercise such a discretion. As was recently pointed out by Lord Ashfield, Chairman of the Underground Railways and General Omnibus Companies,

> anyone can acquire an omnibus, which, so long as it complies with the structural requirements of the police, must be licensed by them, and may then be employed upon any route within the area which is not physically dangerous, without regard either to the capacity of the route, or to the vehicular traffic that it already carries, or to the provision of a regular scheme of transport facilities. There is no limit to the number of licences which may be issued, and the consequences would be comic if it were not for the results, which are serious. The Underground Railways, built at immense cost, are in reality streets beneath streets, which should afford immense relief to the congestion above by withdrawing a large proportion of the passenger traffic. Yet the surface street is allowed to be filled with streams of omnibuses until the speed of movement has fallen in this last year to an alarming extent, and London, from being, perhaps, the fastest traffic city in the world, is now about the slowest. Street speeds which before the war were, on the average, at the rate of eight or nine miles per hour, have fallen to four or five and even three miles per hour where congestion has become acute. Meanwhile the traffic on the Underground Railways has been allowed to dwindle rather than grow, so that the relief facilities are wasted, and no one has any power to say or do anything in the matter. Nowhere else within the country is there such a situation. Everywhere else some body, subject to appeal to the Ministry of Transport, is vested with a discretion in this matter of licensing. In all the great cities of the world there is even more than a mere discretion: there is effective control. In London there is nothing.

The idea that competition ensures cheaper fares and better services is utterly fallacious. Competition presupposes that supply is greater than demand, and, in the interests of good traffic management, that is just what we do not want. Where a service is sufficient it must be wasteful to enlarge or duplicate it, for service means expense, expense must be met out of earnings, earnings must be obtained from the fares of passengers, and, therefore, it is the public who ultimately have to pay. Moreover, under the incentive of competition service is practically certain, sooner or later, to deteriorate, for, as is the case already, it will be provided in such a way as to snatch the last atom of profit from the heavy routes, while the light routes, also needed for the public convenience, will be neglected. Imagine a railway on which each of several companies may start off a train with the intention of securing the greatest possible amount of traffic for itself. What

speeding up and slowing down would take place, what short stops and long stops would be made, in this catching of the passengers! And what sort of service would the public in the end enjoy? Yet this manifest absurdity on railways is being tolerated on roadways, only because its consequences are not yet sufficiently realised. It is hardly too much to say that, for a variety of unavoidable reasons, the position in London has become such that road traffic demands, so far as the traffic agencies are concerned, almost as strict a control as is demanded and exercised in the case of railways.

Good service also calls for constant development and progress. Some improvement, some extension, is constantly wanted, and uncontrolled competition, by attenuating the prosperity of the traffic companies, will inevitably prevent the future needs of London from being met, much less anticipated.

From whatever standpoint it be looked at, the competition of one vehicle with another of the same class upon a common route can only be regarded as expensive, injurious, and useless; and just in so far as it removes or moderates this kind of competition, traffic control can and should ensure both reasonable fares and adequate services. Further, although traffic control must mean control of competition if it is to be effective, it need not necessarily entail entire abolition of competition. On the contrary, the door should be left open for the new-comer in case the party in possession fails to do his duty, whatever form the failure may take, but unless and until there is a failure disturbance would be detrimental, and not beneficial, to the public interest.

Although for many years past there has been a consensus of opinion that some kind of traffic authority ought to be established, there has never been agreement as to the form which it should take. One reason for this is that there has always been a tendency to look too much to the constitution of the authority itself, and too little to the nature and extent of the duties to be discharged. Taking these duties first, it would seem that what we need is an authority which will not unduly interfere with the conduct of the business of the transport agencies, or attempt to prescribe the method of their operations, but will co-ordinate and improve the facilities that are there, and deal with traffic in its broadest sense. Its object should be to bring together, for the purpose of a common solution, those whose interests may conflict or diverge, and those without whose support and goodwill a common solution cannot be carried out. For instance, it must, on the one hand, have regard to the interests of the passengers, who naturally think most of cheap fares and abundant services, and, on the other, to those of the transport agencies, who regard the matter mainly in terms of passengers and dividends. It must also have in mind the requirements and conveniences of dock traffic, market traffic, and main

line railway goods, to name the three most important forms of commercial traffic. The economic waste in the distribution of goods throughout Greater London is reflected in the higher cost of living there as compared with the smaller cities and towns. With the superior resources of London and the advantages of its position and trade, commodities should be cheaper within its borders than outside. That this is not so is due, in no small measure, to lack of traffic control. The traffic authority must, moreover, constantly be looking forward, so as to keep its plans for transport extensions well ahead of the developments of the areas to be served; it must see to the improvement of streets and roads, and establish unified action amongst all those who deal with them.

As to the constitution of the traffic authority required to cope with these duties, the Royal Commission of 1905 recommended setting up a 'Traffic Board,' which was to be directly responsible to Parliament; the Select Committee of 1913 was content with a 'Traffic Branch' in the Board of Trade; one of 1919 went to the other extreme and wanted a 'Supreme Traffic Board' responsible to the Home Secretary; one of 1921 preferred a 'London Traffic Authority' to advise the Minister of Transport; the recent 'Royal Commission on London Government' wanted a 'London and Home Counties Advisory Committee' of twenty representatives of the local authorities to advise the 'appropriate' Minister; while in a minority report it was recommended that a 'Central Authority,' elected by the people, should be set up. These proposals may be said to amount to—first, a small permanent expert tribunal; second, a large nominated board of representatives of local authorities; third, an elected authority exercising authority over traffic, house planning, and various other duties. The first may be described as a super-management which would inevitably lead to friction with the local authorities and to the usurpation of powers which ought to be left to the transport undertakings. The second, the board of representatives of local authorities, would be government by a committee, and a large one at that if it was to be representative of the 122 authorities concerned. Its action would be cumbrous, and would largely be founded on compromise. The grandiose Central Authority would also seem to be undesirable, for London has grown to be a fifth part of the realm, and a local authority of this magnitude becomes a State authority.

In the absence of a provincial government for London as a whole, the most practical system would seem to be to vest responsibility for traffic affairs in the Ministry of Transport. This department is now under sentence of death, and if there is any real intention of executing the sentence it might well be deferred until the traffic question has been adjusted, for there is no other depart-

ment which can so appropriately deal with it. The proposal sometimes made that responsibility should rest with the Home Office, and that the present difficulties could be overcome by giving extended powers to the Commissioners of Police, cannot be regarded as sound. The duty of the police is, not to make traffic regulations, but to see that they are obeyed, and any departure from this principle would endanger the good relations which have always, happily, subsisted between the police and the public.

The Transport Minister would need the assistance of an advisory committee, representative of the multiple interests and authorities involved; and he should be given legislative powers to make such 'regulations' from time to time as may be needed to amplify existing traffic laws and bring them more into line with modern requirements. It is important that the advisory committee should command respect and be above all suspicion of bias. Hence it should be balanced on representation as between Government, municipal, and private interests, and also be composed in such a way that politics may not intrude into the domain of what is essentially a business and not a political proposition. If transport policies are allowed to be converted into transport politics the effect upon traffic management may be fatal.

A traffic authority of the kind above suggested is admittedly not an ideal one, and it may be considered too weak as an organ of control to initiate and enforce the drastic steps needed to put matters on a proper footing. It can, however, quickly be made available, and, in view of the many complexities with which the problem is beset, it seems desirable to proceed gradually rather than to aim at a more ambitious scheme which might fail, and which would certainly take a long time to set in motion. The chief points to bear in mind are, first, that traffic control necessarily implies some curtailment of freedom on the part of the municipal authorities, the public, and the transport agencies alike, and, second, that, whatever scheme of control may be adopted, its success can only be assured by the whole-hearted co-operation of all concerned in carrying it out.

W. R. Robertson,
F.M.

SINGAPORE

THE question whether we are to have an adequate naval base at Singapore is still in the balance while this article is being written. The Dominions, whose representatives at the recent London conference have already pronounced in favour of the scheme, are again being consulted (upon what new aspect of the problem we have not been informed), and the decision of the new Government may be announced before these words are read. The Navy, for some unexplained reason, has had a 'bad Press' for some time, and, possibly for that reason, the issue was, unfortunately, prejudged in public speeches by several Ministers now in office before they had the facts before them. The issue in the balance is a grave one. The decision thereon will afford a definite indication whether we intend to abandon the policy of strength at sea which has served us for centuries.

During the last decade of the nineteenth century the British Navy was supreme. A 'two-Power' standard in capital ships was adopted, no limit being imposed upon the building of cruisers for commerce protection, excepting the limit to ensure the safety of British merchant shipping—traders and transports—crossing the seas upon their lawful occasions. The nation trusted the Sea Lords to determine the country's needs. So long as those officers acted together, with collective resignation as the alternative to the acceptance by the Cabinet of their views upon vital issues, there was in those days no question whether or not the estimates based upon their minimum requirements would be voted by the House of Commons. Sea power, by tacit consent, was removed from the arena of party politics. The constituencies were solid in favour of sea security, upon which not only prosperity, but life itself for the majority of the population of these islands, depends. Britain's sovereignty of the seas was referred to freely, and without rancour, in all foreign countries. It was postulated as the first principle of national and of Empire defence, and the peculiar conditions which rendered it essential to the free development of communities under the British flag in a militarist world were recognised in all quarters. It was under such conditions that the opening of the present century found us engaged in the South

African war and unpopular on the continent of Europe, where sympathy with the Boers of the Transvaal and Orange Free State was both felt and freely expressed. The British Navy kept the ring. Foreigners who sympathised with our opponents were impotent in the face of British sea power. That sympathy could not take the form of effective action, and a certain degree of humiliation was experienced.

The German menace to our existence as a sea Power had not yet arisen. On the other hand, there were several outstanding questions of policy which provided sources of friction with France and with Russia. With Anglo-French policy at that time we are not immediately concerned, beyond noting in passing that it led to the mutual adjustment of difficulties and to the Entente, which threw British sea power on the side of France in 1914 with far-reaching results. Russia was seeking ice-free ports, especially Port Arthur, in Manchuria, and establishing a powerful squadron in Far Eastern waters. Anxiety was felt about the security of British, Australasian, and Canadian interests in the Pacific and China seas, and there were three courses which might have been adopted. We might perhaps have removed all sources of friction with Russia and have come to an agreement upon outstanding questions which had caused trouble in the past. We might have increased our Navy and have based upon Hong Kong a squadron superior to the Russian sea forces based at Port Arthur and Vladivostock. Or we might have trusted to some other sea power in the Pacific to protect our interests therein in the event of Russian aggression. We chose the third course, and we contracted an alliance with Japan in 1902. That alliance has now been allowed to lapse in deference to American and Australian sentiment. We have therefore reverted to the position which arose at the beginning of the century, with the whole Japanese Navy (based upon well-equipped naval ports) substituted for the old Russian squadron (with inadequately equipped bases) as a possible menace to British, Australasian, and Canadian interests in Far Eastern seas. With those interests we must deal in due course, but first we must take note of misstatements made, and deliberately repeated after they have been corrected, in the course of the unfortunate controversy that has arisen over the question of equipping our naval base at Singapore in accordance with modern requirements. The first of these affects the Washington agreements. Before committing themselves to accepting limitations in building capital ships and aircraft carriers, the Japanese stipulated that we should not maintain naval bases, adequately equipped and defended in accordance with modern requirements, in a certain area deemed to be within striking distance of Japan. Singapore is outside that area, and this point was understood and

accepted by the Japanese delegates. I will not enlarge upon this any further, as I dealt with it so recently in this Review [1] and pointed the moral that Japan thus has the power of exercising control over the passage of merchant shipping to and from ports in the China seas, and that even Hong Kong would be at her mercy in the event of hostilities with the British Empire. Certain controversialists who have not read the text of the Washington agreements have maintained that, even by replacing cruisers of the commerce-protection type, we should transgress either their letter or their spirit. We should transgress neither. Conversely, we have no right to take exception to the large building programmes of cruisers, submarines, and destroyers with which other countries are proceeding. The clauses for limitation in total tonnage refer solely to capital ships and to aircraft carriers. They impose no limits whatever upon the total tonnage of other types; they only limit the size and armament of individual vessels other than capital ships, and (this is important) they limit the armament mounted in merchant ships to enable them to defend themselves if attacked. The confinement of the agreements within such narrow limits was not the fault of the British delegates, who did their best to secure the limitation of other craft, especially submarines, and failed to carry their point.

The other allegation to which we must pay attention affects the situation caused by the disastrous earthquakes in Japan. As an example of the insidious propaganda which has been conducted against the Admiralty policy in Singapore, I may here mention that I was told some weeks ago by a business man of high standing that he knew for certain that the whole Japanese Navy had been destroyed by the earthquakes, so 'we need not bother any more about Singapore.' [2] Here are the actual facts as elicited from the Admiralty spokesman in the House of Commons on March 5. As the result of the earthquakes, the completion of the Japanese building programme will be retarded only by a year.[3] It will be completed by March 31, 1929, instead of by the same date in 1928, but supplementary Naval Estimates will be demanded for about 10,000,000*l.*, spread over several years, for reconstructing some naval shore establishments which were damaged by earthquake and fire. Japan, be it noted, lost no war vessels of any account in the earthquakes. In 1929, according to another answer of the same date in Parliament, Japan will have nineteen efficient light cruisers built and six projected; the British Empire will have twenty-eight built and none projected

[1] 'Japan; and Singapore,' *Nineteenth Century and After*, August, 1923.

[2] On February 13 Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, M.P., referred in the House of Commons to 'the terrible disaster to Japan, which would put that country out of the running for ten years.' Comment is superfluous.

for the world-wide duties upon which British war vessels are at all times engaged. The Japanese earthquakes have only affected the situation by proving that Japan has adopted a clear and progressive policy which has not been interrupted even by that unparalleled disaster, with its far-reaching financial effect. The Japanese have faced the situation ; they have set out with energy to repair the trifling naval damage, and no material change has been made in their building programme.

Enough about Japan. The policy of Britain for centuries has been to make no individual distinctions. That policy was well described by Admiral Richmond, whose selection to deliver the Raleigh Lecture of 1923 was a happy one :

> Many threads run through that great fabric, the foreign policy of England of the last three centuries, but, while these come and go, one basis of policy is so persistently recurrent that it seems to deserve a claim to permanency—the maintenance of naval strength.

And again :

> Through different periods we can trace at least one definite aim running, with very slight interruption, through our external policy: that, by its efforts, it shall contribute to supplement the internal efforts to maintain supremacy at sea.

British supremacy at sea, owing to our hurry over post-war economies, is already a thing of the past. There is no question now of a world supremacy, but of providing the bare minimum to secure Britain's and the Empire's sea communications not only against the Japanese, with whom we are on friendly terms, but against any form of menace to which those sea communications may be subjected either in time of peace or, if wars should come, whether we are belligerent or neutral therein. The difficulties which confront the Navy in carrying out its arduous task have been vastly increased of late years by the introduction of new weapons into sea warfare: the submarine, the mine sown broadcast in navigable waters, and aircraft. Unless the Navy's minimum requirements are met, its task will be more than difficult: it will be impossible. The strength of the Navy (and the provision of bases which enable the Navy to operate) depends upon the strength of foreign navies and the political tendencies of the time. In the old days the French Navy set the pace ; the Mediterranean was all-important. Our Mediterranean Fleet was strengthened, and Malta was developed to its utmost capacity as a base. Later on the North Sea superseded the Mediterranean in importance. The situation was difficult, and might have been disastrous, when war broke out in 1914, because we had postponed for too long the construction of naval bases in proximity to the

centre of operations. That disaster did not result can be put down to the fact that the area in question was close to the shores of the British Islands. The existing dockyards and mercantile ports could be, and were, made use of in the emergency. There is no parallel for this in distant seas. In the year 1924, and looking ahead, we note another change. No European nations at present own strong navies, nor are they embarking upon building programmes which need cause us immediate anxiety, but in more distant seas there are Powers whose navies have been brought up to great strength. They are, moreover, embarking upon shipbuilding programmes including cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, types of vessel upon which naval strength in the future may depend now that severe limitations in capital ship strength have been imposed by the Washington agreements. There remain aircraft carriers, of which more anon.

I have dwelt upon this question of adequate sea forces, distributed at all times in accordance with the requirements of sea strategy, because of its importance and because of the astonishing views expressed by some members of the House of Commons in a recent debate on the building of only five cruisers to keep up our failing relative strength to other Powers in that arm. We must realise that bases, whether at Singapore or elsewhere, have in themselves no power at all to safeguard the free movement of merchant shipping, upon which our very existence depends. 'People often say,' wrote Mahan, 'that such and such an island or harbour controls the neighbouring seas. It is an utter, deplorable, and ruinous mistake.' Let us face the situation. If, owing to an insensate and false economy, we are to be given a choice between adequate sea forces and bases from which they operate, let us have the ships; but let us realise that, unless we have the bases also, we abandon all hope of defending our interests in areas where other sea Powers have bases. Singapore is our immediate subject, so we will now pass from the wider to the local problem.

Here again we are confronted with misunderstandings and with insidious anti-British propaganda. We constantly hear it said that, unless we wish to send our capital ships eastward of the Straits of Malacca, larger docks will not be needed at Singapore, and the proposed expenditure there will be wasted. This is most misleading. In the first place, even if we leave the Pacific entirely to the capital ships of Japan and America, the only two Powers at present maintaining them in those waters, there remain aircraft carriers. If the capital ship should some day become obsolete, this new class of vessel will remain. According to my information, new docks are required not only for them, but also for the new type of 10,000-ton commerce-protecting cruiser, built under the conditions laid down at Washington. Docks, however,

and the repairing facilities attached thereto, are only a part of the necessary equipment of a naval base. Ships' guns have a short life, and cranes, derricks, or sheers may be needed to lift these and other heavy weights. Reserves of ammunition are required, and reserves of fuel are essential. It is a platitude to state that without fuel neither seacraft nor aircraft can move, and that without the power of movement these defenders of the sea communications to which we owe our existence cannot operate, and might as well be at the bottom of the sea for all the use that they could be. The obvious is so often ignored that it cannot be stated too often, even at the risk of boring those well acquainted with sea strategy and with the conditions upon which success therein is based. We are passing—in effect we have already passed—from the era of coal fuel to the era of oil fuel. In the coaling days we kept bunker coal in large quantities, both for men-of-war and for merchant ships, distributed in harbours under the British flag all over the world. In times of emergency floating cargoes supplemented this supply, and these cargoes were obtained from coal-mines in our own territory, the best steam coal from South Wales. The admirals on the naval stations knew, therefore, that they had three reserves upon which to fall back if danger threatened: the Admiralty stores, the stocks in private hands intended for sale to merchant shipping, and the floating cargoes with fresh supplies from British-owned coal-mines. Let us compare this with our present position. The use of oil fuel for merchant ships at present lags far behind its use for men-of-war and aircraft; the amount of this fuel distributed about the world in private hands is therefore not comparable to the amount of bunker coal for merchant ships, now useless to the bulk of the Navy. Floating cargoes of oil fuel, unlike those of coal, must be obtained almost exclusively from territory under other flags. For these reasons our naval bases, especially those in distant seas, such as Singapore, must have storage accommodation for large reserves of oil. Another requirement of a naval base is a powerful wireless station, capable of sending and receiving over long distances. Considerations of space forbid the discussion of that question as fully as it deserves. A measure of its importance may be gathered from the costly operations which we were obliged to undertake in the late war against the high-power stations which Germany had established in various parts of the world, while we, with far greater interests to be guarded on the high seas, had been engaged in interminable discussions which even to-day have not been concluded.

By wise forethought and judicious expenditure good harbours can be provided with the necessary equipment which naval requirements demand. There is one feature which no expenditure

can alter: their geographical position. 'The control of a maritime region,' in Mahan's much-quoted phrase, 'depends primarily upon a navy, and secondarily upon bases, suitably spaced from one another, upon which the navy rests and exerts its strength.' It has been advanced that suitable bases in Ceylon, in Australasia, or elsewhere might take the place of Singapore. Let us examine this in order to judge how far a naval base differently situated could be of equal value to the vessels engaged in protecting the 'Eastern position.' What are the interests to be defended? There is no need to touch further upon the racial question involved by the 'white Australia' policy, which applies also to Canada and to the United States. That was dealt with in a previous article in this Review,[3] in which Lord Grey of Fallodon's opinion was quoted to the effect that, if so unlikely a contingency as a conflict with Japan over this issue comes to pass, it will be a thing so momentous that it is as certain as anything can be that it will be a race conflict, in which the United States and the British Empire will be involved on the same side. We can turn from the contemplation of such a disastrous contingency as a race conflict between East and West to our own trade interests in Eastern seas, and to the question whether any place other than Singapore would be a suitable base for the forces engaged in their protection.

About thirty-seven years ago the writer established in the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty a small section to investigate the subject of British trade routes for which protection is required in a minor degree in time of peace, and urgently in time of war, whether or not we ourselves are belligerents. The seed then planted has borne fruit. That little section has now grown into the Trade Division of the Admiralty staff. Hitherto the seal of secrecy has guarded the results of its investigations, but a few days ago, on March 3, one of the charts of British Empire shipping on the trade routes of the world was communicated to *The Times* and published in that journal. This was a wise measure. The chart and the footnotes appended thereto show the Eastern position more clearly than the longest description. British-owned merchant vessels are shown in their positions on the different routes on a given date (January 1). Similar trade charts are, as a matter of course, prepared for different times of the year when trade movements differ, but there are not many changes on the Eastern route which passes Singapore. Along the routes from which the naval base there is protected pass 97 per cent. of the United Kingdom's imports of tea, 97 per cent. of the jute (without jute bags sea-borne trade in many commodities would be at a standstill), 96 per cent. of the zinc ore imports, 90 per cent. of the rubber, 89 per cent. of the wool

[3] *Vide supra.*

imported, 86 per cent. of the nitrate of soda, 77 per cent. of the hemp, 76 per cent. of the manganese ore, 71 per cent. of the tin ore, 63 per cent. of the rice, and so on through the lists. On any given day the value of British trade afloat (ships and cargoes) in the India, Australia, and China areas may be put at 157,000,000*l.* Omitting the value of the shipping, British trade in the Indian and Pacific Oceans (in the area bounded by the east coast of Africa and the west coast of America) is worth nearly 900,000,000*l.* in every year. These figures are colossal. They give one some idea of the issues at stake if we abandon our historic policy, once summed up by Lord Balfour as 'defending all that it is our bounden duty to defend.' Expenditure upon defending floating trade, by reducing the risks, reduces also the cost of insurance during transport, thus cheapening commodities, reducing the cost of production and, indirectly, the cost of living.

Passing to local waters, and to relative interests in trade with the ports of China, *The Times* again comes to our aid with statistics of British shipping (recent article in *Engineering Supplement*). Last year, taking the large and growing port of Shanghai as an example, we find that 36 per cent. of the shipping which entered and cleared was British, 26 per cent. Japanese, and 11 per cent. American. The total figures for Chinese ports of entrances and clearances are given below :

Flag.	Entries.		Clearances.	
	Number.	Tonnage.	Number.	Tonnage.
British . .	15,775	17,961,861	15,681	17,932,891
Japanese . .	8,988	10,395,649	9,026	10,311,920
American . .	1,801	701,849	1,790	757,431
French . .	585	327,098	586	348,174

In the East prestige is a potent factor. The fact should not be lost sight of that, even in normal times, the problem of trade with South China is one of combating piracy. Every incident allowed to go unpunished diminishes the respect in which the British flag is held, and naval strength is imperative to the security of our traders and to our position. However hard we may work for ideals of disarmament, it is a fatal mistake to forestall their achievement. Such a course defeats its own object : it increases war possibilities, ruins trade prospects, and postpones the humane purpose indefinitely by casting discredit upon its advocates. It may be of interest in this connection to know that the Chamber of Commerce of Hong Kong, a port where the imports reach a value of 60,000,000*l.* and nearly fifty million tons of merchant shipping

enter and clear every year, is gravely concerned about the naval situation.

We are compelled to face facts. Our trade in the Far East depends in a great measure upon the ability of the British Government to uphold the rights and interests of British traders, to act always with justice and firmness, and at the same time to impress upon all concerned that our words are based upon something solid, only to be used in emergencies. To give further statistics or examples of British interests in the East—and many could be given—would only overload this article. We have examined the local requirements of a naval base for the British sea (and, I hope, air) forces employed in their defence, not only in wars in which we are ourselves engaged, but at all times. The immediate subject which we set ourselves to investigate was whether Singapore was best situated geographically for the purpose. Even if we are not prepared to accept the Admiralty view on this point, a glance at the map suffices to convert us. Trading vessels are most vulnerable at the points of convergence of their routes. Singapore is close to the gateway between the Pacific and the Indian Oceans. Ceylon is 1600 miles away from it, Australian harbours far too remote. At Singapore lies also the emporium for transhipment from larger to smaller vessels of the trade of the islands of the Malay Archipelago and other territories. The annual value of the local trade of the Malay States themselves exceeds 100,000,000*l.* Upon the passing trade we have already touched. Singapore is used as a port of call by fifty shipping lines. There is no need to dwell further on these points.

> The blessing of Judah and Issachar will never meet; that the same people, or nation, should be both the lion's whelp and the ass between the burdens—neither will it be that a people overlaid with taxes should ever become valiant and martial.

So wrote Francis Bacon over three centuries ago. It is common ground that the burden of taxation bears heavily upon the people, that it sorely handicaps the development of industries, and that it is one of the most potent factors now making for unemployment and for all the ills that it brings in its train. It is also common ground that recent cuts in the Naval Estimates have swelled appreciably the ranks of the unemployed. We have heard much of late about co-ordinating and correlating the activities of our sea, land, and air forces, and about co-operation between them. That by such means economies can, and should, be effected is acknowledged. In so doing we must cultivate a sense of proportion. It may, for instance, be wise to guard the heart of the Empire against the thrusts of one very improbable opponent,

but such a measure has no support in reason if at the same time we face the risk of bleeding to death by exposing the arteries to severance by all and sundry.

GEORGE ASTON.

Note.—The subject of this article was debated in both Houses of Parliament on March 18th. The arguments used therein were proved to be unanswerable, excepting on the assumption that it is no longer desirable to defend the vital interests of the United Kingdom and Empire by armaments. The Cabinet has decided not to take action, at present, upon the advice of the Admiralty. The reasons given are that confidence in our policy can best be established by allaying foreign suspicions and anxieties, and that the improvement of Singapore base is 'a new development that could only be justified on assumptions that would definitely admit that we had doubts of the success of this policy ourselves.' In other parts of the Empire, this view is supported by General Smuts in South Africa, but it meets with no direct support elsewhere. There will be a further debate on the Report stage, and the verdict will rest with the House of Commons, who will be furnished with papers containing fuller information for use on that occasion.

G. A.

UNEMPLOYMENT

I. THE 'TRADE FACILITIES' ACT

UNEMPLOYMENT is the problem of the day. How are the 1,100,000 men and women that are out of work in the country to be put into work ?—that is the burning question to which, in our foreign and domestic policies, we have to find an answer. Everyone agrees that while out of work they must not starve ; everyone agrees also that it is better to provide work than maintenance, and that work in normal occupations is better than relief work provided by the State. The only radical cure for unemployment is an increase in the activity of industry, which will increase the demand for labour ; and the political moral of that is, that the first care of the State should be to stimulate the activity of industry.

It is easy to say that, but it is a great deal easier said than done. The State ought to do something about it, no doubt. But what, for example, ought the State to do ? 'Protect the home markets,' says (or said) the Conservative Party ; but the country will not have it. 'Nationalise industries,' says the Socialist Party ; but neither will the country have that. What remains for the State to do, in order that it may stimulate industry and increase the demand for labour ? It may have been observed that whenever any Government or any party has made formal reference to this matter of late, after generalities about the restoration of settled conditions, the principal direct method which it has suggested for stimulating trade has been the development and enlargement of a scheme called the 'Trade Facilities' scheme. It was so with the late Conservative Government ; it was so with the Liberal manifesto at the General Election ; and it is so now with the Labour Government. The 'Trade Facilities' Act is the principal, if not the only, method of direct intervention by the State, upon which each in its turn has relied to give practical effect to its aspirations for an increased demand for labour in its normal occupations.

Since the 'Trade Facilities' Act occupies so prominent a place in the programme of all parties alike, it may be of interest to give some account of its nature and purpose ; and that can best be done by

narrating its history, and telling something about the hopes and fears of its progenitors.

The scheme was born in the autumn of 1921. That was the time at which the gravity of the matter of unemployment first became clear. The post-war boom was over. The slump was upon us. Unemployment had been increasing by leaps and bounds. The winter was at hand. The first necessity was immediate palliatives to prevent actual starvation; and these were being found in the extension of unemployment insurance, in aid for relief administered by guardians, and in the financing of relief works. But it was already clear that more than temporary palliatives was needed, if more could be done. The trouble was not going to pass with the winter; it had come to stay. It was necessary to look far ahead, and to plan a campaign against unemployment to cover a period of years. The State must not content itself with alleviating the worst hardships of the unemployed by maintenance; it must consider whether there was anything it could do to promote a radical cure. It was but too sure that it would have plenty of time in which to apply whatever remedies it could devise.

The writer was at the time Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and under instructions from the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Horne, it became his duty to consider the question. The problem to be solved might be expressed thus: Was there anything, and if so what, that could usefully be done, by the direct action of the Government at home, to decrease unemployment *by increasing the demand for labour in its normal occupations*?

To help in solving this problem, there were two things: a measure which was already in force, and still is, and a proposal which was not in force, and which it is to be hoped never will be. The measure was the export credit scheme; the proposal was that which found favour in some unofficial quarters for a deliberate inflation of credit and currency.

The proposal to inflate as a remedy for unemployment had more supporters in 1921 than it has in 1924. The example of Germany then had much attraction. It has less now. In 1921 Germany was still enjoying the stimulus which inflation may give to industry at the first dose. Since then we have had the advantage of seeing her pass through all the melancholy stages of reaction, which succeed the stimulus as the dose is repeated. The proposal never took any very precise shape. Credit, it was said, is the raw material of industry. Let the State increase the supply of that raw material by manufacturing a lot of credit. That will cheapen it, and so encourage industry. There were no definite suggestions how the credit was to be manufactured, or what was

to be done with it. Probably it was intended by those who favoured the idea that the credit should be manufactured for the Government by the banks, on the security of Treasury bills or some other form of Government debt, and that it should be used by the Government for public relief works on a grandiose scale.

It is not pertinent to the present purpose to repeat the arguments for and against inflation as a remedy for unemployment. It is enough to say that the writer was unable to persuade himself that anything but harm could come of such a measure. It seemed to him that it must raise prices and depress the standard of living. It must cause industrial troubles, resulting from the struggle of the wage-earners to pass on the burden of rising prices to the fixed incomes and the owners of capital. It must impede industry through an unstable exchange, and make a big present to speculators in exchange. By supporting the wage-earners out of indirect taxation it must teach them to believe that the country can consume more than it produces, a mischievous lesson. Worst of all, it must put a heavy burden on the classes with fixed incomes, and in the long run it must sap confidence in the currency as a measure and as a repository of values. For such reasons as these, which have prevailed with the bulk of opinion on the subject, it was concluded that there was no help in deliberate inflation, a conclusion which subsequent experience of inflation in action in other countries has strongly confirmed.

The export credit scheme had been introduced in 1920 by an 'Overseas Trade (Credit and Insurance) Act.' The scheme was intended to remedy the difficulty which foreign customers had in buying from us, owing to doubts about their financial stability. Stripped of technicalities, the scheme was that the Government should facilitate the sale of our exports, in approved cases, by putting its credit behind the sale, and so oiling the financial wheels of the transaction. The scheme, modified from time to time in the light of experience, is still in force. Up to the present time the Government has guaranteed under it bills of exchange for between 6 and 6½ millions.

That the scheme has been of some utility need not be questioned, but the writer was not in 1921, and is not to this day, able to feel much enthusiasm for it as a measure for the stimulation of trade. The following notes on the subject, which he made in the course of his inquiries in September, 1921, give the reasons for his lack of enthusiasm:

The advantage of schemes for facilitating exports, particularly of manufactured goods, to derelict and unstable countries, is very questionable.

Under an export credit scheme the banks will get the good business and the Government the bad. We shall in effect be making presents of our goods to foreign buyers and paying the exporter with manufactured credit, which

will never be covered by goods imported, and will, therefore, tend to increase prices at home. What the derelict foreign markets need to restore them is cheap raw materials to put their workers into employment and to feed them. We can give them manufactured goods only. When the foreign buyers have consumed them, they will be in no better position to pay us than they were before. It is credit in the United States for raw materials that they need.

Europe's power to produce was injured by the war. If we ignore that, and start in to try and promote directly the exchange of commodities, nothing will come of it, because Europe is not ready for it.

Some of the anticipations of evil here expressed have been falsified by the very cautious manner in which the scheme has been administered. But in truth very little has come of it. It has led a languishing life, and the reason for that is the reason given in the above notes. The scheme is misconceived. You must enable our foreign customers to earn money with which to buy from us before it is any good trying to promote sales to them.

Since export credits promised little good, and deliberate inflation promised much harm, it was necessary to look further for the needed measures. It was suggested by some that the State should put its credit directly at the disposal of manufacturers, to help them to carry their stocks. They were, it was said, congested with stocks that they could not sell. Were they to be released from a part of the capital charges on these, they would be in a position to start their mills again. As to this suggestion the writer made the following contemporary note :

Helping credits for the manufacture of goods for consumption, which is in effect subsidising production, amounts to this, that manufacturers are stimulated to manufacture whether they have buyers or not. It leads to manufacture for stock, which is ruinous policy. It must dislocate prices and postpone revival.

The proposal, indeed, seemed to have nothing to recommend it, except to the manufacturers.

What, then, was to be done ? Consideration of undesirable or ineffective schemes served, at least, to define the situation, and to suggest a line of attack.

We were, it seemed, in the position of a great shop that had lost a number of its best customers. The shop was there ; the customers were there ; but the customers could not buy at the shop, and so the shopmen were idle. The reason why the customers could not buy was twofold : the goods were too dear, and in any case the customers had no money with which to buy them. If we were to get custom back, we must sell cheaper, and our customers must have more cash. To reduce the cost of production, and to restore purchasing power, those were the ends which the State should try to serve, if unemployment was to be relieved by stimulating trade.

The two objects, to reduce cost of production and to increase purchasing power, could be viewed as the two ends of one stick. There was one circumstance, a consequence of the war, that was largely responsible for both of them. It was the arrears, that had accumulated during the war, of capital expenditure on the means of production. For five years the wealth that should have been invested in productive enterprise had been fired off in shells, and eaten up in bread, by unproductive armies. New machinery of production had not been provided; the old, in wasted areas, had been destroyed, and elsewhere its maintenance had been neglected. There were five years' arrears of construction, repairs, and renewals to buildings, machinery, and means of transport to be made good; and in important productive areas of the civilised world, ravaged by war, all these things had to be reconstructed from the beginning. There was, no doubt, at the same time, an actual over-development of the means of production in some spheres. Steelwork, for instance, and shipyards, were over-developed; but it was a general truth that the world had fallen behindhand in its equipment of the means of production, and that was an important reason, perhaps the most important reason, why trade was bad. The deficiency in the means of production made it expensive to produce, and hindered consumers from earning money with which to buy.

If that were so, then it would be an effective remedy, perhaps the most effective remedy, for unemployment, to promote the restoration of the old machinery of production and the provision of new. That would increase production and reduce its cost. It would directly increase the demand for labour in and about the new capital works, and indirectly it would increase the general demand for goods and services, and so increase the demand for labour in trades not immediately affected.

But how could the State promote the improvement of the machinery of production? It could not undertake the work itself, except in the very limited area of national undertakings, such as the Post Office and the arsenals. Its efforts must therefore be directed towards stimulating others to undertake the work. Obviously it could not do so by means of subsidies. Subsidies meant more taxation, and the excessive burden of taxation to which the taxpayer was already subjected was admittedly one of the principal existing reasons for high cost of production, low purchasing power, and unemployment. Had the State, then, no means of helping others to undertake the work? Certainly it had. It had a great asset, invaluable for the purpose, of which no particular use was being made, and that was its credit. Its credit had cost arduous effort and much sacrifice to gain. We were fully entitled to reap some benefit from the effort and the sacrifice

by making a prudent and moderate exploitation of our credit for the benefit of the unemployed.

Capital was what was required by private enterprise for the improvement of the means of production; and capital was what the British Government could help it to obtain. Many who were willing and anxious to undertake fresh capital works were prevented from doing so by the high cost of loans. By the use of its credit the Government could reduce the cost of loans to them, and so help them over the obstacle which stood between them and the useful work which they wanted to put in hand. The mere fact that the State was willing to do so might be expected to have a beneficial effect. Lack of confidence was one of the greatest troubles of the time. It could not but serve to promote the restoration of confidence were the State to exhibit itself as prepared to make use of every means at its disposal, and especially of its priceless and treasured asset of credit, to help the work which would be of most benefit to trade and employment. In short, the end to be attained was clear, and the means to attain it were ready at hand.

These were the ideas that were later to be embodied in the 'Trade Facilities' Act.. The following notes made by the writer during his inquiries in September 1921 may serve to show how they took shape at the time:

There is a direction in which it may be possible for the Government to stimulate production and employment safely and surely. It is the stimulation, by credit facilities, of fresh capital works of a productive nature to be undertaken by the Government itself or by other Governments, by public bodies or by private enterprise, and whether at home, in the Overseas Dominions, or in foreign countries. The superior advantages of this method leap to the eye. The works themselves, if they are at home, provide direct employment. Whether they are at home or abroad, their requirements bring orders to home industries, and orders from buyers who can pay. The Government has in the works themselves valuable security for the credit which it advances, not perhaps absolutely up to the economic standard of the market, but nevertheless substantial. The general industrial situation benefits by the improvement in transport, or whatever it may be, that is effected by the capital outlay. In this improvement there is a promise of decrease in cost of production to set against any tendency towards immediate increase in prices that might result from an increase in the supply of credit. There are many schemes for capital works already cut and dried. A committee of business men to examine and pass them could clear the way for orders to be placed in a few weeks. The liability of the Government in this direction can be strictly limited.

All clear thought and all sound information that I get confirm the opinion that if we try to help trade and employment through credits for the manufacture or the marketing of goods for consumption we shall effect little or nothing, and whatever little we effect would do the greatest amount of harm for the least amount of good. On the other hand, if we apply stimulants through help for capital works at home and abroad, we can effect a

good deal, and with the least amount of harm attendant upon the good done. If we begin at the beginning and apply our efforts to repairing injured productive power (transport, power, and other capital reconstruction), we shall find that the thing goes, for that is what the world needs. The practical way to bring orders for our goods, and help for our unemployed, is to loosen the congestion of credit for sound schemes of construction and reconstruction at home, in the Dominions, and abroad.

These notes may still serve, perhaps, as an explanation of the central idea of the 'Trade Facilities' scheme. At the time at which he was making them the writer was having the benefit of conversations on the subject of the remedies for unemployment with many leaders in the industrial and financial worlds, who were good enough to put their knowledge and experience at his disposal in the matter. He remembers as of special interest in the history of the 'Trade Facilities' idea a conversation with Mr. W. L. Hichens, of whose opinions he made the following note at the time:

The best purpose to which to direct Government help would be the financing of works of public utility, such as a super-power station. The best way to use Government credit would be to help to finance fresh productive enterprises, and particularly public or semi-public works of utility, in stable countries, colonial or foreign, which have a reasonable chance of repaying us. We might assist Colonial Governments that cannot at the moment get credit here with loans for purchases from our manufacturers. We might undertake to consider any proposition as to a borrower's capital requirements of this nature that is brought to us by a bank, with a view to sharing in the finance. Loans of this nature are typically for long terms, of which the banks have to fight shy in the present state of credit. Care would be necessary to prevent borrowers coming to the Government for help who are able to get credit without help; and help of this sort must be guarded against becoming a subsidy on prices.

Here were the practical aspects of the matter in a nutshell. With the encouragement of such experienced authority in the business world, it was possible to believe that the idea was not out of relation with the facts of business life, and that it could usefully be applied in practice.

The scheme was submitted to a number of authorities on the subject for consideration in broad outline, and, at the request of the Prime Minister, at the beginning of October some of these, namely, Sir James Hope Simpson, Sir Allan Smith, Messrs. W. L. Hichens, W. T. Layton, and Dudley Ward, accompanied the writer to discuss the matter with the Prime Minister at Gairloch. In long discussions with the Prime Minister at that charming but distant spot, the matter was threshed out, the grain of it separated from the chaff, and draft proposals were drawn up.

The Prime Minister put the whole weight of his authority behind the project. Shortly afterwards it was adopted by the Cabinet, and in the course of the autumn session it was passed into law.

Before, however, the scheme could be put into a Bill, there were important questions of machinery to be decided. The first was, in what form was the State to put its credit at the disposal of the undertakings to be helped? It could be done either by actually lending money to the undertakers or by guaranteeing the principal or interest of money to be borrowed by them in any of the usual ways.

The method of advances might have been more convenient in the case of undertakings of an inferior standard of credit; but it had this great defect from the point of view of the Exchequer, that the Treasury would have to make financial arrangements to meet impending commitments under the scheme before those commitments had been entered into. The method of guarantees, on the other hand, had the great advantage that it required no special financial arrangements to be made beforehand to meet obligations to be incurred under the scheme, and the administration of the scheme could therefore proceed gradually and step by step. Otherwise there was little to choose between the two methods: their effect upon the supply of capital available for Government issues in the investment market would be the same. But the advantage referred to seemed decisive in favour of guarantees, and that was the method decided upon.

Another important matter to be decided was the method in which the scheme was to be administered. It was thought that a Government department would be an unsuitable body to dispense the new aid. The criticism, it was said, was sure to be made, 'By this scheme you are going to use the State's credit, and ultimately, it may be, the taxpayer's money, to help private interests'; and attacks might be made against particular applications of the scheme on the grounds of favouritism or imprudence. It would be undesirable to expose any Minister or department to the direct impact of attacks of the sort. It was thought better, therefore, to entrust the immediate administration of the scheme to some independent body that would inspire confidence in its knowledge, prudence, and impartiality. The body designed was an Advisory Committee of the Treasury, consisting of three members of experience in business and finance. It was to examine applications for the Government's guarantee, and to advise the Treasury whether to accept or reject them, and as to the terms on which the guarantee was to be granted, if at all. This was the body actually instituted. At the desire of the House of Commons, provision for its institution was inserted in the Act itself, and it has been functioning ever since. Let it be said that to its labours, under its chairman, Sir Robert Kindersley, the success and general acceptance of the scheme has been principally due. It is not too much to say that in the course of its prolonged and very responsible work the

Committee has not made a single mistake, or given any cause for legitimate criticism. The task of dispensing public assistance to private interests is a peculiarly delicate one; and the absence of attacks upon the work of the Committee is the best evidence of the ability and impartiality with which its work has been performed.

The scheme has now been in operation for more than two years. Considering its record, we may say that during that time it has justified most of, if not quite all, the hopes of its progenitors. The record has been one of good work done for unemployment and of increasing favour earned by that good work, until, as said above, the 'Trade Facilities' Act has become the stand-by of political programme—makers in search of something practical to say about the radical cure of unemployment. The original limit set to the guarantees to be granted was 25 millions. In 1922 this was increased to 50 millions, and at the present time the Labour Ministry is engaged in increasing the limit to 65 millions. In each case the increases have been agreed to by the House of Commons *nem. con.* The total amount of the guarantees already granted is 38 millions. Of this total railway companies have had 20½ millions, mostly for electrification; power and light works, mostly electric, have had 8 millions; and shipbuilding has had 9 millions. The largest capital amount guaranteed to a single undertaking has been one of 6·5 millions for the electrification of the South Eastern and Chatham suburban lines, and the smallest has been one of 4500*l.* for a generator for the Minehead Electric Supply Company. The average amount guaranteed has been 707,000*l.* Up to the present time the total charge thrown upon public funds by calls under the guarantees has amounted to no more than 4000*l.*

To make any precise estimate of the amount of fresh employment that the scheme has given is clearly impossible. Each guarantee has been a stone thrown into the labour market, causing ripples of activity that have spread from the centre of stimulation, fading as they spread, but spreading a long way before they have faded out. In particular, it is clearly impossible to form any estimate at all of the effect upon unemployment, in other trades in general, of the increased purchasing power of those who have found fresh employment in the trade directly stimulated. But it is roughly estimated that the work provided directly by propositions already accepted amounts to about 2,000,000 man-months, of which 1,200,000 man-months remain to be done. So it would take a man, working the clock round, 100,000 years to finish the work already provided by the Act.

In the encouragement of capital works in Great Britain, the scheme may undoubtedly be said to have come up to the expectations that were formed of it when it was started. In the encourage-

ment of such works elsewhere, it has to some extent disappointed those expectations. It was hoped, in the first place, that it might play an important part in promoting the development of the great undeveloped resources of the Overseas Dominions and the Colonies. But so far the guarantees granted for undertakings in the British Empire outside Great Britain apparently amount to only four, amounting to £5,000,000, for electric supply at Calcutta, an Indian power scheme, a railway in the Soudan, and a pulp and paper mill in Newfoundland. In the second place, it was hoped that the scheme might be used to help in the restoration of the productive power of the derelict and unstable countries by guaranteeing loans to the Governments of those countries, or to public or semi-public bodies therein, to be spent on the purchase of capital goods in our markets. So far, however, the foreign guarantees granted are apparently represented by one only, of £1,250,000, for electric power supply in Poland.

In these regions the scheme has undoubtedly hung fire. The writer suggests that the chief reason why it has done so is that the machinery originally devised for the administration of the scheme has turned out not to be perfectly adapted for dealing with propositions that come from the Empire overseas, or from abroad. Typically such schemes are big ones, and they often involve important questions of Imperial policy, or questions even more important, and often very anxious, of foreign policy. To deal with them requires special knowledge that is at the disposal of Ministers only, and to carry them through requires an impetus more powerful than an advisory committee of private persons can, in the nature of things, provide.

Moreover, propositions from the Empire overseas or from foreign countries are typically on behalf of public utility undertakings. Almost invariably the charges and the profits of such undertakings are subject to public regulation and control. Guarantees given to such undertakings are not subject to the criticism, 'You are using public funds to enable private interests to make excessive profits.' In their case, therefore, there is not as much need as there is in others for the services of an independent committee to establish confidence in the impartiality of the administration of the scheme.

For these reasons it seems to be at least worth considering whether the machinery by which the scheme is administered should not now be revised in the light of experience. The invaluable services of the Advisory Committee of the Treasury should undoubtedly be retained in respect of applications from private undertakings everywhere, and also probably in respect of all applications from undertakings, of whatever nature, in Great Britain. But it should be considered whether it would not now be

desirable to adopt a more direct method of administration in respect of applications, from Governments and public and semi-public bodies, for works of public utility in the Empire overseas and abroad. For instance, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, and the Board of Trade might be charged jointly or severally with the function of making direct recommendations on such propositions to the Treasury. They would no doubt take advantage of expert advice before making their recommendations. But it might well be of decisive effect in getting the scheme more actively administered in these directions that there should be behind it the special knowledge that is available to those departments alone and the more powerful impetus which the authority of their Ministers alone can provide.

It is not too much to say that the scheme has shown its worth, and that public opinion is now ready for a courageous and active extension of its application. That it provides a complete remedy for unemployment nobody can suppose. A complete remedy it is beyond the power of any single Government to provide. Such a remedy can only be provided by the joint action of all civilised States, working together to put an end to those unsettled and semi-warlike conditions, on the continent of Europe, which are still the chief cause of bad trade. But the scheme seems to be the best remedy which the British Government can apply of its own accord. At present, at any rate, it holds the field, and holds it almost alone. Unless and until a better method is devised of bringing the power and wealth of the State to bear for the direct increase of employment the scheme should be freely extended and energetically applied. The State, by its means, will not be able to cure unemployment; but because the State cannot do everything, that is no reason why it should not do all that it can.

E. HILTON YOUNG.

UNEMPLOYMENT

II. THE EX-SERVICE MAN

Those who rendered service to this country in the late war deserve not merely justice but every consideration that their native land can give them.—RIGHT HON D. LLOYD GEORGE, Prime Minister, February 6, 1920.

The lack of housing accommodation is inflicting the gravest hardship upon the working people especially. Let the ex-service man have a chance to remove those hardships, and at the same time earn the decent subsistence he so abundantly deserves.—DR. T. J. MACNAMARA, M.P., Minister of Labour, November 5, 1920.

To those whose duty is for ever bringing them into contact with the problem of employing the people of this country, of utilising the dormant and wasting power and energy of our fellow-countrymen in all ways most profitable, to themselves in particular and the community in general, the tragedy of the so-called 'unskilled' is always present.

We are not here concerned with the arguments advanced as to the necessity or otherwise of having an army of unskilled men always available in the industrial world, but are, however, definitely concerned with two important factors regarding this vast army of unskilled men, who to-day are for the most part unemployed.

They are, firstly, the effect upon the future state of unemployment in this country consequent upon the abnormal number of unskilled men, and, secondly, the question as to whether many of this number are not entitled to training for skilled occupations at the expense of the State.

It is a recognised fact that the industry of this country during normal times is adequately equipped with the necessary amount of unskilled labour while the methods of industry are what they are.

For under our present system of education, when a child so often is cast into the world to earn money at something, no matter what, at the earliest possible moment, the large numbers who enter blind alley occupations provide an ample source to industry from which to draw its unskilled labour. These occupations, confined to young people between fourteen and eighteen years of age,

at which age the need for their services so often ceases, have as an aftermath these people of 'earnable' ages drifting as flotsam and jetsam on the country's market, being cast upon any industrial refuge providing for them a future without promise and without hope.

Therefore it is obvious that in ordinary circumstances industry's needs for unskilled labour are amply met from the 'blind alley' occupations which so many thousands of our boys enter on leaving school.

The present conditions, however, are not ordinary, and to-day we face a position in regard to unemployment which is worse than any this country has ever faced before, and the difficulty is aggravated by reason of the inflated percentage of unskilled men among the army of unemployed.

The steady flow of unskilled individuals from schools and blind alley occupations still continues, but has been, and apparently will remain, enlarged and flooded by the men who are skilled merely in one profession, and even that temporarily, the profession of arms.

There are in this country to-day 300,000 men under thirty years of age who served in the forces during the Great War who are physically fit according to the Ministry of Pensions, and are not skilled in any craft. These men will for the period of their industrial lifetime be flooding the reservoir of unskilled labour, and, what is more important, they will be during the whole of that time in excess of the normal requirements of industry. The future is jeopardised by the presence of these men, who, through no fault of their own, swell the ranks of those who, so far as skilled crafts are concerned, are unemployable. Some steps should, and must, be taken to remove a fair quota of these ex-service men from the despair of the unskilled, otherwise during their industrial lifetime unemployment will be constantly facing them, and they will in times of the slightest industrial depression become the definite reserve army of unemployed.

Why are so many of these young ex-service men unskilled? What are they entitled to from us? What is the nation's duty towards them?

These men gave years of their lives to the service of this country in its armed forces, years which in normal circumstances many of them would have used in learning a skilled occupation. Industrially these years were taken from them. It is true that years were taken from the lives of all those who served during the war, but to many, many thousands these years were not industrially of such vital importance as they were to the young man who to-day is still under thirty years of age.

The older man had settled himself in industry; he had become

either definitely one of the many thousands who look forward to a life in the ranks of the unskilled, or else he was established, or on the road to establishment, as a skilled man in some craft.

The war took from a large number of the 300,000 men of whom we speak their industrial opportunity. It is to this cause that we must ascribe the fact that they are unskilled. They, therefore, rightly ask that the nation shall now give them back their opportunity. They say that not reward for services, but a chance to regain their right to a place in the ranks of the craftsmen of this country, shall be given.

Is there any who, facing this position fairly, would dare to suggest that their request is not reasonable and just? That a number of these men should be trained to become skilled craftsmen is a claim that no just person can refute.

But in what shall they be trained? In what industry can we place them? The argument that industry is at present passing through a period of acute depression is no answer to the demand that men should be trained in readiness to seize the opportunity of reopened world markets. If we are to make the most of this opportunity when it comes we must have skilled men well trained at our disposal. Let us, however, leave the question of training men for this purpose and turn to a problem nearer home. There is no one who at the present moment would deny the great need for houses that exists throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In the latter part of 1920 and the early months of 1921 the Government recognised and acknowledged the right and the fairness of the claims put forward by the fit ex-service men to whom I have referred. It stated publicly and openly that of the many thousands of fit unskilled ex-service men who were under thirty years of age a large number were entitled to be trained at the expense of the State for a skilled occupation. The justice of the claim was acknowledged, and, in view of the shortage of houses and the fact that skilled labour for the building of houses was not available as it should be, the building industry was suggested as a possible opening for these men.

After the most exhaustive examination it was decided that, in view of the fact that a number of housing schemes were being held up owing to the shortage of skilled men, these schemes should be earmarked to be carried through by ex-service men who would have been trained under a suitable training scheme.

Steps were therefore taken to draft conditions under which it would be possible to absorb 50,000 young fit unskilled ex-service men into the building industry, and a definite scheme with this object in view was put forward.

The scheme as framed had as its object the relieving of unemployment among ex-service men, the augmentation of labour

in the building industry in order to alleviate the housing shortage, and the provision of a career as craftsmen for the men trained under the scheme.

In order to obviate a possibility of overloading the craftsmen in the building industry, the scheme was limited in application to 50,000 men, and especially was to apply to ex-service men already in the building industry in its unskilled branches.

The difficulty of selecting suitable men to come within the provisions of the scheme was fully recognised, and it was suggested that the scheme should be operated through local committees consisting of employers and employees' organisations interested in the industry.

A contract of service was to be entered into as between the employer and the trainee accepted under the scheme. Such contract would have been operative for two years, but was subject to a probationary period of three months and terminable thereafter on the ground that either party to it was not observing its conditions. In the case of it being desirable for a trainee to transfer from one employer to another, the contract of service included a clause making provision for the transfer and assignment of the agreement under proper conditions giving adequate protection to the trainee.

Those ex-service men accepted as trainees under the scheme were to be paid at the following rates :

First six months .	50 per cent. of the district skilled man's rate plus 10s. per week.
Second six months .	65 per cent. of the district skilled man's rate plus 5s. per week.
Third six months. .	80 per cent. of the district skilled man's rate.
Fourth six months .	90 per cent. of the district skilled man's rate.

At the conclusion of the two years as covered by the agreement full district rates would be paid.

Under the conditions as outlined, it was the intention that the Government should during the first six months of the operation of an agreement contribute a sum of 10s. per week per trainee and during the second six months 5s. The State contribution was to be paid for a full week even though the firm by whom the trainee was employed was actually working short time, subject to the fact that the man attended for work on the days on which the firm required him ; if, on the other hand, the man during any week did no work at all, the State contribution was not to be paid. If during the currency of the contract the trainee so desired, he could apply to his employer for a certificate of proficiency entitling him, on the ground of his qualifications, to a higher percentage of the district rate of wages than that laid down by the scale in the scheme. The conditions governing the issue of such certificate,

however, laid it down that if during the first twelve months the trainee received payment at the rate of more than 65 per cent. of the district rate, the State contribution would cease from the date of the receipt of the increased rate.

The supervision of the scheme was in the hands of the district committees constituted by it, and its success would no doubt have depended to a large extent upon the measure of interest and enthusiasm shown by these committees. Further, it was recognised that, in order to ensure its success, all those interested in the building industry would have to give some measure of support to it.

Everyone associated with the industry knew the seasonal nature of it, and was anxious that the working of a training scheme should not accentuate the permanent difficulties due to this. Therefore, as a result of the recognition of these factors, it was suggested, in order to protect those who were already established in the industry, that in the case of a man employed or standing by to work on a job when called upon for a full week the payment for lost time should be 50 per cent. in respect of time lost through stress of weather up to twenty-two hours per week. In the case of time lost more than twenty-two hours, the hours lost over and above this period should be paid for at 75 per cent. of the full rate.

The effect of this proposal would have been that, if a man lost twenty-two hours and worked twenty-two hours of his forty-four-hour week, he would have received 75 per cent. of his full wage. It was felt that the cases of men who could not work for more than half a week through stress of weather would be very few, but when the whole week was lost for this reason the man who was 'standing by' the job would have been ensured payment to the extent of 62½ per cent. of his full week's wages.

Unfortunately, the scheme as finally drafted, providing as it did employment for a large number of men, a definite status for them in industry, an amelioration of the housing difficulty and a guarantee to those already in the industry, was not acceptable to those interested in the industry and was abandoned.

What is the position now? These men, amongst whom is some of the finest material in the country, have lived during the last few years under the cloud of unemployment, with no craft to make them employable, with only the faint possibility of a job turning up for which no particular skill is required, a job for which not one, but hundreds in a similar plight, will rush. These men, the pride of our country and Empire in its hour of need, are slowly, but surely, drifting from the despair of unemployment to the abyss of the unemployable. In spite of this, there is to-day a net shortage of almost a million houses; the urgent need for the building of them still exists. And one of the main causes for

this acute shortage and need is the dearth of skilled labour in the building industry!

The official statistics available for the building industry show that the following number of skilled craftsmen were in the industry at the dates given:

1901	720,229
1911	646,939
1914	434,801
1920	365,596
1923	369,740

For the three years ending in 1914 there was a reduction of skilled men amounting to 212,138, for the six years ending 1920 a reduction of 69,205, and for the three years ending 1923 the numbers were increased by 4144. The number of craftsmen were, therefore, reduced by about 50 per cent., or from 720,229 to 369,740, during the period 1901–1923.

An analysis of the latest figures shows that the average percentage of unemployment in the various crafts in the industry is— bricklayers, 2; carpenters, 4·1; plasterers, 3·9; plumbers, 6; slaters, 5·4; masons, 3·5; painters, 26·7; labourers, 13·6; and other classes of work, the most part unskilled, 25·3 per cent.; while the average throughout the building industry as a whole is 13·6, a figure obviously lowered from its maximum to almost *nil* as we approach the most skilled branches of the industry.

The statement is often made that there is no room in the industry for these young fit unskilled ex-service men, since unemployment has been, is, and always will be, abnormal so far as the building industry is concerned.

The statistics above quoted go to prove that the training of these ex-service men, many of whom are in the unskilled branches of the industry itself, would in no wise increase the percentage of unemployment in the crafts; it may, indeed, if organised on parallel lines with a courageous housing policy, considerably lessen not only unemployment in the industry itself, but in all the attendant industries that would be set in motion.

The shortage of houses in the country, the number of men in the building industry, the position of unemployment in it, all point to this avenue as the industrial salvation of those men whose cause we plead.

By limited vision, by too hard an adherence to economic fancies, by too narrow a safeguarding of advantages obtained, are we to see these men condemned for ever to the ranks of the 'unskilled'?

If the real facts of the situation are honestly faced there is but one answer.

The answer given must be acted upon without any loss of time if the door of a skilled craft is to be opened to them. The years are moving on; they are losing the suppleness of the apprentice; the iron of hopeless endeavour, of enforced idleness, is eating into their souls. A few more months, another year, of unemployment, with only 'anything not needing a training' to turn to, and they will be fixtures in the ranks of the indifferent and unambitious. They surely deserve something better; most of them seek but to serve this country and Empire industrially in peace-time as well, as willingly, and as efficiently as they served it in war.

Are we to be so unmindful of the peculiar sacrifice they made of their industrial opportunity as to keep the door closed and barred for all time against them?

J. R. GRIFFIN

RICHARD JEFFERIES

I. His Study of Nature

When Richard Jefferies died in 1887 there was a general agreement, in those circles that profess thoughtful reading habits, that we had lost one of our most graceful writers on country life; indeed, it was not disputed that rarely in English literature had the poet and the naturalist so intimately and happily collaborated on the same page. His essays, which had appeared for the previous fifteen years in the leading journals, were described as 'quite charming,' and recommended as the most delightful of solaces for leisure hours. Richard Jefferies, in short, was classed as a very superior and more cultured kind of coffee or liqueur, which should be sipped after dinner, when the digestion must not be disturbed by serious undertakings. There were wiser people who knew better, but such was the opinion of the ordinary reading man. And now that, for the moment, Jefferies is no longer a best seller—though he was never really that, of course—or even a regular article of consumption at circulating libraries, the idea has become still more persistent that he is little else but an essayist on rural topics. It would surely have been a great enough subject for any man to take as his life work. However, the soot-covered aristocracy of the modern towns and suburbs does not acknowledge an equality with the plebeian life of the country, which was Jefferies' hobby.

Rarely or never has the popular verdict of a man of letters been further from the mark. To anyone who will read Jefferies with ordinary care the idea of him as merely a soother of nerves will arouse rippling laughter. There are, indeed, passages of the most restful and purest poetry—if what stirs the emotions can ever be restful. But the restfulness of Jefferies's prose was on the surface; it was a sheen of beauty spun over the face of a raging volcano of passion which surged beneath. On closer examination this essayist of peaceful rural life turns out to be a burning prophet, who is blazing with a desire to set fire to the thought of the world, as smaller, pettier men sometimes set fire to houses in a street riot.

In the conventional phrase, Richard Jefferies threw down the glove of challenge to the modern civilisation of his nation and his age; though the phrase is unhappy, for a glove is the last thing that this particular prophet would have been likely to have at hand. It would be nearer the truth to say that his chal lenge was a ploughshare, or, in more pitying mood, a sprig of that wild thyme which was so continually on his pages. At all events, his symbol of assertion would have been some token of the fields or hedgerows of the country lanes. For Jefferies's challenge to the world of town dwellers was a call to cease from their folly; to come out into the meadows once more, where again they might see the sun.

Note the term of the short period when Jefferies lived. He was born in 1848 and died in 1887. His thirty-nine years covered the moment when this island reached the meridian of her career as the greatest commercial nation of the world. The precise years may not be, strictly speaking, the days of greatest economic triumph, but it would be difficult to find any others which better express the final result of the Industrial Revolution. England was intoxicated with its material success, and the period of drunkenness is generally when the day's work is done. They may have made the bulk of their money in the days before Jefferies wrote; but when he took up the pen his fellow-countrymen were in the full flow of their urban festivities.

The people who ruled England, and wrote of it, the people who 'mattered,' or thought they did, had somehow or other come to see life through the eyes of the town. Everything that they considered important happened in the town, and all that was done outside was mainly done in order that the towns might become more prosperous and more numerous. For example, the country was thrown to the fate of ruin by two manufacturers, Cobden and Bright, and their accomplices, in order that the towns might have cheaper bread. The Free Traders may have been perfectly disinterested (though it is probable they were not), but it is undeniable that they were recklessly prepared to sacrifice the country to the welfare of the town. But all this was only part of the general policy that had absorbed the energies of England since the new 'Black Death' that was brought to Europe by Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, and all his fellow mechanical designers.

When Jefferies began to write England had almost forgotten the countryside. The strange thing is that although it is true to say that there was almost as much of the physical country as there had always been—for the towns and mines only covered a comparatively small part of the surface—yet, in the realms of the mind, the town had almost blotted out the country by its smoke.

To repeat, 'the men who mattered' were the people of the town. They were bred, not in villages, and farms, or manor houses, but in slums, or suburbs, or salons. The country, at the best, was a week-end or holiday resort, only to be fled to when one's health could stand the town no longer. The rural manor was a place from which great gentlemen could bring a tradition of power and prestige which enabled them to cut a greater figure on the political stage or in the fashionable West End drawing-room. The country had other parasitic uses; it supplied the metropolis with robust police constables, who could not be bred sufficiently in slums. And if the rural people behaved nicely they could always come to town one fine day and be shown round as our country cousins, and even amuse us by their quaint ways.

All that mattered in England was the town and its people and their wishes and ways.

To this grotesque contortion of life Jefferies threw down a passionate challenge. He almost defiantly said that the only things that mattered were all to be found in the country. At least, that is a fair statement of his first principle. Being a very great man, of course, he saw all sides of life, and before we have considered him altogether it will be obvious that, although he wrote so continually of the fields and all that they contained, yet he was certain that man was the highest pinnacle of Nature and easily the lord of creation. He often tells us that beauty is not in the flower, but in the mind of the man that conceives its grace.

Jefferies's philosophy of the supremacy of man in Nature it will be all-important to consider later; but, first, it is essential to consider his Nature-study side, his minute examination of everything that he could see, or hear, or smell in the country. He seems to have put the fields, and the woods, and the sun, and the sky, and the wind under a miraculously efficient analytical microscope, in order that he might wring the mysteries and the truth of the world from their phenomena. These country things were the basis of his philosophy, his intellectual food, the very foundation of his life; and they are the clue to all the final fruits of his work. Therefore it is necessary to know what Jefferies thought of the country; for, after all, perhaps the popular verdict of the plain man, that Jefferies was mainly a writer of rural idylls, may be very near the truth.

Nine-tenths of literature is concerned with the doings and sayings of men and women; the greater part of its *mise en scène* is within the walls of human houses. If we gathered our whole knowledge of life within a library, from the printed page, we might hastily imagine that existence was a long conversation happening in the drawing-rooms, and offices, and taverns of the

city streets. The message of Richard Jefferies was that nine-tenths of the things that matter happens in the open air.

It is all a question of material. Jefferies used the grass and herbs, the movements of light and air, as Balzac, for instance, used the actions and dress of men and women. Take Balzac's *Lès Employés*, wherein he analyses, on page after page, the smallest data of those strange, futile creatures who sat on chairs and wasted their lives in the Government offices of Paris, and the dresses and words of their wives and relations at home.

Can anyone say that Jefferies chose smaller or more insignificant matters for his pen? Take a passage from that great ode to the exuberance of life which he named *The Pageant of Summer*:

> Steeped in flower and pollen to the music of bees and birds, the stream of the atmosphere became a living thing. It was life to breathe it, for the air itself was life. The strength of the earth went up through the leaves into the wind. Fed thus on the food of the immortals, the heart opened to the width and depth of the summer—to the broad horizon afar, down to the minutest creature in the grass, up to the highest swallow. . . . Living things leap in the grass, living things drift upon the air, living things are coming forth to breathe in every hawthorn bush.

Or, again, another passage from the same essay:

> Still the pageant moves. The song talk of the finches rises and sinks like the tinkle of a waterfall. The greenfinches have been by me all the while. A bullfinch pipes now and then further up the hedge where the brambles and thorns are thickest. Boldest of birds to look at, he is always in hiding. The shrill tone of a goldfinch came just now from the ash branches, but he has gone on.

Are the characters of this tale of the pageant of summer—and these above are only a fraction of the multitudes of abundant life that flit across its page—are these rural things less vital, less beautiful, less interesting, than the weird scraps of humanity that in Balzac's tale creep into their State bureau at nine in the morning and slip out again at four or five? Do not the players of the summer pageant spend a more commendable day than these?

One often hears it said that one great novelist or another is a great artist and full of brilliancy or amusement, but, after all, he has merely chosen a passing phase of life, a backwater in the world's career. So, goes on the criticism, in a generation or two all that environment will have become unknown to its later readers. So there will be no life in the picture; it will be as unreadable as a book in an unknown tongue. In other words, the novelist in question has hung his story on trivialities which have quickly passed away. He has written of the temporal instead of the eternal.

Richard Jefferies took no such chances as these if, perchance, he desired to live with the immortals. Had he lived a thousand years ago and taken the great Roman Empire for his theme, he might have been cheated of his prize, for the empire of Rome has gone. In another thousand years, perhaps, it may be that the mediæval life has gone so far away that our descendants will no longer be able to read Walter Scott. Will Thackeray pass with the memory of the days of the Georges and Victorians ? Is Shakespeare quite certain of eternity when senseless wars and political murders for kingdoms, and deeds like those, become impossible things in a world which may have dismissed such crudities from the diaries of decent mankind ? A triumphant League of Nations may make *Henry V.* a mere penny dreadful.

But Jefferies has played with higher romance. His creatures are the sun and moon, the violet and the thyme, the birds of the air and the furred folk of the earth. His beloved west wind had seen the rise of Chaldea and the fall of Rome ; there is no empire it may not hope to outlive, and no man has wearied of it yet. The sun, that titanic hero of *The Pageant of Summer*, what have the tales of human creatures to show that can equal him ? He is not one of the things of to-day ; he is the basis of life. It is clear that Jefferies, like Prometheus, had stolen his fire from the heavens. It perhaps never crossed his mind that thus he might win what human men call immortality.

Jefferies is no less certain of his place if he must be measured by the beauty of his subject-matter :

> I cannot leave it ; . . . the endless grass, the endless leaves, the immense strength of the oak expanding, the unalloyed joy of finch and blackbird ; from all of these I receive a little. . . . In the blackbird's melody one note is mine ; in the dance of the leaf shadows the formed maze is for me, though the motion is theirs ; the flowers with a thousand faces have collected the kisses of the morning.

Are the chatter and wit of a brilliant salon more delicious or more sparkling than the sound of summer in full song ? Can it produce men who are more noble to look on than the beech or the poplar trees, or women who can talk more graciously than the nightingale, or flit as daintily as the whitethroat ? What human lover ever courted with the romance of the blackcap ? What mistress was ever as alluring as the gentle dropping melody of the willow warbler ? In music, in colour, in light, in scents, in everything that wit of writer can collect on his pages to build up his scene, in all of these the rustic has it every time. We can get the measure of his triumph when we put the light of his sun against the gas lamps of his rival in the town.

But it is absurd and unnecessary to set the country world in rivalry against the world of the town. Let it be admitted freely

that perhaps there may have been a woman as beautiful as the June rose; it is even possible that there was once a wit who conversed as brilliantly as the garden warbler. That is surely sufficient praise; and in saying it we have not been ungenerous to the beauty or the wit.

It is a very amazing mistake to think that the writer of country essays is limited in the scope of his plots. The man who mistakes one field for the next field should not return to London for more variety; he should go to an oculist to have his sight tested. There are deformed fragments of humanity who cannot distinguish between the song of a thrush and that of a nightingale; they are the same kind of beings who would confuse St. Paul's Cathedral with Westminster Abbey, if they were not on different 'bus routes. The monotony of London life, with a policeman at each elbow and a railway line to carry you automatically to any destination, with endless rows of houses and a dull repetition of streets, all this puts the town dweller at a grave disadvantage when he is set down in the staggering variety of rural life. He is as helpless as if he were planted in an African forest.

There is a gigantic grandeur about the plots of Jefferies's essays and books. When one has read through *Wild Life in a Southern County* it is almost impossible to argue that a town has any such range of topics to offer, that is if one is only interested in subjects worthy of the consideration of rational men. Of course there are a thousand subjects arising in town life which never appear in the country. There are dozens of desperate evils which threaten the whole life of the cities. The town dweller must be always clamouring desperately for fresh air, more sunlight, less dust, or less noise; drains, epidemics, overcrowded streets, are all very urgently fit subjects for his thoughts. But for the moment we are thinking of the beauties and not the indecencies of life. And when it comes to beauties and charms, what can the town bid against the fields?

The morning sun gives a sparkle to the dewdrops that never flashed in the most brilliant of salons. The blush on the cheeks of the flowers needs no rouge; they seek no bottled scents to give them allurement. Is any orchestra so delicate as the song of the birds at sunrise? Is any singer so choice as the nightingale at evensong? Did majestic woman ever equal the rising of the moon? Did any haughty beauty compare with the flaunting setting of the sun? Who would measure, for a moment, the miles of the downs of Jefferies's Berkshire with the London where we measure by feet—or is it inches?

We may argue and wriggle when we get away from the magic of Jefferies's pen, but while we read there is the unanswerable conviction that this man has made out his case. The country seems

the only place that is supremely important, the only place that is beautiful, where alone there is an infinite variety and range of interests and charms. As we read we become pagan once more. The heavy mantle of centuries of civilisation slips off our shoulders as easily as the wind blows the mists from the hills. We are back to the foundations of man's nature, to those traditional roots of age-long customs and beliefs which still govern our instincts, however vainly we imagine we choose our own way. Of the deepest traditions of mankind the country is the breeding place, and the town is the scene of thoughtless adventures which may be forgotten to-morrow.

Richard Jefferies is so convincing. He has a style that carries conviction. His assertions are apparently as true as his statements of facts. Here we touch the basis of his strength. He can paint his scene with such astonishing accuracy that it is not second-hand literature, but the facts themselves. Once, for example, he describes the journey of an ant; it is only a matter of 10 inches in length, but they are as clear in our eyes as if he had devoted ten volumes by way of a geological and geographical and botanical survey of the road. There is another essay in which he describes, in precise detail, the flight of a kestrel. There is another, where he draws minutely the offices of a solicitor in a country town; as each visitor enters we instinctively move up a little closer to make room for the latest arrival. In *Hodge and his Masters* Jefferies shows that he uses Nature in no narrow sense, for he clearly gave as much attention to man as to his fields. This last-named volume is a series of portrait studies of human individuals and classes, just as *The Life of the Fields* is an album of portraits of what we, somewhat hastily, call a lower world of plants and beasts.

But one doubts whether Jefferies in his heart drew a very distinct line between these two departments of life, between the human and the world below. There is one suggestive fact, namely, that the first essay in *The Life of the Fields* volume, although it is called 'The Field Play,' has for its centre the figures of big Matt and Dolly. One's first impression on reading this essay is that it is one of the most successful things in English literature. In twenty-five pages we get a gigantic picture that, in fact, only professes to cover a corner of a little parish; but in imagination it is a redrawing of the big part of life. Dolly, with her laughing eyes, her sun-red cheeks, is enchanting:

> No character whatever, no more than the wind; she was like a well-hung gate swinging to a touch; like water yielding to let a reed sway; like a singing flame rising and falling to a word, and even to an altered tone of voice. A word pushed her this way; a word pushed her that. Always yielding, sweet and gentle. Is not this the most seductive of all characters in women?

As for Matt, the mower, he is built of all those strong juices that are nurtured under the sun and winds. He is the symbol of natural untamed strength :

I wonder whether the man ever thought as he reposed at noontide on a couch of grass under the hedge ? Did he think that those immense muscles, that broad, rough-hewn plank of a chest of his, those vast bones encased in sinewy limbs—being flesh in its fulness—ought to have more of this earth than mere common men, and still more than thin-faced people —mere people, not men—in black coats ? Did he dimly claim the right of strength in his mind, and arrogate to himself the prerogatives of arbitrary kings ? Who knows which big processes of reasoning, dim and big, passed through his mind in the summer days ? Did he conclude he had a right to take what others only asked or worked for ?

This is not the place to tell of the ruthless tragedies that dragged the mighty Matt and the yielding Dolly alike to their dooms. But they are worthy to rank beside those massive dramas that wrung tears from the cloudless sky of Greece. Indeed, Dolly has much of the colour of a pagan of the south. 'Gay she was, as the brilliant poppies who, having the sun as their own, cared for nothing else.' Is that not the essence of paganism in a line ? For the moment this essay is mentioned to show that Jefferies did not forget that men and women were the central figures of the country ; he always set them in his landscapes with a sense of perfect proportion. We shall see later on that, by a strange paradox, this man, who has gained the name of being merely a writer of pleasant discourses on plants and birds, put an exceptionally great value to the infinite possibilities of man.

But nevertheless, however highly Jefferies placed the position and possibilities of man, his opinion was based on data drawn from a most minute survey of the country ; and those who want to know what Jefferies means must go first to the earth from which he drew his mental nourishment. His more dogmatic treatises, such as *The Story of My Heart*, should come later.

The already quoted *Pageant of Summer* may be the most complete summary of all that Jefferies wanted to say in the most perfect form. But the next essay, 'Meadow Thoughts,' is almost its equal. Both essays blend his two sides, the naturalist and the philosopher, into a whole. Thus in 'Meadow Thoughts' the milestone, 'To London 79 miles,' sets him meditating on the difference between country and town, between the so-called 'natural' and the so-called 'artificial' in life. The silence of Nature fascinates him, almost as a snake fascinates its prey. He writes :

To convey a full impression of the intense concentration of Nature in the meadows is very difficult—everything is so utterly oblivious of man's thoughts and man's heart. The oaks stand still—quiet, still—so still that the lichen loves them. At their feet the grass grows and heeds

nothing. . . . A great, broad province of green furrow and ploughed furrow between the old house and the city of the world. Such solace and solitude, seventy-nine miles thick, cannot be painted. . . . It is necessary to stay in it like the oaks to know it. . . . That is the silence of the fields. If a breeze rustled the boughs, if a greenfinch called, if a cart mare in the meadows shook herself, making the earth and air tremble by her with the convulsion of her mighty muscles, these were not sounds; they were the silence itself.

Jefferies goes on in this same essay to show how trivial is the knowledge gathered from books beside the learning he gathers from the meadow. He is struck by the fact that it is almost impossible for him either to read or write in the open air. 'The sunlight put out the books I brought into it just as it put out the fire on the hearth indoors; . . . an inexpressible thought quivered in the azure overhead; . . . the weak and feeble pages, the small fires of human knowledge, dwindled and lost meaning.' Here we see how Jefferies gathered the raw material out of which he constructed that philosophy of life which he most definitely tried to sum up in *The Story of My Heart*. But it was probably never expressed with better skill than in several of his less didactic works. There are many sound reasons for calling his *Wood Magic* his masterpiece, and on the face of it that book might be passed as a story for boys!

What Jefferies set himself to do was to convince his readers that their conventional valuation of the country and its inhabitants was all wrong. England had lost all sense of the balance of life. It had almost turned creation on its head—and thereby caused convulsions of the heart and brain—just because a few score of bustling mechanical inventors and financiers saw their way to making fortunes out of factories. Whether this was a necessary, or even tolerable, development cannot be discussed here. The country was being forgotten, anyhow. So Jefferies threw down a challenge to England to a great debate. 'That this House maintains that the country is altogether greater and more important than the town' might well have been the terms of the resolution.

And, indeed, it should not be a hard thing to maintain the truth of such terms in their most material sense. For the mind can travel back to the beginning of any history that is worthy of the name of civilisation; and, in all those thousands of years, this great work of the tilling of the soil and the rearing of cattle has been one of the few stable social institutions of mankind—the life of the fields, their herds and corn, their tending of flocks and their reaping of crops, this alone has survived all change. Political parties and their creeds come and go as the shadows race across the fields on a fickle April day; but the countryside of

England and its people would not be very strange if a Saxon ghost came back to its ancestral home.

Surely it is something to the credit of a social system that the wisest and most meddlesome of theorists and law-makers seem unable to shake the calm dignity of this eternal fact—the country?

When Richard Jefferies moved his resolution in the great House of Literature he took care to be on the side that possessed the most unanswerable facts. He might have parodied the speech which Benjamin Disraeli made on evolution and the angels, and might have perorated thus: 'My Lords and Gentlemen, I am on the side of the eternal. I leave to my opponents the flickering and the passing fancies of the towns.' Jefferies examined the country, and a dozen or so volumes are proof that he found there a multiplicity of life and interests such as no towns can outnumber, a range of beauty and joy beyond the reach of the city, and a philosophy of life that is at least as plausible as the theories bred in the academies of Greece.

Having thus suggested the great laboratory in which Richard Jefferies worked, whose roof was the sky, whose elements were the winds of the air and the beams of the sun, we can now more fruitfully consider the philosophy of life which he fused in the hot chambers of his active brain. There are some who say that the countryside must end in a torpor of thought. Jefferies, in his essay on 'Country Literature,' wrote: 'Nothing is so contrary to fact as the common opinion that the agricultural labourer and his family are stupid or unintelligent. In truth there are none who so appreciate information, and they are quite capable of understanding anything that may be sent to them in print.' It is some evidence of the stimulus of the country that it produced Jefferies from a stock of farmers.

Before turning from Jefferies in the country to Jefferies in the philosopher's study there may be quoted one paragraph from his essay 'The Pigeons at the British Museum' which puts the relationship between these two sides of his in a very clear manner. He tells how he has been irresistibly drawn out of the country to the great Reading Room in search of wisdom. But he is disappointed:

> The mind wearies of books, yet cannot forget that once when they were first opened in youth they gave it hope of knowledge. Those first books exhausted, there is nothing left but words and covers; for the rest it is repetition and paraphrase. The grains of wheat were threshed out and garnered two thousand years since. Except the receipts of chemists, except the specifications for the steam engine or the electric motor, there is nothing in these millions of books that was not known at the commencement of our era. Not a thought has been added. Continual threshing has widened out the heap of straw and spread it abroad, but it is empty. Nothing will ever be

found in it. Those original grains of true thought were found beside the stream, the sea, in the sunlight, at the shady verge of the woods. Let us leave the beating and turning over of empty straw; let us return to the streams and the hills; let us ponder by night in view of the stars.

In that one paragraph is contained Jefferies's judgment of the country and the town. In the one he could find the 'original grains of true thought' that could still be the inspiration of man; the town was a place where men were beating empty straw. He may be hastily wrong in this judgment, there may be a saner balance of the life of the world, but those who read his books will agree that he makes out an exceedingly strong case for his prejudices.

G. R. Stirling Taylor.

(To be continued.)

BYRON'S SULIOTE BODYGUARD

WHO were the Suliotes, and whence came they? Such questions must often have arisen in the minds of readers while pondering over the last phase of Byron's chequered career, before that noble act of self-sacrifice, in the cause of Greek freedom, which hastened his death at Missolonghi in 1824. For the poet's biographers usually credit their readers with a knowledge of Suliote history which few possess, or even have the power of acquiring. Turning to one of the few cyclopædias which condescend to notice that once formidable, but now extinct, community, we gather that 'they were a Greco-Albanian people who settled in Suli, and carried on war in the eighteenth century against the Turks and Albanians.' They were finally subdued in 1822, and forced to leave Suli for Greece.

As a matter of fact, the Suliotes ceased to be a distinctive land-owning community in 1803, when, after being almost exterminated, they were expelled from Suliland by Ali Pasha and forced to seek refuge, with other victims of the Pasha's brutality, in the Ionian Islands. And thereby hangs a most pitiful tale.

But where is Suliland? To locate it in Albania would assuredly leave most Britons cold. For that wild but beautiful land remains, as of yore, unknown to summer tourists. It seems but yesterday, indeed, that Albania was described by a high authority as 'the least known region in Europe; and though more than a century,' he goes on to state, 'has elapsed since Gibbon described it as "a country within sight of Italy, which is less known than the interior of America," many of its geographical problems still remain unsolved.' No tourist agency has taken Albania under its patronage, or even dared to shepherd adventurous scenery-gazers through its mountains and valleys. And though few countries are richer in classical remains or more intimately associated with great historical events, its scenic attractions must remain unknown, and its ruins unexplored, until foreign enterprise provides means of locomotion, together with—what is now considered essential to the enjoyment of scenery—a comfortable hotel in the foreground.

Albania, according to the best authorities, is a country without a national history. And the explanation is simple. For its inhabitants, up to recent times, have been so engrossed in the *making* of history, raiding, fighting, and perpetrating the most horrible atrocities under the guise of 'family feuds,' that no one has found time to *write* it. Clan has fought clan and family fought family, the 'homicidal habit' being so deeply engrained in the national character that when not engaged in actual war—formerly considered the only fit occupation for a respectable Albanian—the people were kept busy cleaning their arms and sharpening their knives ready for another 'scrap.'

Amongst such warlike people the transition from words to blows and sudden death was instantaneous, the flash of a knife or a shot from a gun being regarded as a more convincing way of clinching an argument than the verbose and dilatory methods in vogue amongst people who are reared in the belief that human life is too precious to be lightly sacrificed—even in a 'blood feud'—and that killing is a crime.

The condition of the country in the early part of last century was thus described by an English traveller:

> The contiguity of many small, fierce, independent tribes engendered constant and implacable discord. If blood was shed, even by accident, vengeance, uncontrolled by law and entrusted to individual discretion, swallowed up all other passions, and rendered society a scene of terror and suspicion.

And he adds:

> To such an extent did brigandage prevail that the very arts of civilisation began to disappear, and the whole land to present one unvaried scene of poverty and wretchedness.

To find a parallel to this state of primitive savagery nearer home, we must hark back two or three centuries, to the Scottish Highlands when the clan system was in its heyday, and raiding, pillage, and robbery were the chief diversions of all classes, and murder was but lightly regarded. Under the conditions then prevailing, the favourite Albanian proverb, 'He that knows not how to take another man's property deserves not to retain his own,' expressed a sentiment that was highly popular amongst the inhabitants. By way of emphasising the analogous condition of the two widely separated people, Dryasdust assures us that Albania, or Albany, was the ancient name of the Scottish Highlands, and that the custom of proffering a pinch of snuff on meeting a stranger prevailed amongst both peoples.

Byron, who visited Albania in 1809, was much impressed with this resemblance, and wrote:

> The Arnaouts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland in dress, figure, and manner of living.

Their very mountains seemed Caledonia—with a kinder climate; their dialect (not a written language), Celtic in its sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven.

He added:

Their manner of walking is truly theatrical; but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans; and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable.

Byron's admiration for these wild hillmen found expression in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*:

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of trouble need:
Their wrath how deadly! But their friendship sure.
(Canto II., stanza lxv.)

At length a strong man arose in the land. 'The wild mountains of Albania had long slumbered in obscurity'—to quote the words of a well-informed contemporary—'and, though in the immediate vicinity of civilised Europe, had never been visited by the curious traveller till Ali Pasha, like some lurid meteor, blazed out in this obscure district and attracted the notice and admiration of the world by his ability, his courage, his crimes, and his success.' And, may it not be added, now that the full tale of his atrocities has leaked out, the loathing of all civilised people?

Under the sway of this devil incarnate, who, to give even Satan his due, was, next to Napoleon, quite the most remarkable man that epoch produced, no one was permitted to rob, raid, or murder but himself; and Ali fairly revelled in these royal privileges. Adopting, alike in letter and spirit, the favourite motto of Tamerlane, 'A king is never safe unless the foot of his throne swims in blood,' he reduced robbery and extortion to a fine art and deluged his country in blood.

By far the most warlike and inaccessible of the clans that opposed Ali Pasha's ambitious designs was the Suliote tribe, inhabiting a wild, mountainous tract of country extending from the north shore of the Gulf of Arta almost to the lake and town of Janina. This little district—some thirty miles in length and breadth—lay parallel with the coast, from which it was cut off, however, by the independent State of Parga—a small community of Greek Christians which Ali Pasha never conquered, and which, by reason of the assistance it rendered the Suliotes, neighbours and fellow-Christians, proved a thorn in the flesh to the Pasha. Amidst this

tangle of mountains, through which 'the dark Acheron, now called the Kalamas, rolls its gloomy tide among recesses and chasms so deep and shadowy'—to quote the poetic description of an old author-traveller—'that the wild imagination of the Greeks called it a river of hell, and the district through which it ran the entrance to the infernal regions,' the tribe of Suliotes fixed their chief abode, 2000 feet above the river bed, and named it Kako-Suli, from the almost unscalable nature of its situation.

So little had the arts of civilisation penetrated into these savage regions that its inhabitants rose to power, enjoyed a brief celebrity, chiefly as fighters and raiders, and passed away without leaving any written records either of their origin or achievements. To a native of the neighbouring State of Parga we are indebted for such brief historical notes as are now accessible. This curious record was first published at Venice in 1815, an English translation of the Italian edition being issued later at Edinburgh. According to the author, in or about the year 1730 the Suliote clan could boast of no more than 200 men capable of bearing arms. Its increase was due to Turkish oppression, which drove the inhabitants into the mountains. Even at the height of its power the Suliotes are stated to have numbered no more than 12,000 souls, of whom only some 2500 were fighting men. Imaginative writers have credited them with the possession of 'cities' and 'populous towns.' So far was this from being the case that their settlements scarcely deserved the name of villages. Their chief 'city,' indeed, boasted of but '150 scattered houses,' the remains of which after the expulsion of the tribe were carefully counted by an accurate and observant English traveller.

The Suliotes enjoyed the reputation, even amongst their Albanian fellow-countrymen, of being the best fighters of any Albanian clan, so much so that, from the earliest times of which records exist, they were regarded by the Greeks throughout the Turkish dominions as the 'prime soldiers and surest hope of their faith.' For the Suliotes, in spite of their savagery and evil habits, called themselves Christians. It is of interest to note, moreover, that in a scheme submitted for the approval of the Empress Catherine of Russia in 1790 for a rising of all the Greek subjects of the Porte, Kako-Suli was named as the meeting-place of the intended Congress, and the centre from whence the Confederate Army was to begin its march.

The Suliote men were easily distinguishable amongst the Albanians by the colour of their skin, which, owing to constant exposure to sun and wind, was of the colour and consistency of tanned leather—of a dark bronze tone.

The manners and customs of the Suliote women all tended to

encourage the warlike characteristics of the clan. It was their duty in battle to keep the fighting men supplied with ammunition and provisions. They learnt to use the long, unwieldy Suliote musket, and were wont on occasion to seize the weapons of the slain and rush into the fight. As in the days of Homer, the fountain was their favourite rendezvous, and here the wives of the bravest warriors claimed precedence in filling their jars or watering the cattle; the rest taking turn according to the reputation enjoyed by their husbands in war; and it was their custom on such occasions to hurl reproaches—in not very refined language, one opines—at the wives of those who had never distinguished themselves in battle.

The first appearance of the Suliotes in the arena of European politics was in 1787, when the encroachments of Russia forced the Sultan to declare war. Thereupon manifestoes were distributed throughout Greece by Russian agents inviting Christians everywhere to arm and assist the Russians in expelling the Turks from Europe. Especial efforts were made to arouse the warlike tribes of Albania to attack their Mussulman neighbours. To this appeal the Suliotes alone responded—more as an excuse for raiding their neighbours' flocks and herds than for love of Russia—invading the plains, carrying off cattle, and looting the farms of Mussulman and Christian landowners indiscriminately.

> To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
> And descends to the plain like a stream from the rock.
> (*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*)

It so chanced that Ali Pasha had just made himself master of Janina, the capital of Albania (1788), and as the Suliotes had pushed their raids up to the very walls of Janina, a force was sent to punish them. The Suliotes, however, being assisted covertly by the Venetians—who still held Butrinto, Parga, Prevesa, and other coast towns—administered a sound drubbing to the Pasha's troops.

Meanwhile the Russians, finding the Suliotes too few in number to render effective help, abandoned them to make the best terms they could with Ali Pasha. But that perfidious tyrant, recognising that these wild mountaineers were likely to prove an insuperable barrier to the realisation of his designs, had already marked them down for destruction, and hurried on his preparations.

His first attempt was made in 1792. Being aware of the impregnable nature of their territory, he sought to achieve his purpose by a *ruse de guerre*. Announcing his intention of attacking a rival in the north, he invited two of the most influential Suliote chiefs to accompany him, offering double pay to any of their

followers who might accompany them. One of the chiefs and some seventy men swallowed the bait, and descending into the plains, proceeded to join the advance guard of Ali's army, which, it was stated, was already engaged with the enemy, while Ali, with the main force, brought up the rear. The Suliotes on reaching the banks of the Kalama River, little suspecting treachery, laid aside their arms, as was their wont, and engaged in sports and military games. Instantly the Pasha, like a tiger from its lair, sprang upon the helpless mob, slaughtering, or making prisoners of, all except three, one of whom, leaping a precipice into the river, managed to elude his pursuers and the fire that was directed on him, and escaping up the mountain, warned the clan of Ali's treachery, thus enabling them to prepare for the attack which followed.

Amongst the Suliote prisoners were a chief named Tzavella and his son Foto, a mere lad. Ali, thinking to get possession of the Suliote strongholds without further fighting, sent Tzavella to make terms with the tribe, holding Foto as a hostage for his return. The sequel throws a curious light on Suliote manners and customs.

On Tzavella's arrival amongst his own people, instead of advising surrender, he exhorted them to a strenuous defence and sent a letter, couched in the true Suliote spirit, to the Pasha:

> You think I am a cruel father to sacrifice my son; but if you had conquered us, all my family would have been exterminated, and no one left to avenge them. My wife is young, and I may have many more children to defend their country. If my boy is not willing to be sacrificed for it, he is not fit to live, but to die as an unworthy son of Greece.

On receipt of this Ali ordered his troops to attack. After several days' fighting, however, and being hopelessly beaten, the Pasha, fearing for his own safety, fled to the capital, where orders were given for the inhabitants to remain indoors, so that on return of the fighting men, most of whom had taken refuge in the forests, in a starved and half-naked condition, the full extent of the disaster should not be realised.

The finishing stroke had been given by the Suliote women, amongst whom Tzavella's wife especially distinguished herself. On receiving a message from Ali's son, Veli, who was in command, threatening to roast Foto alive, she replied, with true Spartan heroism, that sooner than betray her country she would eat a piece of the roast flesh. The lad's behaviour was equally heroic. A Greek, who was present when Foto was brought before Veli Pasha, stated that on the latter telling the boy he was to be roasted, as a punishment for his father's breach of faith, Foto replied: 'My father will roast your father or your brother' (Mouchtar Pasha) 'if he catches them.' The lad was eventually released,

and for the next six years the Suliotes were left undisturbed, the Pasha being kept busy elsewhere.

Not till 1799 was Ali free to resume operations, this time with a full determination of rooting out a people who had become not only a terror to their peace-loving and more civilised neighbours, but were now regarded by the Imperial Government as a menace to the State. Warned by previous failures of the futility of attacking the Suliote strongholds, Ali resorted to methods in the use of which he was an adept. Before commencing operations Ali persuaded some of the most influential Suliotes, by the promise of fighting and plunder, to enter his service. Others, whom he craftily enticed into his power, were held as hostages for the good behaviour of the rest. The success which attended his efforts thus far encouraged him to make further advances. Accordingly he invited the entire clan to quit their barren rocks and settle on certain fertile lands which he offered to place at their disposal. The effect of this seemingly generous offer was somewhat discounted by the threat to exterminate the entire Suliote community in case of refusal. Ali having thus unwittingly disclosed his real intention, the offer was, of course, declined.

The Suliotes proving deaf to the voice of the charmer, Ali began the 'war of extermination,' extending over three years of continuous fighting, entailing an enormous loss of life and, what the Pasha valued infinitely more, of treasure, during which, as Byron truly observes, 'several acts were performed' (by Suliotes) 'not unworthy of the better days of Greece.' The siege of their strongholds eventually resolved itself into a blockade, with intent to starve out the attenuated garrison. But these expectations would have proved delusive—supplies of both food and ammunition having been freely obtained from friendly Parga, as also from French warships off the coast—had not Ali's persistent attempts to seduce certain chiefs proved successful.

> Here and there some daring mountain-band
> Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
> Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.
> (*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*)

In consequence of their great losses, partly from defections, the Suliote defensive lines had repeatedly to be contracted for lack of defenders; and the blockade became so effective that the heroic remnant, with starvation staring them in the face and without hope of relief, had to make the best terms they could with a vengeful foe. Accordingly on December 12, 1803, after defending their eagles' nests with the most indomitable courage for nearly four years, terms of capitulation were agreed on, and signed by Veli Pasha on behalf of his father the Vizier. Under

these terms the chiefs, with their followers, were granted a safe conduct to Parga, then under a Russian protectorate. Trusting to this signed agreement, the survivors descended to the plains in two separate bodies. An ambush, nevertheless, was prepared by Ali, in direct violation of the agreement, and it was only through a warning of this shameful treachery, conveyed to them by one of the Vizier's own men, that the party escaped destruction. Several Suliote women on this occasion, rather than fall into the hands of a perfidious foe, threw themselves, with their children in arms, over a precipice. In this manner twenty-two women and six men were seen to destroy themselves, their fragments being afterwards found by the enemy.

From Parga, after a short rest, the now homeless Suliotes proceeded, by permission of the Russian Plenipotentiary who at this time ruled over the Septinsular Republic (Ionian Islands), to Corfu, where they were kindly treated, certain districts being assigned to them for settlement.

After a brief sojourn in their new homes, the male refugees were formed into a body of light infantry, six companies of 100 men each, under the Russian Colonel Beckendorf. On the French regaining possession of the islands, under the Treaty of Tilsit (1807), the regiment took service with their new masters, forming part of the garrison of Corfu until the abdication of Napoleon in 1814.

In the autumn of 1809—a treaty of peace between Great Britain and Turkey having been signed in January—Byron paid his memorable visit to Albania, which inspired some of the finest stanzas in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and was received with marked distinction by one of the most extraordinary individuals that epoch produced—Ali Pasha, Vizier of Albania. That remote and distracted corner of Europe was then virgin soil for English travellers. 'With the exception of Major Leake, then officially resident at Janina,' wrote Byron, 'no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior.' It was during his visit to Albania—'thou rugged nurse of savage men,' as he calls it—that Byron heard the tragic story of the Suliote wars. But notwithstanding several allusions to the Suliotes, as well as to their home land, in the *Pilgrimage*, and though he refers in flattering terms—in the descriptive lines of a nautical adventure which befell the travellers on one occasion—to the treatment accorded the castaways by the natives, these latter could scarcely have been true Suliotes, in view of their expulsion in 1803.

On quitting Albania Byron took two of the natives into his service as personal attendants, and these remained with him until his return to England. From their devotion and loyal service the

poet seems to have formed a somewhat undeservedly high opinion of their fellow-countrymen in general.

One cannot help wondering if Byron, in the course of his Albanian experiences, ever had a presentiment of the tragic issue of his too confiding trust in the Suliote warriors, for, after all, they were Albanians. Could he have foreseen how his own death was to be hastened by, if not indirectly due to, the faithlessness of the very people whose praises he had sung fifteen years earlier, one wonders if he would have taken them into his service.

With the surrender of Corfu to the British (1814), followed by the declaration of a 'protectorate' of the Ionian Islands—as authorised by the 'Congress of Vienna' (1815)—the 'Albanian Legion,' as the composite regiment of Suliotes and other refugees from Ali Pasha's persecutions was now called, accepted service under the British flag. On the disbandment of the Legion in 1817 a free passage was offered to all who desired to join the Albanian regiment in the King of Naples' service. The greater number, however, elected to remain in the island,

> unwilling to lose sight of their native mountains, for their *amour propre* [wrote an English officer] is excessive ; and their songs, reminding them of the former home, dissolve them into tears with the melancholy remembrance.

How true was Napoleon's saying that 'sentiment rules the world'!

During the next five years we lose sight of the homeless Suliotes. Scattered throughout the islands, they gained a livelihood as best they could, fighting and raiding, their natural vocation, being taboo under British rule; and though no thoroughbred Suliote would demean himself by turning to agriculture, he had no conscientious scruples against tending flocks.

In 1821, Ali Pasha being now sole despot in Albania, and having extended his sway over Thessaly and the Morea, he allowed himself to be persuaded by flatterers that the time had come to assert his independence; and having defied the Sultan's command to repair to Constantinople, the Imperial armies were set in motion to enforce it. But the Commander-in-Chief being an incompetent man, not even a soldier by profession, Ali, had he followed Colonel Napier's advice, might not only have won his independence, but have even installed himself on the throne of the sultans at Constantinople. As it was he allowed the invading armies to penetrate the passes of the Pindus unmolested, thus ensuring his own eventual defeat, and soon found himself besieged in his own capital.

At this juncture the Turkish general, remembering Ali's brutal treatment of the Suliotes, invited the remnant to attack their persecutor from the rear, under promise of being allowed to resume possession of Suliland. Accordingly some 200 of the

tribe, in defiance of the proclamation of neutrality issued by the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, secretly embarked and, landing in Albania, proceeded, according to instructions, to the siege of Kiapha, a strong fort built by Ali Pasha to dominate their territory and held by his troops. To fight amidst scenes hallowed by the recollection of former heroic exploits appealed to their patriotic instincts with a force which no other locality could have inspired in the same degree. But the Turkish general, having sent them to Kiapha, forgot to feed them, wherefore they were obliged to revert to their old raiding habits, which so exasperated their Mussulman neighbours that these complained to the general, who ordered the Suliotes to join the main army besieging the capital, under promise of bountiful rations and regular pay. The Suliotes obeyed the order, but with a rankling sense of having been cheated out of their inheritance—a feeling in no sense modified by finding themselves ill supported by the Imperial troops when fighting.

A brief experience with the besieging army sufficed to show the Suliotes that, in respect of pay and rations, they were no better off than before. This breach of faith bred more discontent, and as regular communication was kept up, under cover of night, with the Albanians in the capital—by which means Ali was informed of everything that took place in the besiegers' camp—the astute Pasha made an offer to the Suliotes of better pay, the possession of Kiapha fort, together with the restoration of the whole of their former territory, on the condition that they came over to him. Thereupon the Suliotes, with strange inconsistency, accepted service under the author of all their sufferings, and at midnight on December 12, 1821—the seventeenth anniversary, strange to relate, of the signing of the capitulation, under the terms of which they had been forced to surrender the land of their fathers—they quitted the besiegers' camp, and marching in perfect silence with incredible swiftness towards their native rocks, reached Kiapha, possession of which was immediately handed over to them, the following day.

The Nemesis which Ali Pasha had invoked by his brutal deeds was approaching. Driven to bay at last in one of the towers of his citadel, used as a powder magazine, 'The Lion,' as he styled himself, spent the last few days of a blood-stained life in the midst of his hoarded treasure, huddled up under a heap of dirty embroidered garments, with a lighted match by his side in readiness to give the finishing stroke. The tyrant fell at last by the treacherous blow of an assassin on February 5, 1822:

> Blood follows blood, and through their mortal span
> In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.
> (*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*)

The Greeks by this time were everywhere in revolt, and an attempt was made to relieve the Suliotes in Kiapha, but failed, whereupon the garrison, having wasted all the provisions and ammunition stored there, had to surrender to the Turks, whose general, glad to be rid of such troublesome foes, offered favourable terms. But the Suliotes, with bitter experience of the treachery of Turkish pashas—Ali, though an Albanian, was one—refused to trust the enemy's word or signature. The terms of surrender were, therefore, negotiated, and their faithful execution guaranteed by the British Consul at Prevesa. Through the same intermediary a sum of 200,000 piastres was paid by the Turks to the Suliotes as compensation for the definite and final abandonment of their territory. And on February 16, 1822, after a sad farewell to the crags they had so bravely defended in times past, accompanied by their wives and families, the homeless Suliotes quitted the land of their fathers for ever.

The subsequent history of the wandering tribe still awaits a historian, for, strange to relate, even the accurate Finlay parts company with them at this time, contenting himself, like other historians, with the statement that 'a few left secretly for the Greek Revolution under Botzaris, with whom other Suliotes were already serving.'

Chance, however, has disclosed to me a missing page of Suliote history from a quite unexpected source. It so happened that at the time of the second exodus of the clan from Albania Colonel Charles Napier—the future conqueror of Scinde, and better known as Sir Charles—was administrator, under the Lord High Commissioner, of the island of Cephalonia, where a temporary *pied à terre* was afforded the outcasts by the British Government. The manner in which Colonel Napier was brought into touch with these unfortunates is thus explained in a letter:

September 12, 1822.—A sudden order has come to prepare a large fortress, called Asso, for the Suliote nation, which has emigrated. Asso is capable of containing 300,000 people; yet our Government knew nothing of its existence until told by me! It is as strong as Gibraltar, and was built by the Venetians as a refuge for Christians against the Turks. There the Suliotes are to be, and only twenty-four hours given me for preparation and shelter. How strange to find myself chief of the Suliotes, and to have their treasure, for all their arms and money are to be placed in my hands. Probably it will be necessary to kill some of them to produce order.

The picture touched in by Colonel Napier of these forlorn creatures on arrival is of such unique interest that I give it verbatim:

September 27.—Let me give you an account of the Suliotes. There are more than 1400, and above half are *palikars*—old warriors. They wear the beautiful Albanian dress, and their faces are the colour of a tea-urn;

they are well made, not large, and are ignorant of every trade but robbing, and making war as robbers make war, and have a chief for each tribe. They came starving, and dying of sea-sickness, of want, of fatigue, having been crowded in little boats under a broiling sun. My first step was to get the women and children ashore, and at last all were landed and fed. They are to be placed in a fortress, which is so large that they will have fields and vineyards within, and be 400 feet above the sea on a steep rock. No *palikar* deigned to carry baggage: their poor wives had to do that, and said such was the custom; and for their husbands to break that custom would be foolish. Many of the women carried the arms of dead husbands and brothers; but there were more women killed than men, the latter having by sallies escaped shells that fell into Suli. Their arms are magnificent, and great presents they have offered to conciliate my goodwill, which they have got, however, on cheaper terms. They also begged me to receive a history of their recent war, written so that the world might know that they had acted bravely and honestly. It is easy to deal with them, so obedient and well conducted are they.

The 'history of their recent war' must have been the one previously referred to. It should be stated, however, that the Suliote wars were described in a versified biography of Ali Pasha, of which numerous extracts are given by Leake (*Travels in Northern Greece*, Vol. I.). He describes the work 'as barbarous in versification, phrase, and sentiment, as the manners it depicts.' The author, though a native of Albania, was a Mussulman, 'so ignorant that he was not even able to write his own verses.' Regarded as an historical document, Leake observes that 'as a poet the author exaggerates, as a Mussulman he regards Christians as a class upon whom the treachery and cruelty exercised by his hero' (Ali Pasha) 'are laudable proofs of wisdom and power.'

Colonel Napier continues:

The Turks behaved infamously about their [Suliote] treaty, and would have broke it and destroyed the Suliotes but for our men-of-war, who secured the hostages on board. What is to become of these people? My wish is to form them into a regiment. The labour of getting food and building wooden huts for them has been very oppressive to me, and eight or nine died of fatigue before they could be sheltered. Their appearance at my conference with the chiefs, who stood in front with their hardy-looking warriors in rear, was very picturesque. They have given me 3000 dollars to pay for their expenses, and as it has been done for one, they will be agreeably surprised.

The rest of the pen-picture is touched in by Napier's brother-biographer—the historian of the Peninsular war:

The Suliotes were not docile on all points. Just emerged from terrible trials, they did not like to give up their arms, and claimed the right of following their own customs among themselves, without heeding the island laws. This led to trouble. A Suliote killed a woman, and being claimed by the police, the whole body refused as a point of honour to give him up. It was untoward, for they are a terrible people when roused; and their fortress crowned a rocky promontory which had a sheer descent to the

sea on all sides but one, where a narrow neck, equally precipitous, joined it to the mainland. How were they to be dealt with? Intent to have the criminal without spilling the blood of men acting on their point of honour, Charles Napier blockaded the place, giving the Suliotes to understand that if the man could escape within three days he might, and so the matter would end, adding that means were prepared to intercept him, and the trial should be one of vigilance, not force. This being accepted, a chain of active Irish soldiers was immediately drawn across the neck of land, forbad to slay, but exhorted not to let a Greek overreach them. The first night passed quietly; the second was dark and stormy, but at one o'clock a wild Irish shriek of triumph rose above the tempest, and then—'The Slot! the Slot! I have the Slot!' followed in ringing tones. Up ran the supporting guard, and the shouter was found, stooping over the precipice, swaying to and fro under the driving blast and rain, but holding his musquet downwards, with the bayonet pointed against a naked man, who was hanging on to a ledge with both hands. This was the Suliote, who had thus painfully and dangerously drawn himself along. One day and night remained of the convention, and the Suliote was suffered to return to his people as he came. But next evening the neck of land suddenly blazed, from side to side and for some way down the precipice, with paper lanterns, placed in three rows, so that nothing could pass unseen. Then the Suliotes, admitting defeat, gave up the criminal, who was tried and hanged, to the great disgust of his countrymen, not objecting to his death, but to the manner of it, and the cause, saying, 'It was shameful to take the life of a brave man for the killing of a woman.'

It is impossible to withhold one's admiration from the strict, though ingenious, manner in which Napier vindicated the island law. But there never was an officer better fitted to deal with such a crisis. A weaker one might have been the cause of bloodshed. Napier's rigid fulfilment of all agreements won both the respect and admiration of these wild men of Albania, while his care and kindness in ministering to their needs and tending the sick were gratefully acknowledged. We are further assured that when two-thirds of their money was returned they offered it to Napier, and were amazed at his refusing it. And when, on leaving, their fine arms were restored in good order, 'those precious heirlooms of their race, with which they had performed so many daring actions,' they hailed him as a father; 'and to this day,' adds the writer (in ignorance of Suliote history), 'his memory is cherished in their rugged mountains.'

Here the curtain drops, and for the next nine or ten months, till the landing of Byron on his romantic crusade, we lose touch with the Suliotes. Byron reached Cephalonia August 2, 1823, and, according to his biographer, Moore, took into his pay as a body-guard forty of the mountaineers, thus unwittingly laying up a store of troubles that lasted, with varying intensity, to the day of his death. For these children of Nature, born and nurtured amidst crags and precipices, proved absolutely untamable. Byron and his inexperienced staff could make nothing of them. Wild horses,

indeed, could scarcely have been less amenable to discipline as discipline is understood in European armies, or to an orderly life. A companion of Byron, who was with him to the last, tells us that:

> Nothing distressed him more than the conduct of the Suliotes he had taken into his pay: they thought of nothing but extorting money from him. There were 300 in his force, and over 100 demanded double pay and triple rations, pretending to be officers, whose dignity would not permit them to lounge in the coffee-houses, unless attended by a henchman and a pipe-bearer.

At length a climax was reached. The fierce and uncontrolled lawlessness of these wild men rose to such a pitch that it became absolutely necessary to get rid of them, and this was only accomplished by the advance of a month's pay to the truculent warriors. Byron's Suliote bodyguard, now increased to fifty, remained with him to the last. When he rode out he was attended by the whole, though whether as a protection, or by way of adding *éclat* to his official status, is not clear. His bodyguard on these occasions was on foot, and although the men carried their muskets, they were always able to keep up with the horses, even at full speed, such was the effect of their early training. The cavalcade was preceded by the captain of the guard and a few men; then came Byron, usually with a friend, followed closely by his black groom and valet, both dressed like the 'Chasseurs' behind the carriages of ambassadors, the tail consisting of the rest of the guard.

Of the ceaseless worries and anxieties that beset Byron's path and assuredly hastened his end it is needless to tell. Is not the story set forth, with a wealth of detail, in the *Life and Letters* by his friend and biographer, Moore? With the poet's death on April 19, 1824, the curtain falls, and remains down so far as concerns the Suliotes. All that we can learn is that at the conclusion of the long-drawn-out 'war of independence' such of the tribe as remained alive were absorbed into the populace and their identity lost. Their country remained in possession of their bitter enemies, the Turks, till restored to Greece early in the present century.

TEIGNMOUTH.

MODERNISM IN THE ARTS

In the nineteenth century belief in 'progress' was a religion. In the twentieth it lingers as a superstition, vulgarised to the level of a poster, which I have seen, bearing the word and depicting St. Paul's in the year 2000, dwarfed by surrounding skyscrapers. The thought of most was expressed by Dean Inge in his Romanes Lecture. The Victorian optimism and wealth have crossed the Atlantic together. Let them go.

Why do we turn against the spirit of the age? The great Victorians all waged contention with their time's decay, and we have come to believe them right. The modern—the industrial—world, which began 150 years ago, is on the wrong road. Life is the only wealth. If we think at all we are disciples, often ungrateful enough, of Ruskin. We are the legatees of all the multitudinous instruments of well-being of the ages; but we seem to have fallen into an irremediable mediocrity. 'We see all things from pole to pole, but never once possess our soul.' So our despondency persuades us. Our overpopulated country does not value 'the progress which can be measured by statistics.' Athens was εὐσύνοπτος—all visible easily from one point; Florence was not larger than a modern spa. Quality is better than quantity, and there is incompatibility between the two.

The arts are the index of a nation's quality. We cannot produce a Parthenon or a Durham (though we can, significantly, produce a cathedral in the Byzantine style): they were the work of a great race; we are Byzantines. We have no Beethoven, no Turner, no Goethe; this is the 'progress' of a hundred years. Even Mill thought he would rather be Socrates unhappy than a pig happy. Nor are we happy. The slums are not an improvement on the fields of Essex. But vague dissatisfaction makes desire vain. In any case, theoretical melancholy is a waste of time. If we can act let us go a little deeper into the evil; but the first feature of that evil is the habit of despair. No moods must cloud our eyes. It is as much a duty to hope as to face facts. Perhaps the greatest original idea of the Middle Ages was that of *accidia*, or ungrateful gloom, as a mortal sin. Dante hears the

melancholy crying in their self-chosen misery, '*Tristi fummo*' ('We were unhappy').

> Nel aer dolce che dal sol s'allegra
> Portando dentro accidioso fummo

('unhappy in the sweet air that rejoices in the sun, carrying within ourselves the fog of gloom').

Heaven denies them what they have refused. Happiness is an art and a duty; to despond is to accuse the universe: it is not for us to take on us the mystery of things or arrogate the office of the *Geist der Stets verneint.*

The modern age has brought us some good, means of communication especially, which bring together men who might have remained in isolation, and have ameliorated the prolonged and silent separations of our forefathers. This is all that it can be said we owe to the industrial age; all else was won by the humanism of the eighteenth century, however much more recent knowledge has confirmed the gains. Society is more humane; torture is obsolete; knowledge is more diffused, and ecclesiastical fanaticism moribund; even among the dregs of parochial busybodies hardly one could now be found who believes that 'the floor of hell is covered with unbaptised babies not a span long.' None would go back on the 'emancipation' of women, though it is hard to know what it means. The mothers of Elizabethan England asked for no emancipation, and were often scholars; they read the Testament in Greek. Here, again, is the reminder: we are a lesser race. A Hypatia might lecture in Alexandria: in Athens her epitaph might have been, 'She lived unknown'; but where in Alexandria were Antigone, or Alkestis, or Iphigenia, where even Electra or Clytemnestra, Medea or Hecuba, Phædra or Deianeira, Jocasta or Cassandra or Andromache, where the Fates of the Parthenon or the Demeter of Cnidos? Where in our literature or art are Shakespeare's women? And so the sense of inferiority pursues us. An age of decline may be taken for an age of 'progress,' because all things do not progress and decline together. The 'years that bring the philosophic mind' to a race, as to an individual, take away the creative gift and the strong quality of humanity. And how have we used the victory of freedom of thought? Partly, as they did, in the decline of the ancient world, in the luxury of Oriental and syncretistic theosophies and pitiful necromancy; partly, as they did, in true scholarship and ordered speculation.[1] However, no general good has ever been

[1] Lord Acton held that the emancipation of conscience from authority was the chief content of history: it is our chief glory. T. H. Green said that the criterion of progress was 'the value set on persons.' In this also we may pride ourselves. Yet Renan's opinion in the *Vie de Jésus* is disquieting: 'Nos civilisations . . . ne sauraient nous donner aucune idée de ce que valait l'homme à des époques

gained but weak men have misused it. Suffice it that the good exists. We have certainly, like the late ages of the ancient world, subtlety, cleverness, knowledge, all the past to enjoy, every opportunity for appreciation. Since we are critics, let us be good critics. The Renascence was a revival first of appreciation and then of creation. Such a thing may happen again.

Only the fringe of modern art could be touched on here, its analysis only indicated. But a beginning must be made.

If we consider modern painting, the absence of greatness, except in Sargent and George Clausen, is easily felt. Many positive qualities exist. First, there is a high standard of technique. All the leaders of the art have turned with disgust from the 'blottesque,' the flabby dulness to which the general decline of craftsmanship had dragged painting. Draughtsmanship is not often the strong point of Northern schools, but the precision and subtlety of drawing of Mr. Sargent, of Mr. Glyn Philpot, or of Mr. W. T. Wood, is a sign of revival in the most virile element in painting: it is, in the English school, almost new. Turner, Alfred Stevens, and Leighton are hitherto the only great draughtsmen of our race. To choose examples among contemporaries is seldom just, often invidious, and usually arbitrary. Those mentioned are, however, evidence of one indisputable kind of excellence. One may be allowed to mention Mr. Brangwyn and Mr. Cayley Robinson as evidence of the interest in decoration, which is also a sign of revival. (Alfred Stevens's and W. B. Richmond's mosaics in St. Paul's, Leighton's frescoes in the Victoria and Albert Museum, Watts's *Fiero Pasto* in the Tate and his *Lawgivers* in Lincoln's Inn, Ford Madox Brown's panels at Manchester and his *Work*, and the glass and tapestry designs of Burne-Jones are only adumbrations of what they might have done.) It would be ungrateful to deny the considerable number of beautiful and sincere pictures produced; yet the very excellence of what is done makes it worth while and incumbent to reflect wherein lies the dissatisfaction which we often feel. Reynolds has a 'native and inherent dignity' which is seldom attained by a modern painter who is a surer draughtsman. Again, Leighton, for all his salon suavity, has a wholeness, a sane nobility, which seems deliberately shunned by more original designers. Why should an accomplished draughtsman wantonly inflate the thighs and crush in the chests and skulls of his figures,[2] as if from fear of resembling Leighton, and paint a child with a blue face to harmonise in a

où l'originalité de chacun avait pour se développer un champs plus libre'; and he speaks of the 'énergie surprenante' of 'ces ames entières.' We have levelled down as well as up.

[2] The type is partly derived from a well-known artist's model, but is caricatured for some complex emotional reasons. And there are other models.

'scheme'? What is the aberration of feeling which produces depraved Mongoloid types because their mere strangeness will move imagination easier than normality? Or, again, why should exquisite draughtsmanship feel it necessary to elongate trees to the character of grasses, and a genuine lover of Nature yet lean to night and twilight as if more poetical than day? Turner was not afraid of the sun. Nor did he turn garish limelight on to viridian grass with violet shadows and call it sunlight. It is the surest sign of real strength to prefer always the *via media*, the greatly normal. If we turn to mural decoration, we find either an extravagant globularity (where 'power' is sought) or an extravagant straightness and flatness (where 'dignity' or 'repose'). Why should one-sided qualities be sought at all? It is like the striking of a self-conscious attitude. So far I have thought only of serious and finished artists. We suffer from a multitude of vulgar painters. Of them, and of the host of frivolous or dishonest ones, it may be a waste of time to speak, save to ask why they are taken, not only seriously, but as *representative* of the age. Painting is not exceptional. Literature shows, as Professor Saintsbury said, a 'troubled unrest of style, a vagabond curiosity of matter.' But probably even Professor Saintsbury, who has read everything, has not read much of the colossal cataract. A good deal, we hope, in the classic phrase, 'falls stillborn from the Press.' Our grandfathers read many pretty bad novels; but never before have so many foolish books abounded. Even the novelists and playwrights who have a true vision of the grimness or absurdities of life, lack the great normality, the irradiation of universal power. All the best literature of the day is prosaic, and in prose; one is almost tempted to feel that poetry is the pastime of coteries and *poseurs*. Only Hardy survives amid a generation of Epigoni. Music has sunk with a speed unparalleled by any other art at any time. The most prodigal exploitation of technical resources cannot recapture the accent of Beethoven, even for an instant, even by a plagiarism. The modern spirit works.

What is the modern spirit? It is a recurrence of an inevitable decline. It is an anæmia, a sophistication. It is dissipation of mind, wantonness, abnormality. It is hysteria. In our case it might be called urbanisation. Nor does it work only within. Patronage fluctuates with taste and with economic circumstances; and the arts depend on patronage. Moreover, there are the critics, honest and dishonest. Lastly, the citadel is betrayed by fear and sentimentalism. This much is pretty certain. This is also certain, that 'the truth shall set you free,' and merely to become aware is a deliverance. And I am not going to assume that we have not the will to act afterwards. It is not a scholastic speculation, but a very practical proposal to look into the matter more in detail.

Every man who has tried to create anything knows how hard it is to maintain the freshness of the first impulse. It is when we see this freshness of morning strength triumphant to the close of a vast, laborious, subtle, and passionate enterprise that we acclaim it great. Genius is the power of sustaining an intense intellectual passion. It is, in its essence, rare. Therefore the impulse of an esoteric art, like the impulse of the individual artist, inevitably weakens; machinery is duplicated and the inner heat allowed to die away. A motive is exhausted, a manner etiolated. A cold abstraction replaces the reality, the enthusiasm, of younger years. In the eighteenth century England was roused from the torpor of the Restoration. Wesley and Johnson are both symptoms and causes of the revival. The new energy produced the great generation of Burke, Reynolds, and Gibbon; the 'return to Nature' and the French Revolution carried the poetic fire to yet greater heights: Wordsworth, Turner, Keats, and Walter Scott; the third age, the Victorians, were still possessed by the Divine afflatus, yet already troubled with the time's decay. The fourth stage was inevitable, but it never lasts for ever. The same cycle is seen in Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton; in Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides (it is strange that Euripides died in the same year as Sophocles, though so fully imbued with the modern subtlety). The same is seen in Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven; and in painting Cimabue and Duccio are followed by a culmination in the second stage—Giotto—passing into decline in the fourteenth century Giottesques. Masaccio invigorated a century of genius, but no fruit grew on the tree of Florentine painting after Michelangelo; nor could a strong fourth age follow the lineage of Bellini, Titian, Tintoretto, nor in Greek sculpture the succession of Myron and Polycleitus, Pheidias, Praxiteles and Scopas. Within subsidiary developments of art the same history is repeated: mediæval architecture, Greek vases, or the glazed ware of the Della Robbia firm, Luca, Andrea, Giovanni; even in the work of individuals, in the three periods of Turner, whose successors were mere impressionists, or of Velasquez, who had no successors until Goya, or of Beethoven, who has had no true successors at all, sometimes the decline coming in the third, usually in the fourth, stage of the development. Modernity is a recurrent phase. Now recent criticism makes much of pioneers—the propagators of energy. As a matter of fact, great artists are chiefly survivors from ages in which energy has been stored, or else exhibited in religion and politics, as Bunyan and Wren survived to Restoration England. Wesley and Johnson preceded the poets, the Reformation and Renascence the Elizabethans; Pheidias and the Tragedians were the descendants of Peisistratus, Cleisthenes, and Miltiades, the contemporaries of Pericles, indeed, but also of Themistocles, Alci-

biades, and Cleon. The next generation of artists lived in the confusions of the Spartan and Theban hegemonies and the Macedonian conquest. The thinkers rise later and survive later. Statesmen, poets, thinkers, is a natural order, and the third generation of poets is often, as we have shown, 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.'[8] But the bloodlessness, sophistication, and oversubtlety—all corruptions and not shortcomings—are not to be remedied by reckless means. We are all agreed in our disgust at insipidity. 'Is there any taste in the white of an egg?' says the Book of Job. We weary all the more at academic little girls depositing dainties on the noses of academic little dogs because we remember the immortal, the adorable, Miss Bowles, their archetype. Yet it is very childish to let our regret at the etiolation of Whistler or the abstraction of Chavannes turn us against delicate perception or solicitous design. One of the most disheartening phenomena is the immaturity of middle-aged persons. Rash reactions will happen in youth, but to retain such a state of mind seems very weak. Why should the embryonic scratchings of the Malay Archipelago be the only alternative to over-urbanised art? To imitate crudity is itself sophisticated. And 'primitive' art is only tolerable because it shares with mature art the strong effort to do a thing as well as possible, however clownish the result. Its genuine spontaneity cannot be forged by the *intentionally bad* performance of a mountebank. Rude power is utterly different from crude affectation, and sophisticated brutality is the more gratuitous when a sane effort at severe form has actually revived. Cacophony is substituted for significance in music; composers are afraid of being 'sweet.' So if a poet fears his verse is tame, he bursts into an oath and imports the jargon of Long John Silver or Bill Sikes. But it is not 'strong' to be inappropriately violent. A seafaring parrot can do it. The remedy for dulness is not to roar, but to have something important to say.

The 'remedy' is itself a symptom of disease, abnormality, the lack of balance—a weakness especially of the vulgar, though pure vulgarity exists both in strong and in decadent ages. It is not inconsistent with what Charlotte Brontë called 'cleverality' (as the quality from which Johnson was so free). This is an age of caricature; all our fashionable portrait painters exaggerate, and an unsophisticated judge would not think that modern portrait drawings were intended seriously. I know it is easy to mistake intention, like Lord Kicklebury when he rallied Mr. Tit-

[8] If this be true, then the *aristeia* of our armies is a ground of hope for the imaginative harvest of the middle of the century, and the scientific harvest of the end of it, when our return to an agrarian polity will open a new and calmer cycle. Compare the opinion of Ambassador Page on the character of the English (*Life and Letters of W. H. Page*).

marsh: 'What! taking cawicachaws?' Yet I think it is what the world is doing. It is an age of epigram, poems and works of criticism are concatenations of epigrams usually meretricious. A gallery of modern pictures is a collection of them, frequently without wit. But if they *have* wit, why swell an epigram into a volume? No man of real wit does so. Mr. Max Beerbohm knows exactly the form that fits his exquisite satires. But huge canvases are sometimes covered with the material of a black-and-white sketch. All sense of proportion is lost, and dulness is the result. So, to obviate it, 'shock tactics' are adopted. (I have seen the phrase used in all seriousness in a responsible publication, as if a new province had been acquired for the arts.) Real art can never be loud, nor is it likely to flourish in an age of advertisement. Perhaps more than enough has been said about the hurry of life, 'which takes all worth from every act'—'*La fretta, che l'onestade ad ogn' atto dismaga.*' Snapshot art is not art, just as pemmican knowledge is not knowledge. In the contemporary rooms of the Tate, no picture contains more than *one* motive, which a quick glance can grasp; but Turner's *Bay of Baiæ* contains enough imaginative motives for ten good pictures and a hundred modern ones. So there is more musical invention in a Mozart sonata than in a Wagner opera in which the lacunæ are filled up with 'orchestration.' Compare the thin fluency of modern prose with the richness of the eighteenth century, from which, nevertheless, no word can be subtracted. I have not forgotten the exceptions; but it is time to refuse to drift with the eddying stream.

One other characteristic of degeneracy must be touched on—the indulgence in cheap pathos and false sentimentalism, in shallow melancholy and lazy gloom. Vigorous ages produce tragic poetry which seldom weakens into pathos. Even the fate of Astyanax or of Ophelia 'finds some vent in action.' The agony of Lear is redemptive; the suffering of Tess D'Urberville is told with the severity of Sophocles or Scott. 'Nothing is here for tears, no weakness, no contempt.' The modern spirit enjoys failure; the sentimentalist is always cruel. Robespierre wept at the death of a linnet. Few realise how austere true tenderness often seems; Ruskin understood in Dante the profound pity which yet will make no compromise with truth. It is to be feared that sentimentalism was not a little encouraged by the sad stories of Little Nell, and Little Em'ly, and Little Dorrit, and Tiny Tim, though it seems base to criticise Dickens; and criticism is rather an impertinence from our generation, considering the pure springs of feeling that predominate in the pathos of the Victorians. *Letty's First Globe* and *Too Late* are not *morbid*.

These seem to be the vices of the modern spirit in the arts. It is essential to understand them before we can do anything, and

for the individual artist this first step is half-way to recovery; to know is to be armed. One other thing is needful for him to do; but first he must be assured of three powers outside himself: his patrons, the critics, and the courage and honesty of the public. We must consider their importance.

Patronage influences the arts doubly: by appreciation and by economic pressure. By appreciation I only partly mean contemporary praise; every man of feeling hungers for sympathy, but great artists are probably never really deflected either by adulation or detraction. 'Who killed John Keats?' 'I,' said the *Quarterly*, is a libel. All ages have seen

> Nations slowly wise and meanly just
> To buried merit raise the tardy bust.

Pheidias died in prison; Rembrandt became a bankrupt; Turner was reviled and Alfred Stevens neglected; Holman Hunt almost gave up painting to emigrate; Dante was exiled, and Milton sold *Paradise Lost* for 12*l.*; Wordsworth was told: 'This will never do.' On the other hand, Sophocles was made a general for his *Antigone*, and *Balaustion's Adventure* records the magic of the popularity of Euripides; the Cnidians so loved their Aphrodite by Praxiteles that they refused to give it to King Nicomedes even for the remission of a debt. Again, such was the admiration for Scott that the *Sunday Times* in 1824 complains that the 'consecrated phrases' which 'oiled the hearts and stimulated the exertions of our classic authors' are insufficient for 'the Wizard,' 'the Coryphæus of the North,' 'the Great Unknown.' The popularity of Dickens and George Eliot is a living memory.[4] So various is fame; yet even actors—the most dependent on applause—are not *made* by it. The salvoes of the French Navy which welcomed Sarah Bernhardt added nothing to her genius, nor did the long obscurity of Sarah Siddons take away from hers. It is rather the taste of the previous generation which forms the capacities of artists, and in this patrons, and critics, and public join. The special influence of patronage is economic, for men must do what they can live by. The history of the arts of old London is, in this connection, instructive. In the Middle Ages the Church absorbed wealth and labour, and the Abbey was the result; but in the fourteenth century the secularism, of which Philippe le Bel's humiliation of Boniface VIII. had been the most significant symptom, grew in England also, and the painters of London were employed in the Painted Chamber of Westminster Palace, and the builders on Westminster Hall—both meeting-places of Parliament. The Tudors centralised wealth in the Crown, and the goldsmiths became the leading craftsmen of the City; indeed, the

[4] People crowded to the stations to meet the new instalments of the novels.

Venetian Ambassador who saw the fifty-two goldsmiths' shops in Cheapside alleged that in no city of Italy could such work be seen, though it was the age of Benvenuto Cellini. The London arts of the seventeenth century were those demanded by the noble families: tapestry and furniture of state; and the commercial age has turned invention into mechanical channels. Similarly, in Italy the decline of painting in the fourteenth century was partly due to the ruin of the banks when Edward III. repudiated his debts. To-day the travesties called 'ecclesiastical art' and 'sepulchral art' are due to no lack of true artists, who would do fine work if the Church wanted it. But the Church prefers to patronise safe hacks, though they are no cheaper. The excellence of Greek and Florentine tombs is due to a demand.

Now, in decadent ages demand is dominated by the parasitic species, the professional critics; vigilance was exercised in healthy ages by guilds which fined bad work. In our day doctrinaires and dealers' agents fill the air with the clamour of a parliament of crows Honesty and dishonesty are equally misleading when their ignorance is profound, and one looks in vain for careful analysis. A critic will call Sargent a 'hustler in paint' and talk of his *bravura*, but look at a Sargent, and you will see twenty changes of colour in one brush stroke; something more circuitous is here than *bravura*. Every delicacy of modelling, every expressive variety, is realised. This is not 'hustling.' And what if we know of eighty-two sittings for one portrait, of fifteen years' apprenticeship, of seven years' copying of Velasquez? What is criticism without knowledge? But we have also the critics who are dealers' agents, whose pronouncements ought to be in the advertisement columns

Critics alone might be innocuous. But cowardice and sentimentalism open the gates of the Acropolis. Two figures appear: one is the curate who said, 'Damn,' to show he was broad-minded; the other is the simpleton who, as Mr. Bertrand Russell said, stands waiting for the 'buses, hails the first that comes, loves it 'for its own sake,' and 'lets it take him whithersoever it will.' Chartered academies will abandon an historic trust lest they be called names; their teeth chatter at the menaces of a coxcomb. Subsidised institutes court his smiles and obey his orders. Then the sentimental simpleton adds his opinions: the young generation are revolutionary (a libel); one man is as good as another; every novelty is probably good; the great thing is to be progressive and 'representative.' So the Tate hangs a Crucifixion which is a mockery of its theme and an outrage to religion. It is the same sentimentalism which submits a complex fiscal problem to an electorate which is known to be too obtuse to grasp the working of the transferable vote. In the arts it is a denial of quality—that

is, of art. And so the tail wags the dog. The pity is that he who rides on a tiger can never dismount. All vices grow, as was reluctantly admitted by one of the propagators of the fashion for Van Gogh. The tragedy of that unhappy man's insanity is exploited, and a pathological 'case' treated as an artistic achievement. He is imitated in cold blood by men without a touch of his genius. And the coward and the sentimentalist agree that a new school of art has arisen.

But, 'fortunately for mankind, as some counterbalance to that wretched love of novelty which originates in selfishness, shallowness, and conceit,' there is set in the deeper places of the heart a reverence for antiquity. We have the past to learn from. Far too many write, and paint, and compose. If we could cease from our orgy of production, and pause in a 'wise passiveness' to consider those works which have stood the test of time, what might not come of it? The artist if he were sure of his patrons, of critics, of the public, could overcome his weakness, instability, and troubled emotion by submitting his mind to the master spirits of all ages. Those who are not artists would surely do far better if they knew only the best music, the best literature, the best painting and sculpture. A book worth reading at all is worth reading aloud three times. The choice is between quantity or quality. A few deep, full experiences are worth innumerable multitudes of half-unreal impressions. Those who pass in vague dissatisfaction from one transient pleasure to another do not know the intense enjoyment, the profound inspiration, of strong abiding things. For many men a few books have sufficed, but they have been the best. The age of Cromwell was made great by the Bible. Many an 'omnivorous' reader from a University to-day will, in his fear of missing what is talked of, omit all the ancient classics, all the Bible, most of Shakespeare, all of Dante, Wordsworth, Goethe, Scott, and Milton. In the end he will lose the power of enjoyment. Clement and Origen found the style of the Bible a stumbling-block; 'My extravagance disliked its self-restraint,' says Augustine. Appreciation asks an effort, for it is, as Benedetto Croce emphasised, the reproduction of the imaginative act of the artist. Only those who have made the effort know the reward. Nor is it true that people will not enjoy the past. Thousands enjoyed the *Beggar's Opera* who would not have the stomach for *Tom Jones*; the obstacle is not antiquity, but excellence. The excellence of any age must be appreciated as a whole. He who is too nice for Aristophanes is too mean for Pheidias. To most both speak a dead tongue. The custodians at the museums are totally unmoved by their surroundings. Even education could not create the non-existent. It is supposed—by some who forget that Judas lived three years with Christ—that a man only

needs to be given a chance. Most men refuse life, and vulgarity is irremediable. Nevertheless education might do something. My own appreciation owes much to a lantern lecture on Rembrandt given by the school drawing master when I was fifteen. And there is a school in Poplar where the boys produced *Tannhauser*.[5]

The past is our teacher, but romantic sighs are not enough. If set down in Athens, say, in the Plague year, or at the time of the massacres of Mitylene or Melos, or if we saw the quite nineteenth century conditions in the mines of Laureion, we might prefer to enjoy the Parthenon in Bloomsbury and Sophocles in Oxford. Yet to enjoy these at all is to breathe new life; it is to be empowered. Bare 'originality' does not exist: Beethoven born on a desert island would have created nothing; 'only the song of a secret bird,' the rain in the forest, the sound of the ocean, or the shock of the winds among the hills, might have stirred in him the dim pain of desire. Pheidias and Shakespeare were called into being by the energies of others. In the happiest ages men learn without seeking; but in most they look back into the past and come to their full stature by emulation with chosen rivals. Milton was learned in literature and *made* himself the greatest master of language of all times. All later poets have been steeped in their predecessors' poems. All painters and composers have spent years in study of this kind, for they were not just *musizierende Engel*. If Michelangelo copied antique statues for two years, who are we to nurse our 'originality'? There is no choice except between being the sport of chance influences or choosing our influences for ourselves. To try to be original ends only in 'irregular sallies and trifling conceits'; we cannot *help* being unique; our peculiarity is no virtue. 'Genius is the child of imitation.' The impulse to art is the love of Nature, but the expression demands mastery of a most difficult language. Nothing need be added to Reynolds' Sixth Discourse save this: Almost all that makes life fine is Greek. The Renascence was a revival of Greek art, but *not of the greatest Greek art*. Of the 14,000 works of Hellenic sculpture in Rome only six were found in the Quattrocento. No works of the fifth century were known till the nineteenth. If the least of Greek statues could inspire all the glories of the Renascence, what could not the achievements of Pheidias do? which seemed, as Quintilian says of them, to 'add something to religion.' We imitate the past already, but when we see sculptured stations of the Cross which derive from the lion hunt of Assur-Nasir-Pal II., we think regretfully of the Panathenaic Procession. Only ignorance of the variety and subtlety—even to

[5] Compare *The Music of Life*, by Charles Smith, an educational experiment in the Isle of Dogs. At Oundle the Bach Mass in B minor was sung by the boys.

the expression of moods—shown in Greek art could think of it as 'plastic perfection,' abstract grace. A man who should spend a day with the sculptures of the Parthenon, and then hear the word 'progress' spoken, would laugh at the vain presumption. The Demeter of Cnidos is incomparably more Divine than any Madonna. We are not so civilised, so wise, so gifted, so noble, as the Athenians. If we are to see a new Renascence, it can only be Greek. There is no reason why it should not be greater than the first, since we can follow greater leaders. There are hundreds of works of genius to enjoy, but only a few to be followed: those of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven; Homer, the Greek tragedians, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Burke, and a few others; Pheidias, Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Turner; the Greeks above all. A landscape painter could paint a mountain group like the Fates of the Parthenon. It is not the mimicry of externals, but the laborious study of the spirit, that is needed. Matthew Arnold was a follower of Hellas, not in *Merope*, but in *Sohrab*. The decadence of antiquity also harked back to earlier years; there was an 'archaistic' style like the first century Diana of the British Museum; but there was also the Aphrodite of Melos, decadent in being *half* draped, yet with the majesty and perfection of a mightier age. That is the type of the noble following of antiquity. The caprice which supposes with Mill that 'eccentricity is itself a virtue' is not desperate. With a normal society the supreme normality of Greek art may return. English literature has shown itself capable of it in the past, but so far among painters only Watts, the most original of them, has followed Pheidias. He was not deterred by the failure of those who followed lesser models; and men whom Nature intended for other things will be warned by Lawrence's Satan, of which Fuseli truly observed: 'It is a tammed ting, but it is not te tevil.' It is not Greek. Lawrence could have found a master in Velasquez. For all the masters share the normality, the truth, of the Greeks. Ching Hao, in China in the tenth century, wrote: 'A resemblance reproduces form; art reflects spirit; truth shows spirit and substance in like perfection.' This *Kunstwahrheit* the Greeks attained. But it is the aim of all, 'quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus.' . . . 'No poem,' says Coleridge, 'should consist wholly of poetry,' and Greek imagination is rooted in reason and fact. They 'saw life steadily and saw it whole.' 'I know not how it is,' wrote Arnold, 'but their commerce with the ancients seems to me to produce, in those who practise it, a steadying effect upon their judgment. . . . They are like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience. They are more truly than others under the empire of facts.' This truth, this profound normality, supremely Greek, is in all greatness—in the Bible, or

the Venetians, or Bach, or Dante. And we are capable of it; it is deep-seated in the English race. Go from the Elgin Room to the National Portrait Gallery, and you will see the same quality of humanity. These men, the fathers of our name and lineage, have been made free by truth, and in their eyes lives that imagination which is 'Reason in her most exalted mood.'

D. H. BANNER.

SPRING IN THE CAIRNGORMS

TWENTY-SIX miles of full stretch going, and five of them across a plateau which twice breaks disdainfully through the 4000-ft. contour line and nowhere sags below a measure big enough to dwarf Snowdon; six hours' continuous snow work; a couple of blizzards fit—as, indeed, they did—to flay the skin off one's face; and, in the lulls of blizzard and mist, the revealing of mighty-shouldered Titans, cloaked in snow and crowned on their savage brows with glittering cornices—is it too tame a prospectus for a Whit Monday mountain entertainment in the British Isles?

In the opening paragraph of Guido Rey's *Matterhorn* there is a description, full of beauty and imagination, of the carving of a mountain from some great welt on the crust of the primeval world. The artist's work is done with elemental tools, and he has a hundred hues for the colouring after he has shaped it. He fashioned the Cairngorms out of a formless mass of granite. Using acids, and water, and ice, he scored out their glens and corries to his pleasure, and made their cliffs and their broad backs to gleam with naked rock. In his conception of the finished work, one may fancy that he saw the valleys of the Spey and the Dee, to north and south, broadening out from the mountain bases. And, lest the farmers and foresters who cultivated the valley woods and fields should be cut off from each other by the formidable mass he was shaping into beauty, he cleft it from end to end by the pass of the Larig Ghru. Westward he belted the mountains in a wide semicircle with a couple of masterful burns, and eastward he tumbled a highland wilderness between them and their two big comrades, Ben Avon and Beinn a Bhuird. Finally, he richly coloured their flanks with heather.

The steep walls of the Larig support no less than seven defined summits which can muster over 4000 ft. apiece; five to the west and two to the east, frowning at each other across the cleavage. It is as if the mountains had once played a Brobdingnagian game of 'nuts in May' and the westerners had come off best. But the combined efforts of Cairn Toul and the Angel's Peak and Braeriach, the stalwarts of the western team, could not haul over, in

the deciding tug of war, Cairngorm, who has lent his name to the whole group, or Ben Macdhui, who is Ben Nevis' heir to the British Isles.

A mountain apprenticeship in Cumberland and Carnarvonshire is apt to leave a person with very casual notions about height and distance. English and Welsh standards need stiffening up before setting one's courses to the Cairngorms. It is twenty-five miles by the Larig track from Inverey, in the Dee valley, to Aviemore, in the Spey valley, and these villages are the nearest, indeed, the only, bases for the hills unless the weather invites one to sleep at an uninhabited bothy or at the famous shelter stone beside Loch Avon. Thrust away in the glens, there may be one or two cottages where foresters and gamekeepers live, but the walker is not likely to get a welcome from them, for the iron hand of the deer-stalker and the grouse-shooter might lie heavy on them if they played the good Samaritan to wanderers on the hills. Between the snow-bound, practically night-bound, winter of the Highlands and summer largely sacrificed to the 'sportsman' there is a very little season left for the walker to go on his occasions content that he will not be held up or even 'inadvertently shot' if he strays from the ordered road. His feet are not considered in the least beautiful upon the mountains.

Freedom has become a meaningless word in Scotland when many of the glories of her country are cut off during the holiday-time of the year from every man who does not carry a gun and belong to an accredited shooting-party.

Of course, many restrictions may be avoided by clever trespassing. Some of us trespass as part of the hard necessity of our case, others with a high heart and a white heat of enthusiasm like crusading knights. We take it as a foray into the enemy's territory, an outpost skirmish in the Holy War declared by Lord Bryce when he introduced his 'Access to Mountains' Bill nearly half a century ago. But we have a code of ethics in the matter. For instance, it is the law that an opened gate be scrupulously closed again. And no self-respecting walker would dream of tramping across land that is under crops or hay. But moorland and mountain, it seems to us, should be a playground and in the real sense a recreation ground for all, the common heritage that may not be sold to the few for money and converted by them into a sort of fashionable slaughter-houses. After all, the high places of a country are the natural shrines for its people to make their worship. 'Democracy' has a hollow ring where the worshipper is banished from his temple and left to wander disconsolately in the uttermost precincts. The mountains belong to every one of us who is born to these islands which they watch over; they are ours to enjoy in our bodies just so far

as we are strong in muscle and sound in wind, ours to possess in memory to the end of life:

> For the joy of a hill is as deeply, deeply
> Graven in laughter on hearts grown old.

After that a disillusioned democrat feels better, just as the bicyclist who has been forced to the kerb by a tearing Rolls-Royce and there upset upon a casual stone feels greatly relieved when he has shaken his fist in the wake of the unrecking and unwreckable monster. And if any arm-chair critic, who has never dodged a keeper or been barred by some arrogant landlord from access to a favourite mountain, should accuse me of splashing too lurid colours on the canvas, I would have him read the introduction to Mr. Ernest Baker's book *The Highlands with Rope and Rucksack.* He will find there a very pretty list of specific acts of tyranny. And should he go on reading, as I think he will be tempted to do, he must be an extremely crusty critic if he does not close the book regretfully at the last page with the call of the hills singing in his ears and a firm determination in his mind to make for the country north of the River Tay on his next holiday.

This has been a digression of devil-may-care dimensions. In a left-handed way, however, it helps the point that the liberties one takes with the hills of Lakeland and Wales are out of place in the Grampians. The Snowdon Horseshoe, as everyone knows, is the official between-lunch-and-dinner walk after a wet morning at Pen-y-Pass. One can imagine Ben Macdhui and Cairn Toul grinning at each other across the Larig at the very idea of such cavalier behaviour with them. A lost direction in the cloud on Eskhause may land a man at Wasdale instead of Borrowdale, but this, though irritating, is hardly serious. For there is the inn, and the Whitings will provide a sumptuous tea of bacon and eggs; and when his annoyance has melted away in the expansive contentment of the well-filled, he can take his track homeward over Styhead. But the unfortunate who misses his line badly in the Cairngorms will find himself as likely as not locked up in a maze of cliffs, or, if he does hit a valley, he may have to follow it for ten or fifteen miles before he comes upon any habitation of man. It will then most probably be cheerfully borne in upon him that, somehow or another, he has had the points of the compass hopelessly shuffled up, and that a nine hours' tramp across a chaos of stark hills separates him from his base.

These are factors to reckon with. In the abstract, they are plainly set forth by the map-makers. For even on the Ordnance Survey of Scotland, with its prodigal display of contour shading, the wash of brown, so broad and deep, which marks the Cairn-

gorm group, holds one's attention at a first glance. A closer examination supports the first impression that here are lordly fellows who will demand from one a certain measure of respect. At any rate, so it seemed to three mountaineers, of very modest merit and experience, who were discussing ways and means in the morning train from Blair Atholl to Aviemore, with the map spread out on their knees and the usual wordy wrangle in progress. Derelict patches of snow clung obstinately to a mushy existence on the slopes of Drumochter Pass. Mufflers of cloud were swathed round the higher mountains. Yet the Optimist, sublimely disregardful of the unpleasing look of the weather, was of opinion that no one but a thorough-paced slacker would shy at the great high level walk from Braeriach to Cairn Toul. The Pessimist marshalled, with quiet assurance, a dozen depressing arguments. The Trimmer said : ' Well, at any rate, we can have a damn good try.' And sudden rain spattered on the window-panes.

In the upshot, there was a labouring through heavy snow to the Einich Cairn, one of the swellings on the league-long tableland which rise above the 4000-ft. line. Below us, as we trudged cloudwards, sulked Loch Einich, an iron-grey, lustreless surface, with the precipices of Sgoran Dubh Mor raking up from the further strand. Wandering vapours brushed the white crest of the cliffs, and the gullies were plastered with snow. The black rock had a tarry gleam. We breasted the blunt lip of our own ridge and were received all at once into a world that flowed whitely about us and enclosed us in itself. The tableland must have been a virgin snowfield, but the mist was far too dense to see further than three or four yards. It was like standing inside a great hollowed ball of whiteness. We crouched beside the cairn, shivering at the caresses of the wind and keeping eager watch for any threadbare appearance that might suggest an early rent in the thick garment of cloud. But the garment had no threadbare places, and the Optimist, who would have liked to adventure deeper into the white mystery, was outvoted.

Life, however, can generally strike a nice balance of compensations. The long tramp home down Glen Einich and through Rothiemurchus Forest almost made up for the uncaptured summits. Ahead was unfolded to us a pageant of lavish purples, and greens, and chocolate-reds ; and behind us the implacable mountains, got up so paradoxically in the symbolism of brides, brooded remotely, their huge flanks shining to patches of sunlight. Presently our moorland track made into the woods. The pillars of the fir-trees were coloured a sort of dusky rose, and between them hills to the westward glowed distantly like amethysts. There was a scent of resin in the air. And dinner, the ultimate goal of every

mountaineer, was doubtless sizzling in the oven but an hour's march away.

Next day we saw for the first time, below lifting clouds, the top of Cairngorm and the rampart of the precipice which makes the escarpment of Cairn Lochan. We were lazily stretched out by the shores of Loch Morlich, munching sandwiches and making the most of Whit Sunday's thin ration of sunshine. The clouds melted and lifted very deliberately, and we watched with impatient eyes for the unveiling of the tops. Cairngorm was perfectly white, and he had the faintest gleam of sun upon his snowfields. The smashed face and scalped summit of Braeriach were still hidden from us. Eddies of mist floated in the great corrie below Cairn Lochan. And at our feet the lake rippled, washing a shore of sand; stuff that has been gritted and borne down by the wear and tear of time from the granite of the hills. Scotch firs had their roots in this inland beach, and the pinkish bark of their trunks made beautiful harmonies with the tawny sand. A mile or so away, across the valley where the birches were hardly showing green, slopes of chocolate-coloured heather rolled upwards to the snow-line.

We had tried the western half of the group and been repulsed. For honour's sake the eastern peaks would have to be won at any cost. Those clear summits had a siren way with them, and we were almost persuaded to hitch on our rucksacks and make a helter-skelter dash for them without more ado. But Sunday morning had found us late breakfasters, and the day was already half gone. We resisted the sirens, cursed Morpheus for the ill trick he had played us, and on Monday bestirred ourselves early.

The ascent of Cairngorm and Ben Macdhui sounds a quite modest undertaking, but, in fact, it means a thirty-four-mile tramp from Aviemore, unless you forego pride and gratefully take a lift in a Ford car to Loch Morlich. This saves the eight-mile walk through Glen Mor Forest to the foothills of Cairngorm, and therefore reduces the mileage to a reasonable twenty-six. As there were no Lake District record-breakers staying in our inn, we had not the least compunction about the Ford.

It was a gambler's morning from a weather point of view, but we made steady tracks upward. Scores of little burns of melted snow combed the shaggy foothills that stick out like tentacles from the main mass of mountains. We started a grouse, nearly stepping on her nest in the heather, and beyond us, by the snow, ptarmigan wheeled, still wearing their white winter plumage. Driving clouds made delicate shadows that flitted across the white shoulders of Cairngorm. Waifs of mist had again lost their way in the Cairn Lochan recess. And we observed, with respect for

our mountains, how the gale whipped up the snow like flying scud from the verge of the Cairn Lochan cliffs.

Later we caught the storm full blast as we were slanting down from Cairngorm for the magnificent plateau walk over Cairn Lochan to Ben Macdhui. The wind seized the particles of frozen snow crust and lashed them into one's face like a cat-o'-nine-tails. In a second, the furious mixture of snow and racing cloud had cut us off from everything but its own unstable world. It was an immensely exhilarating devil's dance, and the gale made the figures for us, pushing us willy-nilly into our places. Our sense of direction was utterly bewildered. At last, backs to the wind, legs astride and heels dug deep into the snow, we tried to stand square long enough to take a compass bearing. We had lurched away almost at right angles to our true course, but the bearing put us straight again for Cairn Lochan. As we approached the edge of the precipice the mists parted and the wind subsided, like a child who has tired himself out with a storm of crying and becomes all at once still. The sudden vision of cliff and cornice, so quiet and unperturbed, made one silent. The rock faces were black as pitch and smeared with pearly snow, and so deep and sheer that their foundations were hidden from us. The cornice was sliced into teeth along the line of the crest. A strange feeling, born, I suppose, of the quiet and the solitude, slid into one's mind. The place seemed withdrawn from the comradeship of human beings. One had the sense of having lifted a curtain and come unawares upon a secret beauty of the earth.

We are told that Cezanne, after he had painted a picture, would often go away and leave the canvas behind him to lie unwanted on the ground. His ardent mind, always striving to find a more perfect means of expression, became indifferent to anything he had made after he had done working on it. He had apparently no desire for popular applause, nor any feeling for the value of his pictures except as experiments. But his wife used to rescue, whenever she could, the deserted offspring of his brush. It was as if she made a sort of foundlings' hospital for his paintings. May one fancy that, in something of the same spirit of superb carelessness, the Artist of the earth carved this detail of mountain sculpture and then passed silently onward, perhaps to paint the lonely sunrise over an undiscovered tract of Tropical America or to cast the wonders of light upon the waves of an uncharted sea? But what if some obscure mountaineer should come by chance upon the deserted masterpiece and feel his own soul gleam to a reflection of the Artist's joy?

There is a little tarn on the tableland half-way between Cairn Lochan and Ben Macdhui. It feeds the March burn which finds a quick course to the Larig down a slope made rough with

screeshoots. So the map told us. But we saw neither tarn nor stream. There was no break at all in the sheeted whiteness of the plateau and the hillside. And we wanted the water for a landmark. For it was our plan. after labouring on to the top of Macdhui, to retrace our steps and make the burn our line of descent. Luckily, a clear spell gave us time to settle where the tarn and the head of the burn ought to be; and we staggered about in the snow and made a great churning up which ended in a track of footmarks to point the direction for our future going. There was method in this drunken behaviour. If the mists were down on our return we had a notion that we should never strike the invisible course of the burn, and a miscalculation might very well land us in unpleasant argument with some crag too stiff for us to tackle. It was the Trimmer's idea, and in the event we blessed his foresight.

Across the great fracture of the Larig the western peaks appeared in silvery magnificence. They showed a good deal of vicious rock gashing the snow on their precipitous faces. Loch Uaine, which is set like a gem in the southern recess of the mighty Garbh corrie, was buried in drift. The recess was hollowed in a curve of beauty and grandeur that almost took one's breath away.

We tramped on, and once more our horizon was squeezed into a few yards radius.

On the top of Macdhui the weather showed us an unexpected consideration. For three whole minutes the mists left us alone. But there was no distant view westwards to Ben Nevis, and it was too cold to argue as to which summits were which of the hills nearer at hand. We snuggled down as well as we could in the lee of the cairn, and the Optimist, with thoughtless *abandon*, began stuffing raisins and nuts into a greedy mouth before attending to a wonderful southward vision. It was a pity. The three minutes were up and a new hurricane was prepared before the last raisin had gone to placate the clamorous lions in the Optimist's interior. But even as the tempest hovered for its swoop the Optimist had one swift sight across rolling snowfields of Lochnagar and Ben-y-Gloe. And they shone a translucent blue like the colour on the breasts of doves.

I have seen the evening after-glow of the far North mantling the Romsdalhorn.

> Then from the west there streamed a flood of light
> That bathed in glowing purple all the vast
> Rock circle ranged around us. . . .

Seated on a hillock above the little cemetery at Arezzo, I have watched beyond the cypresses and the ancient corn-land a summer

sundown stealing over the heated flanks of the Apennines in soft purples and crimsons and cool greys. But I do not know that these things were more lovely than the triumphs of light and atmosphere which the great artist gets in Scotland. Scottish hill-sides glow and glimmer in the distance and the half-distance like lit gems. The snowy hills or the very distant ones are pearls and moonstones; the others are rubies and sapphires and amethysts

The storm, itching maliciously to let off a volley of sleet against someone's unoffending body, roared its discharge across the mountain. Our coats and breeches were turned into a crystal armour by the pelting, half-frozen snow. The stuff beat into our eyes so that it was scarcely possible to keep them open. The tracks of our ascent—footmarks at least eight inches deep—were filled up in five minutes with the fresh snow, so that we often lost them and had to halt and search about before we could distinguish their traces. Our knee muscles were getting tired. There is no experience of mountaineering so wearisome as a prolonged ploughing through snow where the crust is too thin to bear one's weight, and one is constantly sinking up to ankles and knees.

Even under the tamest weather conditions the Larig must appear a wild place. Its name means in Gaelic the 'gloomy' pass. On the east it is walled by screeshoots and precipices; on the west, like some system of fortifications built by giants, cliffs and corries tower upwards in chaotic terraces to hold the table-land which makes a platform for the western peaks. The floor has been used as a dumping ground for the mountain lumber of centuries, and the track pushes its way between a *débris* of boulders and broken humps of moraine left by the long-perished glacier. For our benefit, I think the Larig put on its most uncompromising expression. We descended to its chilly depths down a steep and rotten snow-slope, which looked and felt as if it might avalanche at any minute. The pass was silted up with snow-drifts and the track mostly invisible. Mist licked round the huge bastion of Cairn Toul, which they call the Devil's Point. We looked back to its black and steaming rocks and thought the name not inapt. Armies of swollen clouds came glowering from the northward. All day their ranks had never been short of recruits. As soon as one wave of the attack dashed itself to death against the crags another loomed into view ready to take its place.

We were beginning to think we had had enough. We felt very hungry and even cross. The Trimmer relieved his feelings by pointing out to the Pessimist, a little acidly, that a sprained ankle would not be a popular addition to our adventures. Our path was littered with loose and wobbly stones, deceitfully covered with snow, and the Pessimist had an ankle of evil fame.

The Optimist was silent. Another mile or two—once off the snow and on to the heather—and the Optimist would be banqueting in heaven. Was not a feast of cheese sandwiches and bannocks spread with jam prepared even now for the faithful in the rucksacks which they themselves carried? Does not every man bear his heaven in his own heart?

We put an ice-axe to menial use by digging with it a little hole in the peaty ground to hold a spirit lamp and saucepan. All the long day through we had carried that spirit lamp and saucepan, and in the coldest moments of snow and mist we had cheered ourselves with the thought of the 'Oxo' we should brew. I suppose the most exquisite descriptions in the world of food are those worked with such an obvious, if delicate, smacking of the lips on the part of the story-teller into the tales of *The Thousand and One Nights*. Even a mediæval ascetic must have fallen to the sweetmeats, and sherbets, and sugared, rose-flavoured waters of the pastrycooks of Baghdad. And yet I am firmly convinced that not even Haroun-al-Raschid himself ever had his palate tickled half so pleasantly as did we three wet and hungry tramps squatting in a boggy patch of heather and wolfing our messy sandwiches between draughts of 'Oxo' which had a fine tang of the earth. The earthy taste was obtained by stirring the pot with a root of heather. It is a recipe to remember. I believe we hit upon the magic for mixing an elixir of life. At any rate, after tossing off the 'Oxo,' we forgot our battering and labour upon the tops and the seventeen miles that lay behind us, and raced, like colts fresh from the stable, over the nine that separated us from home and more food.

The swinging walk down the pass, and then through the pine groves and green clearings of Rothiemurchus, made a worthy finish to our ten hours of great life. That night one tumbled into bed the grateful possessor of new treasure—golden warp for the weaving of the memories that go to enrich the leaner days.

> Strife that was friendly, and work that was willing,
>   Mountains attempted and muddled and won;
> War without enemies, sport without killing;
>   How will it seem to you forty years on?

KATHARINE C. HOPKINSON.

FORFARSHIRE AS A ROYAL COUNTY

BERKSHIRE has hitherto been considered as our royal county *par excellence* by reason of its Windsor Castle, the majestic country seat of our sovereigns, finest and most interesting of all our national ' sights ' to native and foreign visitors alike.

After Berkshire comes Aberdeenshire, with its Balmoral Castle, as built, and ever passionately beloved as a residence, by Queen Victoria, and still a favoured autumn resort of her successors. When Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, assumed the chiefship of the Gordon Highlanders, of whom the main recruiting ground is Aberdeenshire, he alluded to the appropriateness of his titular appointment, seeing that the famous regiment was ' so closely connected with our part of the country.'

But, if lordly castles form a criterion of comparison, both Berkshire and Aberdeenshire may now be said to have almost been thrown into the shade by Forfarshire (or Angus), three of whose historic mansions have recently contributed separate members to the circle of our royal family.

These three historic castles are those of Brechin, Glamis (pronounced to rhyme with ' psalms '), and Kinnaird—seats of the Dalhousie Ramsays, Strathmore Bowes-Lyons, and Southesk Carnegies respectively. One of these Ramsays—brother to the present earl—is now sailor son-in-law to the Duke of Connaught ; Glamis Castle has equally supplied a daughter-in-law (the Duchess of York) to King George ; while Kinnaird Castle has now in turn furnished a husband, Lord Carnegie, heir to the earldom of Southesk, to the younger daughter of our Princess Royal.

Surely there must be something pre-eminently historic and distinguished about a Scottish county whose leading families have thus been laid under contribution to continue the practice initiated by Queen Victoria—a new departure as flattering to the Scots as it was congenial to the English. Victoria was the first of her line to break with our dynastic custom of Continental intermarriage by giving her fourth daughter, Louise, in wedlock to the Marquis of Lorne, son and heir to the Maccallum More, the tremendous Duke of Argyll—Gladstone's intellectual but rather

peppery duke, who wrote a much-discussed volume entitled *The Reign of Law*, though an American visitor to Inverary discovered a state of things there, as he said, more suggestive of a 'Law of Rain.' The Lord never granted the Scots—especially the Highland portion of them—such a 'guid conceit o' themselves' as when, on the wedding-day of the Princess Louise, a ghillie in the square of Inverary was heard to exclaim that 'the Queen would be a prood woman the nicht.'

In the first stages of the Franco-German war of 1870, when things were going very badly—and no wonder!—with the French, an attempt was made to bolster up the waning courage of the boulevards by a series of purely fictitious bulletins about tremendous German defeats—capture of the Crown Prince and all his army at one fell swoop, for one thing. Just then it so happened that the Marquis of Lorne had become engaged to Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter but one, and Sir John Tenniel seized upon the incident as the subject of one of his finest cartoons, quite on a par with his subsequent *Dropping of the Pilot*.

The picture in question represented the Marquis of Lorne as a young and gallant Highland chief proudly giving his arm to the Queen's charming daughter and leading her exultingly past a background crowd of pickelhaubéd and scowling German princelings, with the legend *A Real German Defeat*—very different from the imaginary ones which had been dished up for the encouragement of the deluded and despairing Parisians.

This bitter 'German defeat' in the field of dynastic alliances denoted an entirely new departure, as definite as it was popular. Equally applauded was the subsequent espousal of King Edward's eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, to the Aberdeenshire Earl (afterwards Duke) of Fife; while popular delight and satisfaction were equally evoked by the later marriage of the Duke of York—standing nearest to the throne after the Prince of Wales—to the winsome daughter of another Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Strathmore ('Thane' of Glamis, like Macbeth). At the same time there was shown to be a sort of remote cousinry between the betrothed couple, seeing that the founder of the Strathmore family, Sir John Lyon, had married a daughter of Robert II., Scotland's first royal Steward, Stewart, or Stuart.

Nowhere in all broad Scotland is there a finer specimen of the feudal residence than Glamis Castle, which, standing about five miles west of the royal burgh of Forfar, adorns the picturesque and fertile valley of Strathmore, otherwise known as 'The Howe o' Angus.'

The view from this commanding pile is unrivalled for its rich and varied beauty—a view bounded on one side by the tremendous

barrier of the Grampians, and on the other by the less majestic outlines of the Sidlaw Hills. Away to the north, between those two mountain ranges, spreads the picturesque valley of Strathmore—well wooded, well watered, farm-dotted, village-studded, mansion-adorned—till this Howe o' Angus merges into and is continued to the sea at Dunottar Castle, ancient stronghold of the Marischal Keiths, by the Howe o' the Mearns.

This continuous 'Howe,' or valley, running through both counties, Angus and Mearns, makes them really one, which indeed they are in respect of speech, race and other characteristics; and as such they shall be regarded for the purposes of this article, just as in Church matters they are united administratively by a common Kirk Synod.

This valley of Strathmore, or Howe o' Angus, is also the very racial kernel of Lowland Scotland, and it was the dialect of Angus that was selected as the basis of his *Scottish Dictionary* by Dr. Jamieson, who, a west countryman himself, acted for several years as a minister in the county town of Forfar.

The immense valley of Strathmore is as fertile as it is beautiful; witness the droves of Angus 'doddies' and shorthorns that browse and fatten on its stream-fringed pastures, from which they come to London to fetch the very highest price for beef in all the British market. Someone has said that, where splendid animals are raised, there also are the men sure to be fine, and the rural men of the Howes of Angus and Mearns are without their physical superiors in all Scotland. The *ne plus ultra* of personal achievement is expressed in the north by the saying, 'I ha'e done my best; even the men o' the Mearns can do nae mair'—a variant of the Roman '*Ultra posse nemo tenetur.*'

The truth of this, curiously enough, was once experienced in that very locality by the Romans themselves, who failed to carry their eagles further north than Angus and Mearns; and it is arguable that the battle of Mons 'Gra*m*pius'—a copyist's classic mistake for the Gra*u*pius of Tacitus, where Agricola came to blows with Galgacus and his Caledonians—was fought near the immense circular stone hill-fort of Catterthun, near Brechin, which commands a view of the German Ocean, and which therefore answers to the '*in conspectu classis*' of the Roman historian as is done by no other suggested site.

Standing in a region of the most picturesque beauty—on which 'Thrums,' by the way, looks down admiringly from its Grampian foothill—Glamis Castle is also the centre of a world of historical romance, which has engaged the pens of many writers, with the 'Wizard of the North' himself at their head. There is reason for believing that Lord Glenallan, in *The Antiquary*, was suggested to Scott by some tragic incidents in the history of the

Lyon family; anyhow it is but a step from 'Fairport' (Arbroath) to Glamis.

On the other hand, the view from Glamis Castle is not superior to that from the flag-tower of Brechin Castle, which for many centuries has been the guardian of what is known throughout Scotland as 'Ye Ancient City,' a cathedral town whose titular bishop is at present the elective Primus of the Episcopal Church in Scotland.

The present seat of the Ramsays is not Dalhousie Castle, Midlothian, which was the cradle of their race, but Brechin Castle—to which they attained through intermarriage with the Panmure-Maules—a fine old fortalice crowning a precipice washed by the salmon-swarming and pearl-abounding South Esk—'pure stream,' if I may borrow the touching words addressed by Smollett to his native Leven Water, flowing from Loch Lomond to the Clyde:

> Pure stream in whose transparent wave
> My youthful limbs I wont to lave

It was this river—and there are only two or three more of its kind in Scotland—that supplied some of the pearls now adorning the Scottish crown, which may still be seen, with the rest of the regalia, in the strong room of Edinburgh Castle; and having thus supplied pearls to the circlet of the Scottish crown, the valley of the South Esk has now in turn been called upon to furnish personal pearls of still greater beauty and interest to the circle of England's royal family.

From the square, Norman-like flag-tower of Brechin Castle—with its flagstaff from the Redan which was presented to the Earl of Dalhousie (then Fox Maule, Lord Panmure), our War Secretary during the Sebastopol siege—the enraptured view ranges away eastward down the wood-fringed river to Kinnaird Castle (which three years ago was all but destroyed by fire, with its priceless art and historical treasures), standing in its spacious deer park, the noblest of its kind in Scotland, with its background birthplace of the great Marquis of Montrose, who married into the Carnegie family; then away back up the Esk to the hills around Cortachy Castle, stronghold of the Ogilvies, corresponding to the 'bonnie hoose o' Airlie' of ballad song; and then again eastward to the ruined splendour of Edzell Castle, at the foot of the Grampians, the cradle of the Crawford Lindsays, of which the hospitality was once so profuse that it used to be known as the 'Kitchen of Angus.'

All these centres of history and romance, I say, may almost be descried from the lofty flag-tower of Brechin Castle, of which the authentic history dates from the day when Edward I. of

England received the homage of John Baliol as King of Scotland in the neighbouring parish of Stracathro—little thinking that this self-same parish, centuries later, was to become the seat of a family destined to furnish England with a Prime Minister in the person of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

All through these Angus straths and Grampian glens you come across properties and lairdships connected with such names as Lyell (including that of Sir Charles, of Kinnordy, the 'Darwin of geology'), Fullerton, Falconer, and Keith-Falconer, Earl of Kintore, Fotheringham, Carnegie-Arbuthnot (of Balnamoon), of whom a daughter was the author of *He's low down, he's in the broom, that's waiting for me*, the original of Burns's *My love is like a red, red rose;* Lindsay-Carnegie of Kimblethmont, Kinloch of Logie, Monro of Lindertis, Kennedy-Erskine of Dun, of which house a gifted daughter has shown that she can handle the dialect of Angus better even than Barrie of 'Thrums.' Witness, among other things, her *Twa Weelums*, namely, Kaiser William of Germany and 'Wullie Henderson frae Perth,' a sergeant in the 'Black Watch,' with whom 'Bill Adams,' who took such a prominent part in the winning of Waterloo, was simply not 'in the same street.'

Once, on being asked down to Aldershot by Colonel Dick-Cunningham to select material for an illustrated article on the Gordon Highlanders—who were then on all lips as the stormers of Dargai—I found myself at the mess lunch seated beside a Carnegie of Kinnaird, a Neish of Tannadice, and a Gardyne of Finavon, whose vitrified hill-fort overlooking the winding Esk I had so often as a boy essayed to explore, but could find no one to explain.

Strictly speaking, all these three gallant officers ought, on the territorial principle, to have been holding commissions not in the 'Gordons,' but in the 42nd Royal Highlanders (better known as the 'Black Watch' or the 'Forty-twa'), our premier kilted regiment, of which the recruiting area is the counties of Forfar, Perth, and Fife.

No other Scottish regiment—Highland or Lowland—suffered in the Great War so severely as the 'Black Watch,' which drew its sturdy recruits from the hills and dales and 'burgh toons' familiar to readers of *Harry Ogilvie, or, the Black Dragoons*, by James Grant, whose *Romance of War* was declared by the late General 'Jimmy' Grierson (himself, through his mother, connected with the Strathmore Lyons) to be the 'finest novel I ever read.' It was to the same martial district that Scott, who knew his Scotland better than any, instinctively turned for some of his leading military characters.

There are two types of the Scottish soldier of fortune which

shine conspicuous in the pages of Scott: Quentin Durward and Dugald Dalgetty; and it was to Angus and Mearns that the 'Wizard' turned in search of both. Durward, who was to serve Louis XI. of France in his 'Garde Ecossaise,' he fetched from 'Glenhoulakin,' or Glenisla, on the 'braes o' Angus'; while for Dalgetty he went a little further north, to 'Drumthwackit' (in reality Drumforskie), in the Mearns, just south of the Dee, to amuse and delight us with the equally erudite and valorous Rittmeister who was in turn 'to serve half the princes of Europe, including the immortal Gustavus, Lion of the North and bulwark of the Protestant faith.'

Scott had a marvellous knowledge of the family histories, nomenclature, and local dialects of all the Scottish counties, and wherever he laid his scene he wrote as if to the locality and manner born. Thus in *The Antiquary*—of which the interest centres in 'Fairport' (Arbroath)—the dialect even of the fisher-folk at Mussel Craig (Aucmithie), proper names, and local colour are all just as true as if he had been born in Angus itself instead of in Edinburgh.

As Durward himself had come from 'Glenhoulakin,' or Glenisla (which had been harried by the Ogilvies), so his maternal uncle Ludovic Lesly le Balafré, or 'Lesly with the Scar,' was quick to get Quentin enrolled in the 'Scottish Guard'; and when, in celebration of his enrolment, a banquet was given by the commander, Lord Crawford, of the Angus house of Lindsay, he found himself to have become the comrade of men bearing such familiar names—all of them from his native Angus—as Lindsay, Guthrie, Arnot, Patullo, Moffat, Wilson, Cunningham and Tyrie, not a single Highland name among them. 'Lindsay, Guthrie, Tyrie, draw and strike in,' exclaimed Lesly with the Scar on seeing his nephew Durward hard beset at Plessis-les-Tours.

This name Tyrie, which still occurs in Angus, re-emerged into romantic prominence in the person of Colonel Tyrie-Laing, a Brechin district ploughman, who, feeling, like Duncan Gray, that 'slighted love was sair to bide,' sought solace for his sorrow in a Highland regiment, from which he exchanged into a mounted corps in Matabeleland, and afterwards fell by a cruel chance shot when acting as commander of Lord Roberts's personal bodyguard during the Boer war.

But there was another distinguished soldier of fortune, Sir Andrew Melvill, hailing from the same district as Durward, Dalgetty and Tyrie-Laing, not of the imaginary, but of the real, kind, of whom Scott himself does not appear to have ever heard. He is not referred to at all by Hill Burton in his *Scot Abroad;* no page is assigned to him in *The Scottish Soldiers of Fortune*, or *The Cavaliers of Fortune*, of James Grant, who had a marvellous scent

for such adventurers; and even Scott does not seem to have ever come across his memoirs, which, written in French, were published at Amsterdam in 1704, two years before his death at the age of eighty-two, and of which an English version, with a foreword by General Sir Ian Hamilton, was issued during the last year of our Great War.

Of this Sir Andrew Melvill his patroness, the Electress Sophia (mother of George I. to be), wrote shortly before his marriage with a lady of her court, Mlle. Lamothe, who had justly remarked that she preferred 'half a man to no man at all,' 'for a cannon shot had carried away part of his chest, which is only supported by an iron contrivance': 'Colonel Melvill is already walking about in his tent. I verily believe that the Scots are descended, not from Adam, but from the serpent. One cuts them into sixteen pieces, like Melvill, and they all join together again.'

This was Sir Andrew Melvill, whose native parish, if not the very same, was certainly next door to that of the great Marquis of Montrose, born twelve years earlier, at Baldovie (near Montrose). His family—which, among others, had produced his namesake Andrew Melville (with a different spelling), the friend and co-reformer of John Knox—was of Glenbervie, in the Mearns, near where the family of Robert Burns had also been rooted as yeomen farmers, or bonnet-lairds, since the time of Bannockburn.

But as touching the Melvills and Quentin Durwards of their time who flocked to France and other countries, it was wittily, if rather maliciously, written of them by a French poet, Pierre de Jolle:

> *Vous saurez qu'on dit en proverbe*
> *Que d'Ecossais, de rats, de poux,*
> *Ceux qui voyagent jusqu'au bout*
> *Du monde en rencontrent partout,*

which I may thus render into English:

> There is an adage which doth say
> That wheresoe'er you take your way,
> E'en to the earth's remotest bound,
> Scots, rats, and vermin will be found.

This pungent epigram was written of the Scots who flocked to France to seek their fortunes with their pikes. But what, then, shall be said of their countrymen who at a later time, in still greater numbers, swarmed over to Poland to make a living equally with their packs?

For some reason Poland was a perfect paradise to Scottish pedlars and packmen, most of whom shipped to Dantzig or Königsberg—the great Baltic ports—from Dundee and Aberdeen. Curiously enough, the most illuminating reference to this *Völkerwanderung*, or swamping of Poland by Lowland Scots

pedlars, is to be found in the very last place where one would have been inclined to look for it, namely, Johnson's *Lives of the Poets.* Writing of Sir John Denham, the truculent Doctor says:

He now resided in France as one of the followers of the exiled King, and, to divert the melancholy of their condition, was sometimes enjoined by his master to write occasional verses. One of these amusements was probably his ode or song upon the Embassy to Poland, by which he and Lord Crofts procured a contribution of 10,000*l.* from the Scotch that wandered over that kingdom.

Yes, certainly, if the Scots pedlars in Poland could raise among them 10,000*l.* in sums of one or several dollars, their number must indeed have been enormous, large enough, in fact, to form one of the armies that were then being officered by their soldier countrymen all up and down those Slavonic parts from Dantzig to the Dniester, and from Marienwerder to Moscow. Many of those Scottish soldiers and sailors of fortune serving in Russia were the founders of families still in high repute and power, though not always identifiable under the Russianised form of their names.

On my way to Moscow for the coronation of Alexander III. I broke my journey for a day at Warsaw to have a look round that interesting capital of Poland. Among other places I hied me to the citadel, only to discover that its Commandant was a Colonel Ramsay de Balmain, a place near Fettercairn, at the foot of the Grampians, in the 'Howe o' the Mearns,' next door almost to my own native parish. My next visit to Russia was in 1905, when the 'Bloody Sunday' revolution, as it was falsely called—since it was only a strike—had broken out in St. Petersburg, and I found everyone lamenting that General Kleigels, for long Prefect of Police there, had lately been shifted to Kieff. If only he, with his firm, strong hand, said people, had still been at the helm, there would have been no trouble with Father Gapon's anarchic riff-raff.

'Kleigels? Kleigels?' said I. 'That sounds very German' No, it was explained to me, it wasn't German at all, but only the Russian form of the Scottish 'Clayhills "—Henderson of Clayhills, or Clayhills-Henderson of Invergowrie, in the 'Carse o' Gowrie,' on the winding banks of the Tay, between Dundee and Perth, in the region rendered for ever romantic by its association with the *Lass o' Gowrie*, liveliest of all Scottish love-lilts. True to type, a son of this soldier house, Captain George Clayhills, D.S.O., fell near Armentières early in the Great War.

But, apart from the soldier-Scot element still to be met with in Russia, it is a curious fact that their pedlar compatriots, shipping from Dundee to Dantzig, were to contribute to Russia one of her most popular poets, known as the 'Russian Byron,' and to Prussia one of her greatest, if not the very greatest, of all her philosophers. The poet in question was Michael Lermontoff, who

flourished in the reign of Alexander I., and was killed in a duel, like Pushkin, at the age of only twenty-six. He was descended from a Scots pedlar, or packman, called Learmonth—still a frequent Lowland name—who migrated to Poland, like so many of his compatriots, at the end of the seventeenth century, and then strayed into Russia by way of Tula.

As for the philosopher referred to, whom the pedlars from Forfarshire made a present of to Prussia, this was none other than Emanuel Kant, a descendant in the third degree from a saddler packman settler at Memel, or Kőnigsberg. Such was the humble ancestry of the author of the *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft* (or *Critique of Pure Reason*), whose grandfather had hailed from the Howe o' Angus, where the name of 'Cant' is still pretty common, though, of course, in German the 'C' had to be changed into 'K.'

One of the finest and most artistic monuments in Berlin, standing between the old Emperor's palace and the University opposite, is Rauch's equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, a statue of which the plinth is embellished by high relief bronze portraits of all the leading men of his reign, whether soldiers or scholars. Among the former is the figure of Field-Marshal Keith, whose ancestral, sea-washed seat of Dunottar, in the Mearns, is only a couple of miles from Clochnahill farm, the race-cradle of Robert Burns; while under the tail of the King's horse—good enough position for mere 'intellectuals,' thought Frederick William III.—there is a group of poets and philosophers, including the pedlar-sired sage, author of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, from the Howe o' Angus. As Marykirk parish had been the race-cradle of the Burness (*quasi* 'Burnhouse'), or Burns, family, so the opposite parish of Logie-Pert, on the Forfarshire side of the North Esk, was to have the distinction of producing the shoemaker-sired father of a philosopher, quite as good in some respects as Emanuel Kant, in the person of John Stuart Mill.

This reference to Marshal Keith—Frederick the Great's favourite General, who fell at Hochkirch in saving the Prussian Army from destruction by a night attack of the Austrians under Daun in the Seven Years' War—reminds me that he and his brother, the last Earl Marischal (hereditary Marshal of Scotland, like the Duke of Norfolk in England), personified the Jacobitism which permeated Angus and Mearns, and well entitled this Siamese-twin county to be considered as the most 'Royalist' of any long before, by its marriages, it acquired the appellation of 'royal.' For not only did it give birth to the greatest of all our Royalist leaders in the person of the Marquis of Montrose, who sealed his loyalty on the scaffold, but also to his cousin, Graham of Claverhouse, Sir Walter's 'bonny Dundee,' who fell for James II. at Killiecrankie.

It was all intensely Jacobite and Royalist, more so even than the Highland counties proper, seeing that, according to Ewald, the largest contingent of Prince Charlie's 'Highland host,' totalling something over 6000, was formed by the Lowland men of Angus under Lord Ogilvy, who brought 900 'bonny fighters' into the field, while the Camerons came next, but *longo intervallo*, with but 700.

Nor be it unmentioned in this connection that Angus had the honour of furnishing to the kings of Scotland their standard-bearer, whose honorary office is still hereditary in the Scrymgeour-Wedderburn family, though one of those Scrymgeours, strangely enough, came to sit in the House of Commons for his native Dundee as the banner-bearer, not of Princes, but of Prohibitionists—a very different set of people. But it is pretty certain that the original standard-bearer of martial Scotland must have been nurtured on something much more generous and courage-inspiring than 'drumly,' or turbid, water from the River Tay.

CHARLES LOWE.

ABD-EL-AZIZ IBN SA'UD

THE news of the death of Abd-el-Aziz Ibn Sa'ud, Emir of Nejd, in Central Arabia, will be received by all who knew him with sincere regret. His was a most engaging personality, and it was impossible to be with him without being carried away by the vivacity and infectious *bonhomie* of this regal man. He was an Anak in stature, standing well over 6 feet 4 inches, and towered among his followers, who, as a rule, are rather undersized. A handsomer man would be difficult to find in Europe or Asia. His forehead was fine, his nose slightly aquiline, and his face oval, rather long, and inclining to leanness. He wore a moderate black beard, Elizabethan in shape. His eyes were large, dark, and luminous, melancholy in repose, but generally sparkling with a sense of exuberant spirits. He spoke rapidly in a cultured, sonorous voice, and his general appearance was such as we are used to associate with the highest aristocratic type. With all this, he had popular manners, without a suspicion of 'side,' and consequently he exercised a wonderful influence over the Bedouins, who are in some respects the most democratic, as they are the freest, of mortals.

Had he been a better general in the field—or shall I say a luckier one? for chance plays a greater part in Arabian warfare than in any other—he might have controlled all Arabia from the Hejaz northward.

His father, Abd-er Rahman, son of Feisal, was also a remarkable man. In Riyadh he resided in a separate palace, and enjoyed equally with his son the title of Imam in Wahhabiland. He was a handsome old man, who had led a life of many ups and downs. At the end of a long struggle with adversity he had been turned out of Central Arabia, and retired to Kuweit as the guest of the sheikh of that principality. There his son Abd-el-Aziz might have continued to live a life of ease and dignity in company with the numerous young sportsmen belonging to the Ibn Sabah and other Gulf families. But he had ambition, and preferred to try to retrieve the family fortunes in the desert. He attached himself to the Ahl Murrah, notoriously the wildest of all the tribes who range over the northern confines of the Empty Quarter. There he made friends with his *de jure* subjects, including the Ajman and the

Muteir, and waited impatiently for the weakening of the Ibn Rashid faction, who were still usurping his father's capital and dominions.

At last the day dawned when, with the assistance of Mubarak Ibn Sabah, Sheikh of Kuweit, and the Muteir, who were at that time under the influence of Kuweit, he was able to attempt the recapture of Riyadh. This he actually accomplished in a most romantic manner, with only thirty trusty followers, entering Riyadh before dark one night and surprising the garrison of the citadel at dawn, when the Shammar governor was returning to his house, as was his wont, after the night's vigil in the citadel. The Shammar governor and many of the garrison were slain, and the town and Bedouin tribes enthusiastically welcomed back their hereditary Emir, and Abd-el-Aziz soon became the most powerful chief in Arabia.

The Turks, with whom the Ibn Sa'ud family have an eternal feud, thought to win him over by bestowing on him the title of Vali, but it was not long before he expelled them from Hasa. This was in 1913, and throughout the war his interests inclined him to the side of the Allies.

At the commencement he embraced our cause with some enthusiasm. His father was strongly pro-British, but the chief cause of his enthusiasm was a romantic friendship with our representative, the late Captain Shakespeare. After that brilliant young officer's death in a battle between Abd-el-Aziz and Ibn Rashid, in which the former was defeated, he seemed to lose heart.

His defeat was due to the defection of the Ajman, and thereafter there was grave trouble with that tribe, which nearly resulted in Abd-el-Aziz losing his dominions altogether.

So it was that in 1917, when I went to Riyadh, I found it difficult to arouse again his keenness. Firstly, there was the ever imminent danger from the rebellious Ajman and the pro-Turkish Shammar, which rendered it dangerous for him to venture far from home, and secondly, he had got it into his head that whatever assistance he gave would only go to increase the prestige and swell the following of the Sherif, now King Husein. The hostility between Mecca and Riyadh has lasted over a century, and goes back to the old conquests of the Wahhabi empire, when the Sherif of the day actually did homage to the Wahhabi champion.

Profuse subsidies were granted by us to the Sherif of Mecca, enabling him to raise strong contingents from all the tribes of Central Arabia. 'Wait till the money stops,' Abd-el-Aziz used to say to me; 'then you will see how I shall settle with the "King of all the Arab lands." All my tribes will come back; they are all

of the true religion' (*i.e.*, Wahhabis). 'Husein will have only Mecca and Medina.'

I begged him to join in the fray, urging him not to let Husein have all the plums; perhaps even Damascus. Why should Abd-el-Aziz not attempt to repeat his ancestors' feat of capturing Damascus?

'You do not understand,' he said. 'How can I move while Hail' (the Shammar capital) 'is with the Turks and hostile to me? But if you could bribe them and give me money and munitions equal to the cost of one British division I might have a try.' Then he would explain to me the balance of power in Central Arabia; how neither Hail nor Mecca, Nuri Ibn Sha'lan nor the sheikhs of Iraq, would help to restore to him the empire of all Arabia; that, and that only, was what he and his family dreamed of and prayed for.

The enticing visions which I suggested to him did, however, work on his imagination, and at one time he very nearly agreed to embark on a more ambitious policy. One evening, when we were alone together, he said, 'Last night I had a dream. It was as vivid as life. I stood by an overturned gun-carriage in the streets of Damascus, and my Arabs were swarming all over the town. We had captured the town.' I said I believed he might make that dream come true.

Looking back on it all, however, I see that he was right to pursue a policy of inactivity. After that defeat by the Shammar and the Ajman and the death of his trusted friend Shakespeare he knew that his prestige abroad had sunk, while his former buoyancy and self-confidence had deserted him.

Abd-el-Aziz was not a bloody tyrant as Moslem or Muscovite tyrants go, but he was a strong ruler, which means in Arabia one who does not allow humanitarian considerations to interfere with his policy. While I was with him a section of a tribe, which had broken one of their fundamental laws by attacking a caravan guarded by their own fellow-tribesmen, was, by his orders, surrounded and exterminated to a man.

He was lavishly hospitable. Every night some hundreds of men sat down to a mighty dinner of camel and goat-flesh. Whatever money he received as subsidy or tribute was at once spent in this manner. Any sheikh of the desert, with his followers, could come into Riyadh and abide for ten days as his guest. I had to urge upon him the desirability of saving up his monthly subsidy from us until he had sufficient to put a respectable force in the field and really obtain some military advantage over the Shammar. 'My answer to that is,' he said, 'that neither I nor my forbears ever kept a chest.' In other words, his answer was equivalent to our colloquialism, 'It simply is not done.'

Well, a hero has departed, one who, if circumstances had been more favourable, might have made a big stir in the world, for he was of the mettle and calibre of the Companions of the Prophet.

Wahhabism is a sour, puritanical faith, but there was nothing sour about Abd-el-Aziz. He was very human, bluff and hearty. As an example, one day when we were seated in the large audience hall at Riyadh, in a *mejlis* at which many great sheikhs from Central Arabia and Syria were assembled, the discussion turned on religion. He was trying to set forth the respects in which Moslems are superior to Christians, and in some of these I must admit that he was right, though I, of course, stoutly maintained the contrary. Among these excellencies he instanced the practical absence of adultery among them, whereas it was such a commonplace matter among Christians that their very newspapers and novels were full of it. I said, 'Sheikh, we Christians' (Nasara, a word of contumely) 'are allowed but one woman to wife, even though we marry in extreme youth. How many have you had?' 'Four,' he answered, 'as the Prophet ordained.' 'Yes,' I said, 'I know that you have four at present, but how many have you divorced in the course of your life?' 'A hundred!' he roared with a hearty guffaw, which the whole audience took up in glee. I had not to elaborate my point, as those who know the Arabs will understand.

Abd-el-Aziz treated his father with veneration and obvious affection; indeed, his affection for his family was one of the most lovable traits in his character. They were a most united family. His sister Nura, who is a wonderfully capable woman, managed the palace at Riyadh, and even undertook many of the duties of regent when her brother was engaged in war or raiding. She seemed to have the greatest influence over him. When he charged at the head of his wild horsemen, his battle-cry was '*Ana akhu Nura*'—'I am the brother of Nura.' This reminds one of the brave days of old, when Europe for a season adopted the chivalry of the Arabs, an idea brought back by the Crusaders from Asia and Spain.

Abd-el-Aziz was a hard worker. He began his day at 3.30 a.m. with prayers, which it was his duty as Imam to lead; after which he breakfasted on tea, bread and honey. At dawn he mounted and went for a ride in the environs of the city, sometimes sending word to me to join the cavalcade. Returning at about 9 a.m., he went to his office, where all sorts of people came to call on him and bring him the news of the desert. Seated in front of him were secretaries, to whom he dictated correspondence and such orders as required to be written. He would then proceed to the audience hall and hold court till 10.30, when all departed

to luncheon, the principal meal of the day. Midday prayers and then a siesta before afternoon prayers, at 3.30. Then work in council or perhaps a picnic to some attractive spot in the Wadi Hanifa, among the caves, or in a palm garden. All returned before sunset, when the city gates were shut and the call to prayers resounded from every mosque. After prayers I would be summoned to talk politics until midnight.

No one in Riyadh dares to miss going to church. Imagine the multitudes of London attending church five times in the twenty-four hours, Sunday and week-day alike, and being liable to corporal punishment for slackness ! It was a hard and exacting life. The Imam had three hours' sleep at night and one or two in the day, yet he always looked well and cheery.

Had his son Turki lived he would probably have succeeded his father. The actual successor is not yet known, but there were a few years ago several very competent members of the family available. The death of a ruler like Abd-el-Aziz must make a great difference in Arabia. Past policies will be thrown into the melting-pot for a time, and until the new ruler can establish himself there will be many alarums and excursions in Arabia.

I shall never forget my farewell to Abd-el-Aziz. He insisted on accompanying me out to my first camp. His farewell presents were a sword, a flock of sheep, and several camel-loads of dates and provisions. To all my party he gave clothes and big tips. I had given practically all I possessed to the slaves at the palace. Turning to leave me, he handed me a whip, saying it was all he had left. I took off my wrist watch and tied it round his wrist as we rode along. It was the only thing I had left which I could give him as a souvenir. 'Adieu ! adieu ! ' and he turned and galloped off.

He had also given me two beautiful Arabian oryxes to present to His Majesty the King. One of these is now in the London Zoo ; the other had an accident on board ship and died at Bombay.

BELHAVEN AND STENTON.

THE BERAR QUESTION AGAIN

THE principle of *res judicata* is little understood in the East, where there is a tendency to regard any adverse decision, however final in its nature, as liable to reconsideration, but, notwithstanding this tendency, it is not without surprise that we find a ruler of the character and standing of the Nizam of Hyderabad seeking, on grounds which are as little creditable to his father as to Lord Curzon, the abrogation of an agreement in perpetuity concluded little more than twenty years ago.

The Berar question has been from time to time discussed in the Press, and many must be familiar with its details, but a review of the circumstances in which this province passed into the possession of the Government of India is a necessary preliminary to a discussion of the Nizam's recent demand for its rendition.

Berar was one of the six *subas*, or provinces, of the Deccan, which during the decline of the Mogul Empire became a great viceroyalty, to which Chin Kilij Khan, the ancestor of the Nizam, was appointed early in the eighteenth century. A few years later the Sayyid brothers, who were all-powerful at Delhi, but not strong enough to dismiss the Viceroy of the Deccan from his post, instigated the governor of the province of Khandesh to attack him, offering to him as a bait the reversion of the viceroyalty. This governor, Mubariz Khan, invaded Berar in 1724, met Chin Kilij Khan, entitled Asaf Jah, at Shakarkhelda, and was defeated and slain. The battle established Asaf Jah's virtual independence in the Deccan, and, though neither he nor any of his descendants repudiated their allegiance to the Emperor, all behaved as though no bond existed between Hyderabad and Delhi.

The Marathas were already, when Asaf Jah defeated his rival, a power in the land, and shortly afterwards, while the Peshwas were reigning at Poona, a subordinate Maratha dynasty, that of the Bhonslas, established itself at Nagpur. In the latter half of the eighteenth century the territories of the Nizam were in grave peril owing to the pressure of this predatory power on their northern and western borders, to the difficulty of steering a safe course through the troubled waters of Anglo-French rivalry, and to the rise of the robber State of Mysore under the adventurer

Haidar Ali and his son Tipu. This last power was eventually crushed by British arms, which had already worsted the French and destroyed their influence in Southern India, but the Nizam had been obliged to meet his Maratha foes alone, and 'in every war from 1748 to 1790, with the one exception of the Maratha campaign of 1761, was thwarted, with consequent loss of territory or revenue.' In 1760, after the battle of Udgir, and again in 1795, after the battle of Kardla, he had been obliged to cede to the Peshwa rich districts in Southern Berar, and the acts of aggression committed by the Bhonsla Raja of Nagpur in the assertion of his claim to the levying throughout the Deccan of the exactions known as *chauth* and *sardeshmukhi* amounted to little less than the annexation of the province.

> Wherever the Moguls appointed a collector the Maratha appointed another, and both claimed the revenue, while foragers from each side exacted forced contributions, so that the harassed cultivator often threw up his land and helped to plunder his neighbours. The Maratha by this means succeeded in fixing his hold on the province, but its resources were ruined and its people were seriously demoralised by a *régime* of barefaced plunder and fleecing without the semblance of principle or stability.

The Nizam had learned by this time that his survival as a ruler depended upon British aid, and the Treaty of 1800 stipulated that a British force should be quartered in the Hyderabad State, and that the Nizam should furnish troops to co-operate when the occasion arose with this subsidiary force, which survives in the garrison of Secunderabad.

In 1803 the second Maratha war broke out, and the Marathas were expelled from Berar, which was restored by the East India Company to the Nizam. The value of his contribution to the success of this brilliant campaign is to be learned from the despatches of Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, and in 1813 it was agreed, lest the Nizam should again fail us, that a force of his troops should be organised and trained by British officers. This was the measure which was described by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*[1] as forcing a contingent army upon the State for our own convenience. This force, originally known as the Russell Brigade, from the name of the Resident then accredited to the Court of the Nizam, was afterwards described in official documents as the Nizam's army, and eventually became the Hyderabad Contingent. The Nizam was responsible for its payment, the Government of India, who appointed its officers, for its efficiency; but the Nizam was unable, owing to the chaotic condition of his finances, to meet his obligations, and the Government of India were not seldom compelled to advance the sums necessary for the payment of the force. By the middle of the nineteenth

[1] Vol. civ., p. 272.

century the debt due on account of this pay and other unsatisfied claims amounted to 4½ millions of rupees. The Nizam had already been warned that territorial security would be required for this debt unless it were speedily liquidated, and in 1853 a new treaty was concluded, under which the Hyderabad Contingent was to be maintained by the East India Company, and for its payment and the satisfaction of outstanding claims the province of Berar north of the Penganga River, the district of Dharaseo, and the Raichur Doab—the tract between the Krishna (Kistna) and Tungabhadra Rivers—were assigned to the Company, which was to administer them. The first charge on the revenue—about five millions of rupees—of these districts was the cost of their administration ; the second, the maintenance of the Contingent ; and the third, the settlement of debts due to the Company, which was to render accounts to the Nizam and to pay him the unexpended balance.

To reward the Nizam for his loyal services in the Mutiny of 1857 a new treaty was concluded in 1860, under which a debt of five millions of rupees due by him was cancelled, the territory of Surapur, annexed in consequence of the rebellion of its raja, was added to his dominions, and the Dharaseo district and the Raichur Doab were restored to him. Berar was retained in trust by the Company for the purposes for which it had been assigned in 1853, but the Government of India were released from the obligation to render accounts, which had led to undignified altercations.

This settlement of the question endured until 1903, but the Nizam never cheerfully acquiesced in the alienation of Berar, and never relaxed his efforts to recover it. Agents were employed in England to bring his grievance to the notice of Parliament and of prominent public men, and to ventilate it in the Press, and large sums were placed at their disposal in order to enhance their importance. A humbler class of European agents—retired servants of the Government of India and others who desired to add to an insufficient income or to earn a livelihood on easy terms—infested Hyderabad, and professed to be able, by contributions to the Press and otherwise, to advance the Nizam's interests. Their occupation left them much leisure for profitable intrigue, and those who succumbed to this temptation became a nuisance to the State and a disgrace to their country.

All demands for the rendition of Berar were uncompromisingly refused. It was generally assumed that this refusal was based on the Imperial Government's lack of confidence in the will or the ability of the Hyderabad State to meet its financial obligations, for the past history of financial administration in the State amply justified mistrust ; but when the offer of security other than the

assignment of territory failed to induce them to reconsider their refusal, their attitude was regarded as unreasonable, and was attributed to the most sinister motives. For this reason it is unfortunate that they failed to disclose all the grounds of the refusal. Their decision to refuse rendition on any terms was reached as long ago as 1878, and the reasons for it were fully explained in a despatch addressed to the Government of India by the Marquis of Salisbury, then Secretary of State for India, who reminded that Government that we had obligations to the people of Berar as well as to the Nizam, and that it was impossible to deliver to the government of the Hyderabad State two and a half millions of people who had for a quarter of a century enjoyed the advantages of British rule. The despatch was a confidential document, the contents of which were not disclosed, even to the Nizam, until the conclusion of the agreement of 1903. It was this secretiveness, probably due to consideration for the feelings of His Highness, that exposed both the Imperial Government and the Government of India to misrepresentation.

The decision was fully justified by, and might easily have been defended from, the history of the Nizam's administration of Berar. 'The Nizam's territories are,' wrote Sir Arthur Wellesley in January 1804, 'one complete chaos from the Godavari to Hyderabad,' and again, 'The situation of this country is shocking: the people are starving in hundreds, and there is no Government to afford the slightest relief.' The failure of the Nizam's Government to fulfil its duty to its subjects was not wholly due to the war on its frontiers, which had but just ended when Sir Arthur Wellesley wrote, for between 1803 and 1820 the force of 26,000 troops, which the Nizam quartered on the province, was powerless to protect it from the ravages of Pindaris and Bhils; nor was it only from the depredations of avowed bandits that it suffered. The extravagance of the Administration left it no means of subsistence but loans, which it raised at the exorbitant rate of 24 per cent., and could repay only by the assignment of large tracts of land in Berar to the lenders, whose exactions, owing to the insecurity of their tenure, were commonly limited only by the capacity of the peasant, under distraint, to pay. This iniquitous system of farming the revenues continued until 1843, when the Minister Raja Chandu Lal, having conducted the State to the verge of bankruptcy, resigned his post.

It is not surprising that this period of misrule, combined with the famines of 1833 and 1839, in which no measures of relief were undertaken, should have devastated the richest province of the Nizam's dominions. From time to time it was harried by armed bands, which on various pretexts, but always with the object of plunder, raised the standard of rebellion, and were supported and

aided by the hereditary revenue officials. Large numbers of the peasantry, unable to continue the cultivation of their lands under such conditions, fled over the border to the neighbouring districts of British India, where they could at least earn a livelihood, and it was not until after the assignment of 1853 that the fugitives returned and resumed their ancestral holdings.

This, it may be contended, is ancient history, and bears no relation to what might be expected of the Nizam's Government at the present day. Nevertheless the conclusions drawn from history in 1878 were not without foundation, and have been more recently justified. The Nizam's sovereignty in a single village in the Central Provinces caused so much administrative inconvenience that it was proposed to offer him in exchange for it a village of equal or higher value in Berar, and contiguous to his northern frontier, but the inhabitants of this village protested so vigorously against the transfer that the project had to be dropped. Again, during the famine of 1899–1900 the administration of Berar was seriously embarrassed by the influx of fugitives from the Nizam's dominions, where hardly anything had been done to relieve the sufferings of the people.

The administration of Berar under the Treaty of 1860 resembled that of a province of British India. It was not perfect, and it erred on the side of profusion. Apart from the inevitable costliness of the administration of a province of less than 18,000 square miles in area, and with a population of less than three millions, on a system similar to that adopted in the great provinces of British India, it cannot be denied that there were extravagance in public works and other directions and a tendency to impose on Berar revenues expenditure the allocation of which it would be difficult to defend. But the forecast of the contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, who ridiculed the notion that 'a farthing of surplus would ever find its way into the Nizam's treasury,' was falsified by events, for during the forty years from 1860 to 1900 the Nizam received an average annual surplus of about 60,000*l*.

In 1900 Sir David Barr, one of the ablest of the officers of the Political Department of the Government of India during the latter half of the nineteenth century, was appointed to the Residency at Hyderabad, and set himself to the study of the Berar question, which had given rise to so much controversy and recrimination. He perceived the grave disadvantages of an indeterminate assignment, with its perpetual incitement to intrigue, and the desirability of some settlement which should be accepted by both parties as permanent. He therefore proposed that the Hyderabad Contingent should cease to exist as a separate force and should be absorbed into the Indian Army, which would assume the liability, should the occasion arise, of rendering to the

Nizam such service as he had been able to claim from the Contingent, and that, in return for this undertaking, the Nizam should lease Berar in perpetuity to the Government of India for an equitable rent.

This solution of a vexed question did not at once commend itself to all. It was so simple, said some, that it was inconceivable that it should not have been tried, if it were practicable. Sir David Barr was able to assure such critics that, simple as it was, it had never before been proposed. Lord Curzon at once perceived its superiority to the existing treaty, and authorised Sir David Barr to open negotiations with the Nizam. These he would undoubtedly have carried to a successful conclusion had not the confidential nature of Lord Salisbury's despatch been insisted upon, so that he was precluded from informing the Nizam that he could never expect the rendition of Berar. So long as the Nizam believed that this was possible nothing would induce him to consent to the permanent alienation of the province, and the only result of Sir David Barr's conversations was to acquaint him with the solution which commended itself to the Government of India. It remained for Lord Curzon, who reserved to himself the right of communicating to the Nizam the purport of Lord Salisbury's despatch, to persuade him to substitute for the Treaty of 1860 an agreement so much more advantageous to his State.

His Exalted Highness now seeks the abrogation of this agreement on the ground that undue pressure was brought to bear on his father, that Lord Curzon during the negotiations 'disclosed the assertive side of his authority as Viceroy.' This, in plain language, means that Lord Curzon bullied His late Highness, who cowered before him. The suggestion is unjust to both parties, and is devoid of truth.

Lord Curzon would have been lacking in frankness had he failed to inform the late Nizam of the decision of 1878; but he was in no way responsible for that decision, which had been reached some years before he entered public life. There was no bullying in the case, and there was, indeed, no occasion for bullying. When the Nizâm was acquainted with the decision of the Imperial Government, the only question remaining for his consideration was whether he would accept 60,000*l.* or 160,000*l.* a year for Berar, and he naturally chose the latter sum.

The agreement is not faultless. The amount of the rent—Rs. 2,500,000—was fixed by financial experts, and it was generally held by those who had studied the subject that too much stress was laid on financial considerations, and that the Nizam should have been treated more generously; but this is a defect susceptible of remedy without disturbing the principle of the agreement.

I would not be understood to say that there is no case for the

rendition of Berar to the Nizam. His splendid loyalty during the war entitles to the most favourable consideration any claim that he may put forward. India is in the course of receiving the privilege of self-government, and if this privilege be genuinely desired by the people, the inhabitants of Berar, among whom the principle of judging rule by its source rather than by its quality is said to find much favour, would naturally wish to be the subjects of a native rather than of a foreign ruler, so that the grounds on which the decision of 1878 was based have disappeared. This is the Nizam's case, and it is matter for regret that, instead of basing his claim on these grounds, he has based it on aspersions on the courage of his father and the character of Lord Curzon.

WOLSELEY HAIG

GERMANY AND MONARCHISM

GERMANY became a republic in a fit of military despair and proletariat spleen against the dynasty that had led her into a ruinous and catastrophic war. Partly, too, because she thought that the pacifist idealists of America and the Entente would be more lenient to a petitioner for peace who appeared before them shrouded in the toga of democracy than to one who came in sword belt and *pickelhaube*.

The world at large has never for a moment believed that the majority of Germans in their overnight conversion in 1918 became Republicans at heart or that the Fatherland would permanently retain this form of government. In Germany one meets Nationalists enough, of course, who prophesy an early end to Republicanism, and some, too, who even think that the walls of Jericho are to fall as soon as the trumpets of the impending elections are heard in May.

It is hard to set a term to such big State experiments as revolutions. It is safe, however, to affirm in a general way that the Reich will revert to monarchy as soon as it is prudent from considerations of policy and decorum to do so. For the present 'Caution!' is the watchword of all the more moderate Monarchists, and they are content to remain *Vernunftrepublikaner*, that is Republicans for the sake of prudence and expediency 'until the times do alter.'

'It is high time,' said Graf Reventlow recently, 'that the hotheads of Monarchism should be reminded that a discredited and overturned monarchy cannot be set on its feet again as easily as a chair that has been upset in a pothouse brawl.'

It is, in fact, fully recognised by the saner and cooler thinkers among the German Monarchists that any sudden reversion to monarchy or any attempt to return by means of violence to what the admirers of the old *régime* consider the orthodox form of government might, if prematurely undertaken, most gravely jeopardise the future of the whole State, whether considered from the point of view of internal or of external policy.

There are many, too, who denounce not only Republicanism, but even Parliamentarism and all its ways, and cry

aloud for a dictator, meaning to use him as a stepping stone to monarchy.

It is significant, however, that generals like von Watter, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria and von Seeckt, the present Commander-in-Chief of the military forces of the Republic, all of whom confess themselves pronounced Monarchists at heart, have warned the country that an appeal to main force in order to bring about a new revolution would be a crime and an act of disloyalty to the Fatherland. As patriots they suppress their personal leanings towards a monarchy, wishing to assure to the Reich that opportunity for rest and for moral and material recuperation that is its chief need in these days.

The Bavarian prince, unlike many of the swashbuckling politicians and political adventurers that throng the southern capital, possesses the rare virtue of knowing how to bide his time. It is an open secret, however, that, after the experience of the last war, he has made up his mind that, in whatever form the monarchy may be restored, he will never again be a party to allowing the dynasty of the Wittelsbachers to be subordinated to a Kaiser of the House of Hohenzollern. The Bavarians, more than any other German stock, ache for the restoration of a monarchy of their own. Just as they find in the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church the only adequate form in which to express their religious attitude towards the universe, so by temperament and tradition they crave a king as the outward symbol and representative of the secular State in all their public acts and festivals. It is natural, then, that the chief nucleus of the new Monarchist movement should be found in the Catholic south. The Monarchism of Junkerdom, of Prussian Pomerania and East Elbia, is far more personal, material and class-conscious in its type and origins.

The late Prime Minister and present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the clever rhetorician Dr. Stresemann, himself a convinced Monarchist, also advises patience. He, like von Watter, has recently declared that it is the duty of all good Germans 'to insist most decidedly that the State should be maintained in its present form.' It was this statesman who in 1923, in order to celebrate in his own original way November 9, countersigned the order for the return of the ex-Crown Prince to Germany. He even went so far as to pave the way for the homecoming of this ambiguous exile with loud eulogies and emphatic personal guarantees of his virtues of mind and character. In his canny opportunism, Dr. Stresemann has also thought well to comfort the country with the oracular declaration that, 'although the Crown has gone, the Reich remains.'

General von Seeckt, a man of silence and one of the best military heads in Germany, a moderate Monarchist, who, as many

folk think, is destined to become, if not dictator, at least the next President of the Reich, in succession to President Ebert, and who is perhaps to form the *liaison* with the monarchy, is sternly opposed to anything like a violent change. He well knows that any repudiation of the Constitution of Weimar at the present moment would involve the Reich in the hazard of all sorts of needless convulsions that might easily undo the wonderful progress that the country is making towards the recovery of its old standards. Von Seeckt and the others associated with him feel that in times like these doctrinairism is a fatal guide, and they comfort themselves with the thought that the race is not always to the swift nor the spoils to the masters of Pistolese and Limehouse. Steadiness, patience, caution and national unity are their watchwords.

Fanatical Monarchists and the egoistic Junker particularists of Prussia gibe at this policy of delay, and satirically suggest that the names of these advocates of a policy of patience should be added as a supplement to the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes*, a book which, in the fickle days of Louis XVIII., gave a catalogue of men whom their opponents held to be political weathercocks and vicars of Bray.

After a revolution no nation can for some considerable time tell whether the new political mansion into which it has moved will prove adequate to its needs. It must first try the experiment of living in it. The German Reich is about to complete the fifth year of its life in its Republican tenement. No one can maintain that the inhabitants of the Fatherland, with the exception of the Socialists, have as yet shown any pronounced enthusiasm for the new abode over the entrance to which is written 'The Constitution of Weimar.' The President, Herr Ebert, lives almost as secluded a life as a Dalai Lhama, and when he drives abroad in his closed car takes care to court recognition as little as possible. His silence, his comparative self-effacement and withal the sound common-sense and dignity with which he has played a new and very difficult *rôle* have won for him, strange to say, almost more gratitude and respect from the Monarchists than from his own party. But this respect is of a negative character. 'If Herr Ebert were wise,' said a Monarchist to me a few days ago, 'he would seize an opportunity to anticipate the new elections, and retire before the downfall of the Socialists forces him to do so. If he went now, he could go with good grace, and the Nationalists would not begrudge him a cosy pension and a villa in the Grunewald, whereas if he waits and shares the fate of his party in the wrath to come he will probably fare far less satisfactorily.'

This is not what we should regard as a generous attitude towards a man who has filled such a high official position with

eminent skill and integrity. The average German seems to have very little notion of the permanent national honour conferred upon a citizen when, by the votes of a free people, he becomes their President. The German democracy is still too young to realise this, and all its traditions too foreign to such a sentiment. Visitors from other countries, observing the scant respect shown by these new-baked Republicans for the ex-master saddler who is now their President, are apt without more ado to label the Germans a nation of snobs. But centuries of militarism and reverence for hereditary rule and the theory of Divine right cannot but leave a mark too deep to be obliterated in a day. It was perhaps this undemocratic lack of understanding for the dignity of an elected President that a few days ago led Germany, herself a republic, to refuse to join in the general regret expressed by the rest of the nations at the passing of one who had honourably represented the world's greatest Republic. Strange to say, while flouting the memory of President Wilson, the Wilhelm Strasse not only made no protest at Graf Rantzau's representing Germany at the obsequies of Lenin, but even allowed him to lead the diplomatic corps in doing honour to this modern Tamerlane.

Those who have witnessed the orgies of military and Monarchist enthusiasm that have carried Germany off her feet at the exhibition of the remarkable film called 'Fridericus Rex' during the past twelve months will need no further proof of the fact that German Republican sentiment is but skin-deep. This film, sweeping like a whirlwind of propaganda over the whole country, has given the Germans a chance to recognise which way their real longings lie. They are still hero-worshippers to a man provided the hero be a general or a king. 'Fridericus Rex' is an exceedingly clever pseudo-historical presentation of the outstanding incidents in the life of Frederick the Great and of the episodes of the Seven Years' War, skilfully doctored to suggest heroic parallels between the personages and events of the Germany of to-day and the vicissitudes of the then Prussia and Frederick's desperate struggles against a 'host of foes.' Although it is well known to historians that Frederick the Great wantonly brought about the Seven Years' War with the object of conquering Saxony, the film naturally shows how the war was forced on innocent Prussia by the wicked intrigues of the Entente of those days. Frederick, shocked at the revelation of such villainy, is seen rushing away from his flute-playing. Sorely against his will, he leads his army into battle, the breathless audience thinking the while of the beautiful Hohenzollern legend of the origins of the Great War. Then come dashing scenes of campaigning, battalions marching, victorious battle charges, cities blazing, and *gloria victoria* till even the Socialists among the audience can 'scarce forbear to cheer.'

The 'stab in the back' is there, too, and the German grudge against France is satisfied by a more than melodramatic version of the poltroonery and double-dealing of Voltaire.

The enthusiastic reception of the film in Berlin gave the beholder a vivid impression of militarism. He felt that he was in the midst of a revival of Prussianism in its most patriotic mood. The frenzied rounds of applause bestowed on Frederick the Great at certain dramatic points in the story smacked but little of Republicanism.

As propaganda, however, I doubt whether this film brought the modern Hohenzollerns any nearer to their goal. Intense as is the admiration of the populace for Frederick the Great, there is little or none felt for the ex-Kaiser and not overmuch for the ex-Crown Prince. In the last few weeks one nevertheless hears people say shruggingly, 'Better have a bad king perhaps than none at all.'

Three months have now passed since this banished Prince, whom the Londoner, with his sure instinct for the pluses and minuses of a personality, has aptly dubbed 'Little Willie,' returned home from Holland and took up his abode at the castle of Oels, in Silesia. In exile he has evidently learned the difficult art of holding his tongue, and is following wise advice in keeping his promise to live the non-committal life of a country squire. He spends his days in shooting pheasants on the neighbouring estate of the King of Saxony, his companion in exile, or hares on his own broad acres that adjoin it.

On the rare occasions when His Royal Highness, as his intimates address him, visits the town of Breslau, some fifteen miles distant from Oels, he declines to have anything to do with political speech-making, and strictly forswears anything that could be construed into a political act or a Monarchist demonstration. The young Hotspurs of the Silesian aristocracy find that they have been reckoning without their host in imagining that Oels Castle was about to become a centre of Monarchical intrigue and romantic gatherings of the clans. They cannot persuade the Prince to receive even a handful of frock-coated veterans of some soldiers' league from the neighbouring district. He is well aware that the Socialists are keeping a sharp eye on all his doings, and that any indiscretion would at once be bruited abroad through the Socialist Press. Nevertheless, he has just been on a flying incognito visit to Berlin, and has been well received by the faithful. One of his old Potsdam comrades, now a Republican Minister, has, according to a story now going the round of the clubs, been terrified out of his wits by the shocking suggestion that the Prince should include him in his visits. 'Later, at some spa perhaps! But in Berlin! dear me no! *most* indiscreet!'

Hitherto, with the exception of the Kapp Putsch in 1920 and the interludes of Küstrin and Munich, the struggle between the Monarchist faction and the Republicans has been mainly confined to pen and ink, a battle of books and propaganda pamphlets. The large output of Monarchist literature has revealed the energetic subterranean efforts being made in certain quarters to pave the way for a return of the Man of Doorn. That these efforts were taken very seriously is proved by the character and calibre of the literature that has been written in reply, with the object of enlightening Germany as to the real nature of the shortcomings of her former ruler, and of proving that the return of such a man to the throne would be an unspeakable calamity for the State.

Four books may be mentioned in this connection, written by men who were at one time intimately acquainted with the ex-Kaiser, and whose names are a guarantee of the truth of their contents: the third volume of Bismarck's *Reminiscences*, published in September 1921; Field-Marshal Count Waldersee's *Memoirs*, 1923; *Twelve Years at the German Court*, by Count Zedlitz-Truetzschler, 1923; and *Memoirs* by Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg-Hertefeld, 1923, the last being edited and published two years after its author's death.

The Kaiser's legal representatives moved heaven and earth to have an embargo laid upon the publication of Bismarck's terrible third volume, but after lengthy litigation the Kaiser had to desist from trying to seal his opponent's lips in this manner. These attempts to burke the book only served to increase public interest in it, and to augment the sales. This monumental work, which might be called, after its culminating chapter, 'The Tragedy of Bismarck's Dismissal,' is a restrained but crushing indictment of the incapacity of William II. for his Imperial task. Bismarck laments in one place that all attempts to withdraw the Crown Prince from the narrow horizons of the military cliques at Potsdam had failed, and he quotes a letter written to him by the young Kaiser, soon after his accession, revealing the strain of romanticism, arrogance and vanity which pervaded this unfortunate man's whole life.

> Perchance it is set down in the Book of Destiny [writes the young Kaiser to Bismarck] that you are to lead this country to years of peace. But if it be to years of war, never forget that here in me you have a man who holds a sword ready, and who is conscious of the fact that he is a scion of Frederick the Great, a monarch who fought thrice as many foes as now oppose us.

It was in this tone that this Hohenzollern Rehoboam began his reign, and in this tone that he ended it.

In the last ten years the political imagination of Germany

has turned back in its longing for a leader to Bismarck even more than to Frederick the Great. In all questions of policy, both in respect to home and foreign affairs, the statesmen of Germany, and especially those belonging to the parties of the Right, are more and more inclined to hark back for guidance to the principles laid down by the Iron Chancellor. 'Back to Bismarck!' is the cry one constantly hears on the platform and in the Press.

'Had Bismarck's counsel been heeded, Germany would never have been embroiled simultaneously in a war on two fronts,' is a remark one constantly hears. 'He would have come to an understanding with Russia in time and downed his other enemies separately.' So we find Herr von Maltzahn and the modern Foreign Office, in their somewhat belated reverence for this Bismarckian tradition, going to almost any lengths to establish a posthumous *entente* with Bolshevised Russia, and mildly submitting to almost any affront from the impudent propagandists of Moscow in the pious belief that they are following in the great man's footsteps.

Republican Germany, under the Constitution of Weimar, has striven to unite the various lands of the Reich by centralising the administration to an extent never before dreamed of. When, during the last few months, this system of centralisation almost exasperated Bavaria into an open breach with Berlin, people again turned to the empire-building methods of Bismarck, and pointed out with what a delicate hand the master had touched all affairs likely to affect the sensitiveness and national temperament of the big South German Catholic State. Many of the more moderate Nationalists hold that it will not be long before there is a reversion to a more federal system of government along Bismarckian lines. Some even think that the next big change in Germany will see the emergence of a new Reich consisting of only four or five separate federal States, some of which, such as Prussia, Bavaria and Wurtemberg-Baden, may become Monarchist, while others, such as Saxony and Thuringia, may be permitted to coexist side by side with these as federal republics. It is admitted, however, that it is doubtful whether such a transformation could be achieved without bloodshed, and equally doubtful whether such a patchwork of republics and monarchies would wear at all well or last very long.

Bismarck considered that Germany had with her pre-war frontiers attained her natural boundaries, boundaries that gave her all she needed; and even the Republicans, to say nothing of the Monarchists, hold that Germany can never come to a state of rest until the Bismarckian frontiers have been restored.

Graf Waldersee's *Memoirs* fully bear out the correctness of Bismarck's estimate of the Kaiser's character and policy. The

fact that this volume has been published by a nephew of the Field-Marshal who is President of the Monarchist National League of German Officers would rather indicate that this body of men is on the side of those who regard the return of William II. as highly undesirable. Waldersee describes the anxiety he felt at the number of flatterers and sycophants that he found surrounding the Emperor. He sneers at Bülow's artful adulation, at Eulenburg's uncanny spiritualism, and at the Kaiser's own fickleness, vanity, clownishness, backbiting and wilfulness. 'The Kaiser,' he sighs, 'can only find a use for people who are prepared to bow to his will,' and in another place, 'Since the fall of Bismarck we have never stopped going downhill. . . . I pray God that I may not live to see what I forebode will be the end of all this.'

Close on the heels of Waldersee's book follows Prince Eulenburg's *Diary*. This man was, as Waldersee says, the only really intimate friend the Kaiser had. At the Court of the last of the Hohenzollerns he was a sort of Monte Cristo and Cagliostro rolled into one, a versatile, charming, cynical and unprincipled nobleman who knows everybody and can do everything, who sings his own ballads and 'rose songs' in the *salons* of His Majesty, who colports his ravishing *double-entendres* from palace to palace, who conducts spiritualist séances, paints pictures, and criticises art *à la* Oscar Wilde, and whose feminist brilliance is finally shipwrecked, if not in a Reading gaol, at least in the evil-reeking law-courts of Moabit.

In this book of Memoirs, Moabit is tactfully omitted, as are also the sexual psycho-pathological annals of his scandalous Court career. For this is the 'Prince Phili' who in 1909, it will be remembered, was declared too ill to attend his trial and remained in this conveniently precarious state of health till September 17, 1921, when he died on his estate, still unstripped either of his princely title or of the Order of the Black Eagle which his master had conferred upon him.

He is the modern Court fool, the nobleman *canaille* who, by his wit, satire and singing, has to amuse the cheap romanticism of his lord. One after another all the Court personages of his time have in this book to run the gauntlet of Phili's persiflage and sarcasm. Bismarck's portrait by Lenbach reminds Eulenburg of nothing so much as of a pensioned policeman who has been in the Potsdam Life Guards.

In the eyes of Phili the æsthete, Bismarck and his whole countrified family are far too unrefined and outspoken, far too inartistic in their tastes to be worthy to come betwixt the wind and his nobility. The picture he gives of how the young Emperor received the news of Bismarck's resignation has, now that the facts have become known through Eulenburg's book, shocked the

German conscience, so different is the story from the commonly credited tragic version that had been edited by Hohenzollern apologists *ad usum Delphini.*

The new version shows us Eulenburg at the royal castle in Berlin on March 17, 1890. The Emperor is expecting the resignation to arrive at any moment, and is restless, wondering why Bismarck delays sending it. Suddenly he proposes to the favourite to fleet the time with a little music. So Phili plays and sings some of his ballads, while His Majesty sits beside him at the piano and turns the leaves. His Majesty, Eulenburg reports, 'was quite enraptured and absolutely absorbed.' Suddenly the Emperor is called away for a moment, and on returning to his seat whispers contentedly in Phili's ear: '"The resignation has just come." . . . Then I had to go on with my singing ! !'

The two notes of exclamation at the end of the sentence are Eulenburg's own. They meant, whether he knew it or not, that the era of favouritism and of Germany's ruin had begun.

So this irresponsible diarist goes pattering on with his piquant, cynical record of the doings and sayings of the Emperor and his circle day by day, at times a Pepys, at times a Petronius, at times with remarks so vile in their hidden meaning that his royal master, in the midst of his guffaws, cannot but playfully call him a 'regular blackguard' ('*Du bist doch manchmal ein niedertraechtiger Kerl*'). Everybody who reads the book will confess that the epithet '*niederträchtig*' is far too mild for such filthy suggestiveness. What a set !

The most damning evidence of all against the Kaiser is that contained in the sober and, from a literary standpoint, quite unpretentious diary kept by the Kaiser's chamberlain, Count Zedlitz-Truetzschler, in the years between 1903 and 1910. The importance of this book can be gauged from the efforts made by the Imperialists to stifle it. First published in June 1923, it ran through five editions in as many months, and although the Junkers in revenge have ostracised the writer, sensible men confess that by finally opening the eyes of Germans to the contemptible favouritism, Byzantism, pusillanimity and tyrannical vanity of the ex-Emperor, the writer has done his Fatherland a lasting service.

Well may the Kaiser feel impatient at the slowness with which his rehabilitation in the eyes of his countrymen is progressing. A rehabilitation too long delayed he scoffs at as useless. For, as one of his devotees recently put it, 'What has it profited the Emperor Tiberius that two thousand years after his death Mommsen should have reburnished his tarnished fame ?' Even had William II. never signed a formal document of abdication, even had he not by his second marriage raised an insuperable barrier

between himself and the throne he has lost, this book would have sufficed to give the *coup de grâce* to his hopes and to annihilate his chances for ever.

Most Germans long for a man, on whom they may rely, to lead them. They long for a real king. When their thoughts turn westwards in their search and they see magnified in the mists over the Dutch horizon the immense *fata morgana* of him who was once their Emperor, strutting to and fro, and still labouring under the delusion of his romantic *Gottesgnadentum*, they shudder and turn away.

Nor is there any other among the dethroned German potentates of 1914 that does not, for one reason or another, fail to reach the standard demanded by the epoch of trial and effort upon which Germany is now entering.

A wave of temporary republicanism has driven these decadent kings and princes from their ancestral homes, and many of their palaces, especially in the larger cities, have been converted into museums. During the past three years I have on various journeys throughout the length and breadth of Germany visited a score or more of these empty castles, from which their princes had to flee in the stormy days of 1918. There is over them all the same *triste* and deserted air. Many of them remind one of the enchanted palaces in fairy stories of the type of *La Belle au Bois Dormant*.

Nationalists assure me that all this will be changed ere many years are out. Then the spell is to be broken. The armed men are once more to revive and come goose-stepping in and stand at the guard-house gates, under the ancient chestnut trees; the rifle racks are to cease to rust; the champing of bits is again to be heard in the mews hard by; the goldfish are to come back to the fountains and the wild ducks to the ponds without fear of a premature end in proletarian cooking pots; and '*seine durchlaucht*' and '*seine königliche hoheit*' and their ladies and chamberlains are to come driving in once more in gilded gala coaches, with white horses and lackeys sitting with perpendicular backs behind and before; and all is once more to be well.

F. Sefton Delmer.

ADULT EDUCATION IN RURAL DISTRICTS

Two interesting documents appeared last spring both of which throw light on the difficult question which concerns all of us who are trying to see how the countryman and countrywoman can be encouraged to live contented lives without migrating to the great cities. The value of the country dweller was brought home to us in the war. The value physically no one can dispute, but there is another aspect of the question which sometimes gives us pause. Can we get the same mental alertness, the same standard of intelligence, in the countryman as in the town dweller? Under the best conditions there is no doubt that we can. The intelligent countryman is probably the best product of our island and Empire, but the undeveloped yokel is just as probably one of the lowest in the scale.

The documents in question are, first, a very interesting Report on the Development of Adult Education in Rural Areas, issued in attractive booklet form by the Adult Education Committee, constituted by the President of the Board of Education. The other is the last Annual Report of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, which has made through its secretary, Colonel Mitchell, a special, detailed, and intensive study of this subject, and which, in consequence of the experience gained by cautious experiment, has embarked on a policy already bearing very remarkable results. With these two documents before us, we may well form an estimate of what is required to make rural life attractive to the young and vigorous, and how what is required may be best provided. The worst of the ordinary educational efforts made through secondary education or other scholarship committees, private or public, is that they have the inevitable tendency of giving of the best to the great cities and leaving the less distinguished behind.

Country life has manifest advantages—a considerable section of the community prefers it to town life in itself; but the drawbacks are evident, especially in winter, when the sense of isolation is keenly felt; and the main point is to endeavour to minimise the disadvantages by bringing interests into rural existence of the same sort as those which are to be found in town. If we

consider what these are for ordinary rational people, we may sum them up as access to books, access to music, access to the drama, and, generally, to education in its widest sense. Continuation classes or evening schools have not been a conspicuous success in most country villages. 'Vocational' classes may be well attended, but so-called 'cultural' are not usually so, are consequently few, and those who do attend are not of the adult population. The only chance of getting higher education is to go to a town. For amusement the cinema has done something now that cinemas have made their way to the smaller centres, and in the future the effect of broadcasting may be immense. So far we have hardly grasped what it may mean, nor how far it will affect rural life.

Let us now consider what might be done for education in the country by efficient organisation were it established, and also what has already been done, even if it is in a partially developed condition.

The first desideratum for any real education of an adult sort is books. Without reading and a satisfactory access to the storehouse of the world's wisdom little can be accomplished. This brings us to one of the most interesting and successful of the efforts made by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, which early felt that the problem of getting a plentiful supply of good books for the rural population was a most pressing one. Following on a careful report made for it by Professor Adams, of Oxford, it gave capital grants to counties which were willing to take up the task of maintaining circulating rural libraries. The work is now being done through the county education authorities (county councils or other educational authorities having the power of rating), and an essential is to have a good librarian, who shall be able to get into touch with all the areas served. He often becomes a sort of director of adult education. The county must clearly be the unit if an adequate supply of books is to be provided, but the distributing centres are in every village or hamlet where there is a school, club, or institute. The books are sent out from the county town by means of boxes holding forty or fifty volumes each, or else by van, which is even a better plan, for then the librarian can make his rounds with his wares and allow his customers to make their own selection, returning books as they receive them. This is 'open access' applied to country as it now is to town libraries. The plan also enables him to find out special requirements, and, generally, to get to know his *clientèle*. There are now about sixty county schemes in operation, inclusive of seven in Ireland, and though there was an 'economy halt' in 1922, when only two counties applied for inclusion, a number more are carrying on negotiations for entry. *None*

has gone back on what it has done, even under the axe, but many find their book supply to have become far too small, so great has been the increase in readers. In ten typical counties, where the scheme has been operating some time, the increase in issue in one year has amounted to 319,753, *i.e.*, 60 per cent. Another county reports an additional 1000 readers, and so on. Of course, new centres are being constantly added, especially on the adult side, through women's institutes and men's clubs. The cost is extraordinarily small. The highest rate imposed is ½*d*. per pound in a small and poor county, the lowest a tiny fraction of 1*d*.—a rate which presents a contrast to urban rating for the same object. No doubt much work is done voluntarily, more especially by the school teachers, who have helped splendidly, realising that they themselves, as well as their pupils and their pupils' parents, profit by the advantages offered. The reading is of remarkably good quality, and there is not in it the excess of fiction that is supposed to characterise the reading in urban libraries.

The use of the rural library scheme can hardly be over-estimated, but it does not meet the need of serious students who require to borrow more expensive works, technical, historical, or philosophical. For such students central student libraries have been established in England and Scotland. From them any student can procure books of this type through the county librarian, the cost of postage alone being charged. The success of this scheme has been extraordinary, and the type of books asked for is very interesting. Two important facts have emerged since these libraries were instituted: first, that there are in the country a large number of serious students cramped in their work for lack of material; and second, that as this scheme develops in any county the ordinary library scheme develops also. The one reacts on the other. Reading circles may obtain sets of books when required. This scheme and the development of the rural library scheme through men's and women's clubs and institutes together constitute one constructive library system.

But having obtained the book supply as basis, what next? The real difficulty, of course, in any systematic adult education is to get instruction of a higher, or University, type brought to the people who cannot make their way to the University town, and yet who require help as much as, or more than, those who do. The question of degree or hall mark does not of course come in, but the value of the education may be all the greater, both because it is pursued as an end in itself and because it is carried on with other avocations, trades, or handicrafts, which do give men a certain advantage which the ordinary undergraduate does not have, for such men have had experience in industry and politics which really helps them when considering the industry

and politics of other peoples and nations. But so far the kind of instruction they want is hard to come by. The Workers' Educational Association has done much in conjunction with the University Tutorial Classes Association, though a great deal of this work (there are some thousands of students) has been done in country towns. In the Report of the Adult Education Committee, one of the district secretaries of the Workers' Educational Association is quoted as saying: 'The work can best be performed by having a full-time tutor for a given area, or collection of parishes, who can see to the organising side of class work as well as to the academic side.' This would appear to be the real solution of the difficulty. The Universities should, after the ground is carefully prepared by educational work of a less strenuous sort, take the duty, which is now being laid upon them, of going forth from their academic fastnesses and carrying the University atmosphere into new fields. This has been already done by some of our Universities, old and new, with excellent effect, and an extension of the work would be beneficial both for the teacher and the taught. Heretofore it has affected the smaller towns or industrial areas mainly, but there is no reason why in time, and as funds are provided, the villages should not also profit from a similar scheme.

It may be said, however, with some truth, that there are not many prepared for such high fare, and yet that there are people who really feel the need of education keenly and who are not quite as difficult to cater for. And for them most interesting things are being done, though still in a somewhat experimental and tentative way. For example, an experiment in the direction of supplying good music, that has been aided, so far as guarantee goes, through the Carnegie Trust, is being carried on by an excellent society which works under the name of the Village Concerts Fund. The special feature of this scheme is that each of its country tours should have the sanction of the county education committee or authority concerned, and benefit from its machinery, though at present it receives, or can receive, no pecuniary benefit or contribution from the rates. The concerts are often held in the schools, have the use of school pianos and a great deal of free advertising. The music is of a high class, and in a sense the concerts are educational. A short description is given beforehand of the composition, and often the schoolchildren, if they attend, have already had some teaching about it. These concerts have given unbounded delight to the hearers from one end of the country to the other. It has been a wonderful revelation to the promoters that such appreciative audiences for good music are to be found. It is hoped and expected that these concerts will soon be placed on an entirely paying basis, especially as the deficits at present are not high, and are due to very small villages being, at the request of

the Trust, included in the tour. The matter of placing them on an economic footing is being closely studied by the trustees. In one county the rural library committee has initiated village concerts independently, and it has a loan library of musical works, which is a new and useful development, and very helpful to village choirs and orchestras.

The United Kingdom Trust's work for the drama has been equally interesting and important. The Arts League of Service, a company of travelling players which tours in a van with all its accoutrements as well as *personnel* inside, has also, with some small assistance, had a wonderfully successful season. The appreciation of its work in out-of-the-way places is really extraordinary. Every night the halls are packed with audiences of country people (the admission money is small, but sufficient to pay expenses), who are equally thrilled by Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, by quaint representations of folk-songs with action in dumb-show, or by the beautiful Hebridean melodies. In almost every case the players are besought to come again, sometimes by means of a signed 'round robin.'

Another society which is doing good work is the Folk Dance Society, which aims at teaching the old country dances as well as performing them, thereby restoring to the country what used to be its possession in days gone by. It has also been a valuable educational institution in over 100 villages.

These are instances of what can be done by voluntary effort, with assistance from outside by way of guarantee in respect of visits to rural districts, in bringing beauty or pleasure into the lives of the inhabitants of these districts, but on the women's side nothing that has developed in recent years has had anything like the success of women's institutes, which are fully described in the Report on Adult Education in Rural Areas. The movement was in a sense the outcome of the war, although it originated long before in Canada. In this country it started in 1915, under the auspices of the Agricultural Organisation Society, and did valiant work in promoting food production during the war. But in these days it has become a centre, not only for studying home economics, but also for educational and social intercourse, encouraging home industries and co-operative enterprises, and generally stimulating interest in agricultural life and industry. Many classes and lectures on literary and economic subjects are carried on in addition to the regular monthly or weekly meetings, and the Institute has wakened up dormant interest and energy in hitherto quite unexpected quarters. Local industries have been set on foot successfully, and numerous exhibitions of work are held in country towns. The effects, direct or indirect, of this great movement (for already there are several thousand institutes

in England and Scotland) are very great, and it is clearly providing soil for more definite educational work to spring up. It also seems to show that this is the way in which we should approach the question in reference to all educational work in its early stages. The Institute Education Committee at headquarters has begun what is sure to develop, if rightly handled, into a great educational movement.

This is for women. For men there are the innumerable types of clubs. The Village Club Association alone has 460 clubs affiliated to it, and helps in adult education in a useful way. It would be a great matter were the many isolated clubs, mutual improvement and literary societies, federated together, for it is difficult to get any systematic teaching arranged for without this. As far as one can judge, the most useful function of the State or any great trust is to give assistance at the beginning of what promise to be useful movements, thereby bringing about cohesion, which is always a difficult matter unless there is responsible backing, and to try to guide the movements into right and fruitful lines. The comparatively small sum spent on women's institutes through the Board of Agriculture has been richly repaid, and there is every promise that the movement will be entirely independent of outside aid before long. But the guidance given at the first has been invaluable. The drawback that every isolated rural unit suffers from, whether it be a club or society of any kind, is just its isolation, and though at the first it may rather enjoy its unique position, when the energetic promoter or rich patron passes away the result is likely to be disastrous.

The Young Men's Christian Association (Red Triangle) and its sister society have done great things for adult education, though more in the town than in the country. On the educational side the Young Men's Christian Association has appointed special educational secretaries in eight districts of England, and it has been very helpful in developing classes and courses of lectures, usually in co-operation with the local education authority; it thus performs a very useful function. A special effort was made after the war to supply young men with the advantages which they had so much appreciated during hostilities, both as regards social life and education, and many recreational huts were set up in the villages with good effect.

These are most of the direct agencies for rural education mentioned in the two reports, but many of us can fill up the blanks with individual societies or recollect efforts known to us personally. The drawback is, as we also know well, that the efforts are sporadic, leaving some parishes untouched, because there is little local public spirit, whilst others are renowned for their activities. This problem and the other of overlapping have been much in the

minds of those who have been considering the question, and two important conferences were held at Oxford to consider them along with the whole subject of rural development. At those conferences it was clearly brought out that whatever is done for the betterment of village life should be done through a county organisation and in co-operation with county administration, and this bears out the experiences of the societies above mentioned, for it is only with the help of a larger and comprehensive organisation that close touch with the villages can be maintained, and that the wide possibilities of country life can find expression. The resources of county public bodies and voluntary agencies will also thus be utilised. The suggestion was made that in each county there should be a rural community council, with (1) representatives of voluntary associations actively working to advance the development of educational or recreational facilities or promoting the health and welfare of the rural community as a whole; (2) representatives appointed by the county council and such of its committees as are specially concerned; (3) specially qualified individuals or representatives of such other bodies in the county as it may seem desirable to include.

Thus there would be representatives of the education and agricultural committees, and any other committees specially concerned, and there would be a real effort made to strengthen the hands of each of the constituent factors and bring their united efforts to bear on the needs of the community without any attempt at interference with their respective work. Economy would be arrived at by devices such as using a common motor van for all organisations concerned and having a common central office or meeting-place. Movements cannot be made to spring up from without; the seed must be there, and the only thing for outsiders to do is to further its growth as they can. A national advisory council in London was recommended in order to link up the community councils of the different counties and to serve as a meeting-place for the representatives from the headquarters of national organisations with special country interests, and from the Ministries and Departments concerned, and also to collect and publish the necessary informing papers. This has now been done, and though Oxfordshire was the first county to place the scheme in active operation, a number of others have now followed suit. The North Riding of Yorkshire has a scheme of its own on similar lines. Oxfordshire believes that its success is largely due to the services given by members of the University, and in all other counties the University element will be brought in, even if the county does not possess a University actually within its bounds. The University influence is a valuable asset even in what does not strictly come within its sphere.

This is perhaps the last step that has been taken in regard to the development of rural life—of 'better living in the country,' as its promoters call it—and it promises to be a very important one, because if the public bodies realise that their efforts will not do much good unless they have the real support of the volunteers and have the way prepared for them at first; if the Universities and great educational bodies take the duties now laid upon them of developing University and higher teaching outside their walls as well as within; if the voluntary bodies are conscious that on their side they must have support, without which their effort may flourish but for a day and perish when funds or zeal evaporate; if all these work together, we may have a real revolution effected in our country life. Health schemes have been mentioned because health is so largely connected with other well-being, and here again public and private efforts form the best combination, but this part of the work has still to be developed. Growth in all things in the village must be slow, but there is the satisfaction of feeling that it is sure. After long experience of country life, I can bear testimony to the enormous increase in interest in things that really count during the last thirty-five or forty years. In the old days, so far as most villages were concerned, there were very few attractions beyond the somewhat rough dances and occasional amateur concerts or lectures that were held. Books were hard to get, and those in village libraries were never changed and were mainly theological or painfully improving in type. Of music of a good kind there was hardly any, and in speaking of music we should not forget the great work done by the Musical Competition Festivals (begun in the north of England and now being held in many counties), which have raised the whole level of musical appreciation in the villages. We cannot wonder, in looking back and remembering the long working hours without the invaluable Saturday half-holiday, that much of the population migrated to the towns or emigrated to the colonies, and consequently that the country became depopulated. Now, though much is still to be desired, the standards are quite different for working people everywhere, and especially for the country dwellers. But the physical conditions of life are not the only things that count in determining men's attitude towards their environment. They must have the means of developing their social, intellectual, and spiritual side as well, and this is the meaning of the new movement towards adult education.

E. S. HALDANE.

THE FRIEND OF WAR

MANY a word suggests to the mind a confusion of varied things, so it has no particular meaning that sums up its multiplicity. *War* is one of these words; *Peace* and *Competition* are others. They are satisfying as words only to persons who never try to pass from jumbled emotions and impressions into ordered thought. When employed in careful and frank arguments, these nouns are very troublesome, for nothing less than uncompromising candour can collect their aspects and phases into correct groups of associated actions and effects.

Most people pay no attention to this fact, and their views on competition, peace and war are composed mainly of conventional ideas expressed in fatigued catch-phrases. To them, for instance, war is always a tragedy of armed conflict, and therefore wet with human blood. Yet the word should awaken in their minds many memories of warlike action which are free from weapons and bloodshed. There is a line in the Psalms which says, 'The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart.' Here is one phase of enmity which has nothing to do with armies, navies and battles. Imagine a blockade that does not fire a single shot, and that hostile propaganda describes as peaceful pressure. Would it not be terrific war if it starved our island population into defeat, even supposing no loss of life were caused by famine?

Every other attack calculated to do harm is a phase of war, as when a 'corner' in wheat raises the price of bread and assails poor families. Further, when one grocer prices a pound of particular biscuits at fourteen-pence, while another grocer in the same street receives from the unwary twenty pennies for a pound of biscuits called by the same name and made by the same manufacturer, an excess profit is made by an act of trading warfare. Cheating of this old sort is common in the competition of shops. All similar competitions encourage combativeness, and give greed a great advantage over those who have work to sell or necessaries to buy. They are manifestations of war, and they may be forerunners also of armed strife.

Take a new and powerful store financed by borrowed money that ruins its neighbouring competitors, who have less financial

capital and therefore less power of self-defence. Is this big shop a peaceful trader or a victorious coloniser? Its directors believe that in business competition might is right, as there is no such thing as aggression in civilian trading. Defeated competitors dislike this Bernhardian doctrine, just as Belgium disliked to be overrun by German armies. Besides, if might is to remain right in trade, why should it be wrongful in political manœuvres and ambitions? And if, as most persons believe, might in business competition cannot be prevented from conquering weaker tradesmen, why should reformers believe that vigorously growing nations can be restrained from gobbling up their small and weak neighbours? To accept in trade principles of aggressive power, while demanding from international affairs a benevolent fair play, is certainly irrational, because principles and customs active in daily affairs either foster or weaken those passions which culminate now and then in armed strife.

But workaday habits of thought are slovenly; they keep to a routine of *clichés* and catch-words, in which war is always armed conflict, while competition is viewed too frequently as a useful varied thing essential to private enterprise.

The noun 'peace' is a word generally misemployed, though in times of peace, so called, preparations for armed warfare have always been accumulated by rivalries between nations as well as between classes and creeds in the same nation. Mankind has never known a period of genuine peace, free from hurtful competitions and also from all political crises of threatened bloodshed. The peace that we have known throughout our lives has been thronged with accepted phases of strife which armed conflicts have interrupted from time to time. 'Peace,' then, is a word in the language of camouflage, a mirage ideal which inspires beautiful phrases and hopeful aspirations. Enfeebling warfare has often continued long after armed fighting has ended and a treaty of peace, so named, has been enforced and signed. This has happened since 1918, with far-spreading consequences which some parts of the world have begun to dislike very much.

Our Coalition Government, thinking overmuch of mythical economy, demobilised our armies with too much haste, and scrapped our air fleets recklessly, destroying our country's fair share of authority in foreign affairs. Did British boys die by the hundred thousand in order to make 'peace' as perilous to Europe as armed conflict? Briefly, then, competition, peace and war are troublesome things in a debate; their history inviting us all to pass from stereotyped phrases into multitudes of facts which are often distressingly at variance with current faiths, customs, habits, prejudices, and fireside interests.

Thus an orthodox politician begins to think of their affinities and their differences, their actions, reactions, and interactions; at first he is entirely impartial and sincere, like a man of science during years of research; but all at once his party temper is aroused, and his candour ends. 'Where am I going?' he asks himself. 'If I follow this line of thought I shall find myself before long in the *dolce far niente* of a silly dreamland in Socialism.' A man of business begins to think candidly of competition, and notes here and there how it enters the actions of war. He becomes uneasy, remembering the greedy contracts which he has forced pretty often on the impecunious; but his greed is a custom, not a cruelty, so he pulls himself together and says to himself: 'Bah! It's not my business to fight against myself. If fools sign contracts too favourable to me, let 'em learn their lesson and stand up to me next time.'

Then there is the attitude of churchmen towards competition, peace and war. It dallies too much with compromises, failing to keep at close quarters with any series of events by which the human drama is united to the ups and downs of harmful hourly strife. Do clergymen believe that they will be accused of intermeddling with trade and with politics if they are thorough towards the many evils in free competition? And are they scared because the varieties of harmful strife in 'peace' are unchristian? J. H. Newman was appalled when he tried to weigh and measure the aggregate of pain which had fallen on humanity in centuries past, and which his own generation had endured from birth to death. His imagination beheld 'a vision to dizzy and appal'; and Newman confessed that, but for the consolation that he found in the doctrine of original sin, he would have reacted from the seeming failure of Christianity into a pagan creed. To me, somehow, the doctrine of original sin is completely dark, unhopefully dreadful, and therefore inferior to the creeping progress laboriously earned by a gradual evolution. But religious creeds have their customs, and Newman accepted a Divine vengeance that continued from age to age to punish weak man upon earth for a sin committed during the most primitive times of human effort and strife. Who has ever read in a churchman's thoughts on competition, peace and war anything uncompromisingly impartial, anything which has had a fearless, though tentative, thoroughness of candour? Though human life must always remain mysterious to mankind, since men have to look to men for guidance, though they need daily instruction from a mind and a voice that are superhuman, yet teachers of many sorts could free their minds from every phase of customary make-believe—whether social. political, industrial, or religious—by which unnecessary strife is permitted and kept in vogue. Deviously shining idealisms cannot

be useful when they fail to note how emulation often degenerates into wrong-doing, how combination often disrupts into hurtful competition, and how habits of aggressive rivalry, by nourishing combativeness in men and in nations, prepare the way for occasional grapples between armies and navies. Peace must become really peaceable if armed conflict is ever to be a very infrequent ordeal.

Should we accept as a dogma the idea that genuine peace would be a blessing to mankind if it endured for ever? Surely not. We have no means of conjecturing whether even a few hundred years of strifeless endeavour would be either good or possible, since we cannot study in history an example of peace free from many harmful sorts of contention and competition. Further, to the varied strife that men and nations employ daily we must add the daily toll of human lives taken by bacterial diseases, and also by those frequently fatal accidents imposed on every nation by commercial and industrial enterprise. These things also nourish combativeness, for they keep us all coolly face to face with dangers, training the same qualities of courage and of firmness required in armed conflict by ordeals of battle. Surely, then, discretion invites us to be attracted, not by the mirage called everlasting peace, but by the need of making armed strife much less frequent, if not also less severe in its results, than it has been.

Most people are agreed that armed strife under modernised conditions cannot be kept free from base injustice, since it is unrelenting towards the finest young men, and over-kind towards middle age and the greybeards. Who can estimate the numbers of the slain who had never dropped a vote into a ballot-box, and who as a consequence had never been even indirectly connected with the war's very complex origin? And who can forget that no European politician who was constantly active before 1914 has expressed bitter remorse over the many mistakes that he and his own country made? Then there is the fear of veracity which armed conflict circulates in camouflage, in propaganda, and which makes for itself a home also in to-day's journalism, and party politics, and industrial stunts and contentions. Since 1914 Europe has been assailed all day long by half-truths and lies. The competition in mendacity has been the only real free trade, no country having raised tariffs against its unpeaceful penetration. Yet idealists in their public talks do not concern themselves much with these current matters; either they praise themselves as reasoning observers (an imaginative amusement), or they brood over the centuries to come (surely a great excess of speculative adventure).

Meantime even armed strife retains a few ardent defenders, either because some 'glittering prizes' may be concealed somewhere in the present condition of Europe or because the belli-

gerency of human nature is believed to be as enduring as sexual passion. It matters not how many differing opinions are advocated if they are supported by sincere arguments, but it matters greatly when phrases are offered as facts, and current actions of unscrupulous competition are thrust aside because they run counter to political interests, or to some humbug of pretty catch-words.

Thus the moral indignation caused by 'the glittering prize speech' has been overdone. It was a crude speech, no doubt, excessively at variance with all of the high principles which our country advertised between 1914 and 1918; still it was honest within the scope of a very ancient school of active conviction. But for the territories won and kept by stout hearts and sharp swords there would have been no empires, no collections of conquests; so the speaker takes his stand on the British Empire and assails the Pacifists, who counter-attack in a repetition of vagrant *clichés*. As they regard empire-building as a sin to be outgrown, why don't they pass from catch-phrases into historic facts? For instance, it is a fact that empires have been very perishable compared with the lasting life that genius has given to a great deal of intellectual and manual workmanship, expressed in sculpture, painting, architecture, literature, and mechanical invention. Competition in useful and beautiful art and craft has produced a permanent legacy of good results, while the material conquests of armed strife have passed away as dead empires or perished types of society. Conquest is a collector that dies, while creative genius is a benefactor that employs every new generation as a servant and as a friend. Are we not all friendly servants of those far-off primitive men who invented wheels, discovered artificial light and heat, and began the wonderful varied evolution of boats? Just consider what the struggle of mankind would have been without these things: boats, wheels, and artificial fire and light. We have only to delete from history about a hundred mother-ideas in order to go back in imagination to the old Stone Age. Competition, then, in worthy things, when conducted in a worthy manner, must be of inestimable benefit to humanity; but, of course, everything which admirable competition has discovered or invented has been carried by active passions into armed strife and into other warfare. Thus the evolution of air-planes conducts us gradually from ancient legends down to the dropping of explosive shells for war purposes. Still, though human passions turn blessings into banes, ordinary men will remain permanently inferior to those infrequent mortals from whom great mother-ideas have come with unaggressive and disinterested labour.

How to prevent the results of this labour from being mis-employed by ordinary mankind, this is the problem that reformers

have to weigh and measure when they meditate over the differences between good and bad forms of competition. At present whatever extraordinary men accomplish for the benefit of human life passes at once as a servant into many phases of strife which are hurtful. Can any person believe, for example, that armed strife between many millions of men could have continued through more than four years if anæsthetics had been unknown, if bacteriologists had been absent, and surgery, nursing and hospitals had been as bad as they were during Wellington's campaigns? The tremendous fighting was prolonged by beneficent improvements in the medical art of healing, surely an alarming irony. If every surgical operation had been accompanied by shrieks from a wounded soldier, and if most wounds had become septic, as in pre-Lister and pre-Pasteur hospitals, the civilian conscience of every country could not have borne through four years the disgusting contrast between the unlimited suffering of the wounded and the security of those who did not fight. Let no one suppose, then, that conquests over the strife of pain diminish the number of agencies that inflict pain.

Moral conscience is the judge in all of these matters, only moral conscience has to be awakened often from the sleep imposed upon it by customs. As a rule, when useful competition is carried into a phase of war, as happens generally, custom not cruelty is the main cause. Consider the custom in business of believing that money is the only—or the autocratic—form of capital in trade, and therefore superior to the skilled labour that produces commodities to be sold. It is responsible for immense mischief in both actions and reactions of bad competition. Men who believe firmly in this custom often talk as though a baleful dictator had compelled them to invest their money in trade. They take voluntary risks, as voluntary as in betting or in bridge, and then talk as though their risks justified injurious bargaining.[1] To regard all forms of work well done both as private and as national capital is one improvement which would displace many bad customs by better ones; then competition would not degenerate so often into aggressive rivalry, a form of warfare.

Think always of custom, not of cruelty, when relentless trading is active. There is a woodcut which dates from about the time of Beaconsfield's *Sybil*; it represents half-naked women pulling tubs of coal in an English colliery. What custom in the creed of buying cheap and selling dear could have been more cowardly than this one in a civilised nation? Yet it was tolerated till Parliament got rid of its depravity. To-day it could not possibly be recalled

[1] Lord Leverhulme, speaking before the House of Lords, grieved over the fact that no body of workers without a strong trade union had its wages properly increased between 1914 and 1918.

into action; but moral conscience in the people is drugged by other customs, so it permits other wrong forms of strife, as when a group of newspapers tries to cause a financial panic because its directors disapprove the results of a General Election. Here is an attack against the State, as well as against small and timid investors. There are ambitions in journalism that strive to control both Parliament and the people, and surely a dictatorship of newspapers would be the most amazing thing in the whole history of misgovernment. We are coming as a nation rapidly near to the day when just limits will have to be set by sound legislation to the proprietorial freedom of the Press.

Politicians know that this is so, but they all receive a great deal of help from the camouflage of printed words, so they decline to act, preferring to wait till they receive command from the electorate. To control the Press reasonably is a reform which would certainly make the world less sensational and more peaceable. But any attempt to do overmuch all at once would alarm the party temper of politics and cause reaction against necessary improvement.

To-day, somehow, disarmament appears to dreamers a more important matter than the gradual control of those daily competitive agencies which are friendly to combative ambitions. Yet complete disarmament everywhere would not justify the belief that armed strife would end, because tremendous fighting can be waged with very simple weapons, such as iron clubs and heavy bars of steel. Indeed, armies of a million men apiece, if they fought fiercely at close quarters with heavy pokers, would do one another more mischief in a single day than was done in several weeks of trench warfare on the Western Front. Disarmament, then, is to be viewed not as a guarantee of peace, but as a means of freeing vast sums of money for other purposes, such as education and housing. Of course, the economy would be very imperfect if the skilled labour displayed by it passed into shoddy forms of industrial toil, sound workmanship being among the best schools where a nation's just self-respect is trained. Yet for many years there has been a very harmful contrast between the depreciation of work for ordinary homes and the improvement of craftsmanship in weapons and machinery for armed conflict. Here is another matter over which peace lovers should meditate, because the competition that causes depreciating standards of workmanship for home life is really a phase of war against society, degrading to workmen, to manufacturers, and to buyers. Business talk about economic rents, for instance, will not prevent bad building from being injurious to workmen and to householders. A battleship is an amazingly complex thing, thoroughly constructed in all of its parts, and also impressive as an object designed for a given pur-

pose. Economy in such a ship is thoroughness, whereas the new furniture in most homes loses some 50 per cent. of its cost price as soon as it is bought; and from year to year it will depreciate in what may be called its auction-room value. Only good design united to sound craft and materials can make household things really profitable as an investment for money, a point to be considered when householders prepare their wills. Consequently, if thrift is a thing to be encouraged and safeguarded, bad competition in the making of shoddy furniture needs careful supervision by the State; indeed, compulsory education in some things has its national value greatly lessened by a need of supervising education in others. Will there ever be Government inspectors to condemn bad workmanship in things offered for public sale?

Another thing in the study of competition as war is the need of educating nations to limit the number of parasites who raise the market prices of necessary things. You pay *2l. 12s. 6d.* for a ton of coal which cost *1l.* at the pit mouth, and the difference between these prices is caused partly by parasitical middlemen, who could be displaced by good management if Parliament desired to protect buyers of coal. Again, coal represents our economic energy as an industrial people; it is a debit against that energy as soon as it is sold, since the coal still to be got from the earth becomes less weekly by millions of tons. For this reason alone no thriftlessness of any sort should be connected with its distribution and its use. Yet a great many persons believe that lowering the wages of colliers is the only thing to be considered. They have never seen colliers at work, nor watched the throng at a pithead after an explosion, nor passed from house to house in a mining village. Ignorant of these matters, they do not wish to cheapen coal by means of better organisation, including the disappearance of many parasitical middlemen.

In all organic life parasites gather around and upon chosen victims, and it is difficult to say which is the more unenviable, the victim or its parasites. The United States of America has begun to give attention to parasitism both among social insects, like ants, and also among human competitors. There is Professor Morton Wheeler, of Harvard University, author of a very thoughtful book, *Social Life among the Insects.* Let me quote from it a passage about human parasites (pp. 197, 198):

Although man furnishes the most striking illustrations of the ease with which both parasitic and host *rôles* may be assumed by a social animal, his capacities in these directions have been little appreciated by the sociologists. Massart and Vandervelde seem to be the only authors who have attempted to do justice to the matter. Our bodies, our domestic animals and food plants, dwellings, stored foods, clothing and refuse support such numbers of greedy organisms, and we parasitise on one another

to such an extent, that the biologist marvels how the race can survive. We not only tolerate, but even foster in our midst, whole parasitic trades, institutions, castes and nations, hordes of bureaucrats, grafting politicians, middlemen, profiteers and usurers, a vast and varied assortment of criminals, hoboes, defectives, prostitutes, white-slavers and other purveyors to anti-social proclivities; in a word, so many non-productive, food-consuming and space-occupying parasites that their support absorbs nearly all the energy of the independent members of society. This condition is, of course, responsible for the small amount of free creative activity in many nations. Biology has only one great categorical imperative to offer us, and it is: Be neither a parasite nor a host, and try to persuade others from being parasites or hosts. Of course, this injunction is no more easily obeyed than Kant's famous imperative, of which it embodies the biological meaning, for a parasite always treats its host as a means and not as an end, and the thoroughly parasitised host must abandon all hope of being an end to itself. . . .

There is enough in this quotation to keep reformers and their opponents busy with contests for a very long time. Professor Wheeler has added just enough overstatement to advertise boldly an immense series of harmful struggles, wherein the most useful are preyed upon by their inferiors. Industrialism has intensified, not decreased, the vogue of parasites, partly by the hugely increased wealth which it has circulated in luxuries and partly by the vast increase of population which it has bred in some countries. Our own little island, with her dwindled agriculture and her great population huddled in towns, cannot bear without very bad effects any severe depression of trade, and unemployment is a parasite that enfeebles the whole national life. Habits of steady work are soon lost, unlike habits of parasitical cadging, which seem to be hereditary in a large percentage of every population.

Social ills of every sort are parasites on the welfare of mankind. While they remain uncontrolled and always busy, no reasonable person should believe that peace comes as soon as a grapple of armed strife ends. Peace comes only in continuous and active equity—not a common thing in any type of society. Peace lovers travel so far in their day-dreams that they cannot be fair towards the needs of their own generation. As a rule, they forget that humanity remains a series of young forms of organic life, whose present adventures in social order are only juvenile experiments. Men combine into societies for self-defence, and then discover that many things admirable by themselves—like self-sacrifice both for their families and for their tribe or nation—conduct them into competitions and rivalries by which their tentative social order is made very insecure. In these circumstances progress creeps, halting frequently to take breath, for there is always a deep hostility between devotees of custom and convention, who detest change, and those persons in whom just criticism is fostered by ardent study of historical social facts, old and new.

By a hundred thousand years ago [says Professor Wheeler] our ancestors had reached the stage of the Neanderthal man, whose society was probably somewhat more primitive than that of the Australian savage of to-day. And as far as the actual, fundamental, biological structure of our society is concerned, and notwithstanding its stupendous growth in size and all the tinkering to which it has been subjected, we are still in much the same infantile stage. But if the ants are not despondent because they have failed to produce a new social invention or convention in sixty-five millions of years, why should we be discouraged because some of our institutions and castes have not been able to evolve a new idea in the past fifty centuries?

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

POPLAR—APART FROM POLITICS

That our youth, dwelling, as it were, in a healthful place, may be profited on all sides, whence from the beautiful works something will be conveyed to the sight and hearing, as by a breeze bringing health from a salutary land.

I DO not think that Plato would have found his ideal surroundings in Poplar. Yet, as you approach it after a very long tram ride, and notice the fine wide road leading to the docks, and the considerable number of open spaces—tree-planted churchyards, fragments of old gardens, and recreation grounds—it does not seem to be such a bad place after all; there must always be a touch of romance in the sight of masts against the sky. To understand Poplar it is necessary to leave that wide road, to turn up one of the narrower ways which run at right angles from it, and to plunge into the network of small squalid streets which lies behind.

Here is a street of the sort I mean. It is long, containing over a hundred houses, all of the same design, all ugly and mean. In the basements are two rooms, one very small, and a kitchen which leads into a strip of grimy back-yard. The ground floors have two rooms, and stand a good way above the street level, in order that the basements may have light; on the top floors there are also two rooms.

The tenant of the house in this street which I know well pays a weekly rent of 23*s*. 8*d*., and disposes of his rooms as follows. He, his wife and four children occupy the front rooms in the basement and ground floor, and the kitchen; the small basement room is let to an aged relation for 3*s*. 6*d*. a week; the small ground floor room is let at the same rent to a woman who is a great invalid; the two rooms at the top are inhabited by a man, his wife and four children, who pay 7*s*. 6*d*. a week. Twelve years ago the rent of the entire house was 14*s*. 6*d*. On the whole this house is sparsely filled —for Poplar. There are plenty of places close at hand where a man, his wife and six children, have to make shift with two small rooms; but here two of the tenants enjoy the luxury of a room apiece.

In this long street there are only three houses in which water is laid on anywhere except in the basement. This means that if

the occupier of an upstair room should have a wild desire for a bath—allowing that by some miracle space could be found for anything as big as a foot-tub—he or she must fetch the water from the basement, carry it upstairs and boil it, and later on carry down again the used water. It is a lot of trouble, and only the elect few who are determined to be clean will face it.

The tenant of this house is a ship's painter. As far as his wife remembers, he has had just nineteen days' work between January 1 and February 26. She was proud of his record.

'But then,' she said, 'he *looks* for work. And if he gets just a couple of days or so, he sends me round to tell at the Town Hall. They are good then, for they know he won't touch the money for a few days, and they give us food tickets.'

Her sister added: 'And there are lots of young strong men round here who have not been able to find a day's work in two years, so they say. What do you think about that?'

We thought in sympathy for a minute.

When this man gets a full week's work he can earn 2*l.* 14*s.*, and —wonderful to relate—his wife gets the 'laying of it out'; he only keeps 3*s.* a week for his own personal use.

My real friend in this house is the bedridden tenant of one of the small rooms. She is only thirty-eight, but has thought more and suffered more than most people twice her age. Because she is so kind and sympathetic, so ill and so brave, her neighbours fall into the habit of dropping in to ask her advice when they are more worried than usual. On the whole she thinks that things are improving slowly, in spite of much unemployment.

This is her story. When she was about nineteen she lost her father. A few weeks later the young man she was on the point of marrying died of pneumonia. Within six months of her father's death her mother died also, leaving to this one daughter the care of three younger brothers and a baby nine days old. She tackled the job, and did her best to combine going out to work and looking after the family. It was too much for her strength, and she was forced to apply to the guardians. At that time she was living just outside Poplar.

'Are you hungry?' asked the official she saw.

'The children are not, sir.'

He sat down and wrote out an order admitting the whole family to the workhouse, and offered it to her.

'No, sir, I won't go. If that's all you can do for a respectable girl trying to bring up her brothers, it's a pity.'

By some means this story came to the ears of the late Mr. Thomas Holmes, and he made inquiries. As a result another official called.

'Does Miss A. live here?'

'Yes, sir, I am C. A.'

'Can I come in and have a talk with you?'

'No, sir.'

'But I am sent from the Town Hall.'

'Yes, sir; but I have only one room, and mother said I was never to allow a man to come in.'

How the thoroughly abashed official would ever have got his needed information I do not know, had not her friendly landlord offered his services as chaperon. She did get help then, and moved afterwards into the room in Poplar in which I saw her. Here she lies; her short day's work is nearly over. She has seen her brothers start in life, but the poor little baby gave up its struggle for existence before it was four months old. She is quite content. The guardians allow her 15*s*. a week, and a well-beloved parish nurse tends her twice a day. Her father died of consumption, and her end is near. Perhaps she would have been able to avoid some part of her long, dreary years in bed had it not been for a war tragedy. A daylight air raid hit Poplar hard; a school near my friend's home was bombed, and she was sent for to help identify the body of a little boy to whom she had been kind, and could only do so by a button on his coat, which she had seen his mother sew on that morning. The last fragment of strength was exhausted, and to bed she had to go.

Poplar's greatest trouble is that it is full, over-full, brimming over; it is so full that every additional human being entering the borough is bound to cause some slight extra inconvenience to those already living in it. Some weeks ago, by way of an experiment, I tried to find two rooms there. It was quite hopeless; no one had heard of any to let. One friendly woman suggested a block of workmen's dwellings, in which she had heard of people getting single rooms for 6*s*. a week, or even 5*s*.; but she said there were none empty, and a long waiting list. A friendly man shook his head:

'None to be had. Why, one old gentleman I know has had to pay 8*s*. a week to get one unfurnished room.'

I did not see this room; but 8*s*. is above the average price.

A very devoted lady, who has worked for forty years amongst the poor and sick, agreed:

'The place is crowded. There are a few houses not far off which have been condemned, and ought to be pulled down. But what is to be done with the people living in them? The guardians do what they can—ratepayers think they do at least as much as they should—but the difficulty is enormous. There is a small house just behind; it has six rooms. The guardians have taken it for an unemployed man and his family; the rent is 1*l*. a week. I do not say that it is too big for him, for he has a lot of children,

but if he were in work he could not dream of paying such a rent himself.'

Perhaps the part of the borough which touches Bow is a little worse than the rest. Here is a squalid alley in which, in a four-roomed house, live a docker (casual labour), his wife and nine children. One of the rooms is let to an aged aunt; the father, mother and nine share the other three. The rent of the house is 12*s.*; it has risen since the war by 2*d.* and 3*d.* from 8*s.* 6*d.* This man averages his wages at 30*s.* a week, but he can sometimes earn 2*l.* A neighbour, also a docker, makes from 2*l.* to 2*l.* 10*s.* a week, lets one of his rooms to his mother-in-law, and lives in the other three with his wife and six children.

This custom of letting one room to an aged member of the family is one of the results of the Old Age Pensions Act (which I bless from the bottom of my heart); without these pensions the poor old souls must have 'gone in'; their 10*s.* a week just enables their people to keep them out of the dreaded 'House.'

But the pensions come too late, especially in the cases of widows who have brought up families in difficult circumstances, and are now living alone. One such widow I know well; she is barely sixty, but finds it increasingly difficult to get work. She is so near the starvation line that when, at long intervals, I get a cry of distress from her, I know it means: 'Come at once! I am hungry!'

On being asked whether, on the whole, Poplar was better or worse off than it was twenty years ago, someone who has unique opportunities of learning the truth said:

'There is less grinding poverty, but more overcrowding. The people who are worst off are those in whom a spirit of independence forces them to take a few days' work when a whole week is not to be had. Then the neighbourhood was badly hit by the removal to the Clyde of some big shipping firms, and there is a rumour that others are going too, probably because the docks here are not really up to date. A great deal of money might be spent with advantage on them. This would give employment. And years ago there were some fairly well-to-do people living here in nice houses, but they have disappeared. Why? Well, the rates are 23*s.* in the pound.'

Two of these points were elaborated in an amusing manner by a working man with whom I had a long talk one day.

'Place going down?' he said. 'Of course it is. Why, all the houses in that wide road by the docks used to be full of nothing but admirals only forty years ago.'

As I gazed in awe at this sometime 'Harmony Row,' he added, fearing he might have exaggerated slightly:

'Well, perhaps there was a captain or so there, too!'

On the subject of the growing antagonism between those who work and those who do not he waxed hot.

'There's a man lives near me who gets 3*l.* 8*s.* a week for himself and his family. He never thinks to get up before eleven o'clock except on the day he draws his money. He can afford *soles* for his tea, and I've seen him have to hand over 10*s.* in the bowling green.'

There is some excuse for this feeling. For example, in another street live a man, his wife and three children; the man is in constant work at a chemical factory, and has long hours. (His wife's hours are even longer.) He succeeds in earning exactly 3*s.* a week more than his neighbour gets from the dole. The neighbour has been unemployed for years. There is a probability that both families will be increased this summer; but to the factory hand this will mean more expense, whilst the other man will score, for his baby will bring its little income with it. This sort of thing does rouse scorn in the hearts of some of the workers. I asked a tram conductor if he lived in Poplar, and had an indignant answer:

'Me? No, I don't, and wouldn't. This is where they will give you anything you like to ask as long as you'll do nothing. It beats me why anyone works here.'

Poplar's second trouble is its foreign population. The foreigners accused, in most of the tales of woe I have heard, are either Chinese or Jews. In the case of the Chinese the affair turns as a rule on the unhappy plight of some white girl, for though gambling is mentioned, it is regarded with the utmost toleration. In the case of the Jews the story turns always on houses or money.

As a specimen of the first class I give the following: A respectable English girl was mad enough to marry a Chinese, legally as far as this country goes; at least, she was not aware that he had any wife in his native land. She lived with him for some years, and had four children, who 'all took after father'; then he went back to China, promising to send for her and the children, and that was the last she heard of him. For some time she tried to keep herself and her family, but at last ceased to try, and went to live with another Chinese. By him she had two more children After a few years he also deserted her; and now she and the six children have to be supported by the rates. What else could be done? They could not be left to starve.

'Girls should be warned,' said a friend. Quite so. But who ever knew any girl accept a warning against a man in whom she had faith? Doubtless she knew that things like that had happened to—I was going to say Mary and Jane, but substitute Gladys and 'Vawlet'—but she knew that they would not happen to her. There are many such tales about, but everyone who tells one adds: 'It is far worse in Limehouse.' Against Lascars there

are far fewer complaints, perhaps because the arm of the British Empire is long.

As to the Jews and their skill in getting possession of houses, it must be owned that in many cases they deserve them, for they have keen sight and swift judgment. A few years ago I should not have thought that Poplar was a favourite Jewish hunting-ground. Even to-day if you look at the names above the shops you will see more Browns and Smiths than Birnbaums and Israelvitches. But I am told by many independent witnesses that the number of Jews in the borough is increasing fast; and it has been pointed out to me that a new synagogue has arisen on the site once occupied by Church schools. An old soldier, who complained bitterly that he could find no house, said: 'There was one I would have liked, only I hadn't the "ready." There was a bit of a shindy a year or so ago, Chinese riots, and so on; the crowd broke down the doors and windows, and made a bonfire in the street. Next morning, when the owner was looking at the wreck, along comes a Jew, and offers him 200*l*. down for it. He gets it, and has to spend 80*l*. putting the place together again. Now he lives in it, with his family and some workpeople—they make clothes—and some of them sleeps whilst the others works, and then they take it turn and turn about. Coining money he is.'

Yet, oddly enough, he said a minute later:

'But it doesn't do to go against the Jews. It's Bible, or something. If you go against them you don't prosper. That's why Russia went to pieces; they weren't very kind to the Jews there.'

A woman-friend told me with glee the story of her grandson's search for rooms. He is married, has one child, and is in good, well-paid work.

'Getting on well, he is; but they won't be happy until they have a place of their own. Living with parents don't do, and was never meant. He hears of rooms, and is off to see them before work. Four rooms, one a slip of a scullery. Twenty-five shillings a week she asks. "And then," she says, "there's the beautiful furniture. You will have to pay 30*l*. for that." "Where's the furniture?" he asks. Well, there was a bit of linoleum, and two or three chairs; but that was only an excuse. "I don't know that it will suit me," he says, "and I think you are all Jews round here." "None the worse for that," she says. "P'r'aps not; I couldn't say. But you don't seem much the better for it. I'll tell you what we'll do. You shall keep your key and the beautiful furniture, and I'll keep my 30*l*. and my 25*s*. a week, and we shall both be happy."'

Poplar is a healthy place. Look at the children running off to school when the bell rings. They seem well fed and warmly clothed. Even the overcrowding has not appeared to affect them

as yet. It may be that it is that the river still runs, and some good air comes from it. What a lot of children there are in the borough! According to the latest statistics which I have seen, the death rate is 10·0, and the birth rate 22·9. The people who spend their spare time in begging others to have large and ever larger families should go to Poplar—when they can get in. No place could be more gratifying to their feelings.

A very large proportion of the deaths amongst the men can be put down to pneumonia, either associated with influenza or with long exposure to intense cold. Amongst the women I hate to note the increase—not only in Poplar, but throughout the East End—of deaths from cancer. I happen to hear of many of these because the Home Workers' Aid Association, with which I am connected, works so much amongst women of late middle age or elderly women. I looked up the minutes of some of our committee meetings in order to be sure I was not exaggerating, and it appears to me that three out of five of our members die of cancer. Why? Is it the houses? I suspect some of them, because of a curious smell of rotten wood which I can detect through other odours. Is it the food? I suspect that too. Or has it anything to do with the almost universal neglect of the teeth? I was lamenting this neglect to a lady who knows much more about the East End than I do. She said:

'My dear, those women think nothing of having a baby, simply nothing at all; but to have a tooth out is a major operation. I begged Mrs. X.—you know she is always ill—to have her teeth seen to. She said: "Well, miss, I don't say that you're not right. I do find it difficult to domesticate my food."'

Mrs. X. is a lineal descendant of Mrs. Malaprop. She complained that her grown-up son was not so generous to her as he used to be 'before his last extraction.' 'Ah, then he suffers also from his teeth?' 'His teeth, miss? No, they're all right; they don't take his money. It is his new young lady.' Perhaps 'extraction,' in this new sense, may be a much-needed word.

What is to be done with these acres sown with ugly, inconvenient, insanitary houses? Up to the present I think that we, as a nation, have shown a bad mixture of extravagance and parsimony. We have tinkered and patched when we ought to have destroyed and rebuilt. In Poplar, as in Hoxton, I have heard of houses so far gone in decay that when inquiries were made, in order to force repairs, the real owners could not be traced. I understand the natural reluctance of owners to acknowledge such property, but I do want to know who gets the rent.

Would it be impossible for the nation to buy up some of the worst slums? And would it be impossible to acquire also the nearest unoccupied land? Certainly not parks or tree-filled squares, or

other open spaces, which are worth more than much fine gold; but waste land which is waiting until some enterprising builder thinks it 'ripe.' I have seen numbers of empty army huts left in deserted camps; if these have become uninhabitable, others could be built. Might not tramways be run out to hut settlements, tramways which should be free? By degrees the tenants of rooms in the worst slums could be moved out to the huts, to temporary homes. They might take all their furniture which could be cleansed and disinfected; the rest should be destroyed and replaced. Then there might be a glorious burning down of the disgusting boxes misnamed houses. Of course all temporarily evicted tenants would have the promise of being restored to better rooms at the same rent.

I am asked how this would help the overcrowding. As a rule the worst houses are low—only a basement and two storeys; there seems to be no reason why the new houses should not be one or two storeys higher. I would not allow anyone to sleep in the basements; they should be put to their proper use for coal and other storage, possibly for washhouses.

'It would cost an enormous amount. England cannot afford it.'

Can England afford dirt and degradation? Can she afford to let a mother, her two nearly grown-up daughters, and a grown-up son sleep in the same room? Can she afford to let a large number of her men get entirely out of the habit of work? A big effort of this kind would employ a small army, and would give work to dozens of different trades. It would be very costly, but when the bill was paid there would be something to show for our money. At present we throw away large sums on patching up a state of things of which we are ashamed. England may or may not be able to afford a grand fight against a great evil, but I am pretty well sure that she will not long be able to afford Poplar.

SYDNEY K PHELPS.

P.T.O.

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